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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH:

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

BY JOHN MACKENZIE, ESQ.,

Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c., &c.

WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE MANNERS, HABITS, &c., OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

BY JAMES LOGAN, ESQ., F.S.A.S.,

Author of the Scottish Gael, &c., &c.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE influence of poetry on mankind is confessedly great, particularly in the first stages of society. A people, the nearer they are to a primitive state, are always found the more susceptible of the inspiration of the muses. Unsophisticated manners engender bold and original conceptions, and these produce poetry characterized by natural, imaginary, graphic, and sublime descriptions, and an irresistible power over the passions. It is in this stage, that the song commemorative of prowess and moral worth has the effect of promoting and enlarging the virtues it celebrates.

The Highlanders have been highly distinguished among the Keltic race for a successful culture of the bardic science, and they possess very interesting remains of ancient composition.

Such portions of Gaelic poetry as have been published amply display its excellence: the poems of Ossian alone prove undeniably the poetical character of the people with whom those beautiful productions originated, and by whom they have been preserved, to be of a high order.

The compositions of different bards have been published either in whole or in part; and, although none could ever equal the renowned son of Fingal, many exhibit surprising talent and genius.

In order to meet the wishes of many of the most influential and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, as well as to gratify the desire of the natives in general, the present work—being the “BEAUTIES” selected from the native bards, both ancient and modern, known and unknown to the public at large—is now undertaken.

From what he has already published, the qualifications of the Editor, it is believed, are well known to his countrymen. He has had peculiar facilities for the preparation of the present work. Pursuing the subject for many years,—he has traversed the Highlands in all directions, and has been fortunate enough to

preserve many fine pieces, which, he has reason to believe, are now wholly lost among the people. Respecting the bards—he is in possession of a large collection of curious and interesting particulars, known to few others. An Introduction is also given which is devoted to a history of their privileges, and the influence of their compositions on the state of society.

The work comprises, besides the lives of the poets, and numerous illustrations and historical notes in the English language, the best pieces of ancient and modern composition, properly classified.

Besides the merit of the poetry, the utility of the work will be otherwise great. It will display the various provincial dialects, and the Glossary will be both interesting and instructive to the philologist and Gaelic Student; while the historian may consult the lives and notes with much advantage, the antiquary and philosopher will find much light thrown upon ancient manners by the whole, especially by the compositions of the *CLIAR-SHEANA-CHAIN*, or the *Songsters of the ancient tax*, a class of the *improvisatori* hitherto unnoticed, but who exercised great influence throughout the Highlands.





THE VELVET

and were thinn'd, the pillars nodding,  
The garden should not in full  
Conceal me, nor being left chambering with  
The ivy and the red geranium.

—*The Velveteen Rabbit*, by Margery Williams, published by the Oxford University Press, 1922.



### Goethe's Faust with Illustrations

Goethe's Faust, in English,  
Illustrated in woodcut,  
With much drama, mostly tragic  
Published by [illegible]

London: [illegible]



## INTRODUCTION.

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THOSE who compose the poems and melodies which stimulate or mollify the passions of mankind, possess a much greater influence in society than can be readily conceived.

If national airs, in ages of refinement and artificial feeling, are found to have so strong a power over the mind, as in the “Ranz des vaches,” or “Erin gu brath,” how much more forcibly must the bold chanting of heroic verse—the plaintive tones of injured innocence—the impressive notes of impassioned exhortation, or the keen touch of satiric spirit, have affected a people like the Gaël, imbued with all the fervour of unaffected nature, and who paid ardent devotion at the shrine of freedom? How highly must an order have been venerated, which possessed an influence, the effects of which were so deeply and so universally felt, and how greatly must the general applause have fanned the flame which burned so ardently in the poet’s heart? The deference paid to the professors of poetry and music, was prompted by a sense of the utility of their labours, and by enthusiastic approbation.

The retention of the Celtic Language and Manners by the unmixed descendants of the most ancient people of Europe, is a singular phenomenon in the history of mankind; and not the least remarkable trait in the character of the race, is their genius for the sister arts of poetry and music. The patriarchal system, as incompatible with an altered state of society, has been broken up, and much indeed of national characteristic has been lost since its abolition. The different condition of the Highland population has lowered the Bardic profession from its former high standing. The powerful stimulus of “the man of song,” is no longer required to animate the clansmen for the battle field, or to preserve by his captivating recitations, the memory of the days of old. His useful services as the Laureat, moral preceptor, and historical instructor, are not now rewarded by the free possession of a good farm, and other rights, but the innate love of poetry has still preserved the unbroken generation of Bards. The people yet highly appreciate the poet’s lays, and the feelings of unabated delight with which the Highlander continues to cherish the Song, show that the ancient spirit has not decayed.

The numerous collections of Gaëlic pieces which have from time to time appeared, evince the national taste, and display the poetical acquirements of the writers, but how

small a proportion these bear to the stores yet floating in oral record, selections from which are now submitted to the public! The following pieces will give natives a more extended idea of the value of poetic treasure in their rugged and romantic country, while to the reader who is a stranger to the language in which the immortal Bard of Selma formed his imperishable compositions, the varied lives of so many remarkable and talented individuals, must prove an interesting novelty.

An appropriate introduction to the Beauties of the Gaëlic Poets, appears to be a brief account of that long descended race, which so justly demands regard, and of which they ever formed so important a class. Connected with this is a demonstration that the language in which the following poems appear, is that handed down to their authors from ancestors the most remote.

The Celtic race were the first known inhabitants of Europe, which was occupied throughout by various tribes or clans. The appropriate name which this remarkable people gave themselves was Celtae, but the terms Calatae, Galatae, or Gallatians, and Galli, or Gauls, were adopted by the Greeks and Romans, and were the appellations by which in later ages they were usually distinguished.\*

Various etymological conjectures are advanced as explanatory of these designations. A name descriptive of locality does not appear reasonably applicable to nations spread over an extensive continent and its numerous islands; they could neither be described as living in woods, nor on the hills, nor beside the waters, with any propriety, either by themselves or by others.† A more probable derivation is from the fair complexion by which the ancients characterized the race. This is the etymon given by Greek scholars, as if the body was "Galactoi," milky coloured; and as G and C are commutable letters, it must be confessed that the Gaëlic Gealta or Cealta, has the closest possible resemblance to Celta.

The original seat of the human race was undoubtedly the fertile plains of Asia, but when the Celtic stream first rolled from that productive storehouse of nations, is never likely to become known.‡ Successive waves of migratory hordes must have flowed from the east, impelled by a want of food or a thirst for conquest, long before the Trojan war, when the Keltoi were first known to the Greeks, or when Herodotus, the father of history, informs us they inhabited to the farthest west.§ Their daring enterprise and mighty conquests had shaken the well-settled empires of Greece and Rome, when these nations were yet unacquainted with the regions whence issued the overwhelming hosts, and scarcely knew their terrific foes, save through the disturbed vision of a frightened imagination.||

Various sections of the dense population of western Europe came alternately under historical notice, as their power and influence brought them more prominently into view. The Cimmerii, or Cimbri, the Getae or Goths, the Seythæ or Celto-Seyths, the Germanii,

\* Appian. Pausanias.

† A host of original writers, British and foreign, have exercised their ingenuity to give this word a satisfactory signification.

‡ Prichard demonstrates their eastern origin from the language. See many curious analogies with the Hebrew &c., in Maclean's Hist. of the Celtic Language—1840.

§ Book IV. c. 3. he flourished 500 years, A. C.

|| Livy, Appian, Plutarch, on the Cimbrian war, &c., &c., &c., show what frightful beings fear had painted these formidable invaders.

the Teutoni, and the three divisions of Gallia proper; the Celts, Belgs, and Aquitains, successively occupy a predominant share in the eventful page of history. From the testimony of numerous ancient authorities, these appear rather subdivisions of an identic race, than different nations. If Celtæ gave place to Galli, Seythæ became Germani, &c. The name Loehlin and Lyehlin was applied by the British tribes to Germany, and they considered it the same country as Gaul.\*

There can be no doubt, that local position, commerce, and other circumstances, will, in process of time, occasion so much difference between branches of an original race, that they will appear, and may be justly considered different nations. Thus, the Greeks and Barbarians so closely resembled each other, previous to the time of Homer, that no distinction in manners or language appears to have then existed.†

When continental Europe had become fully peopled, emigration to the British isles must have speedily taken place, and the obvious route was from the opposite coast of Gaul, to South Britain, but at what period the first adventurers arrived, can only be matter of conjecture. Some part of the maritime population were known to the Romans as mercantile settlers from the continent, but those who inhabited the interior, had lost all tradition of their origin, and, like their Gaulish ancestors, believed themselves the indigenous possessors of the island.‡ To the early Greeks and Romans it was unknown, but the assertion has been reiterated that the Phœnicians had established a commercial relation with the natives upwards of 2,800 years ago, and carried on a lucrative trade with them in lead and tin.§

The author of the Argonautica, writing nearly 600 years before our era, speaks of Iernis, which, signifying the western island, [Iar-innis,] would apply to either Britain or Ireland, and Aristotle, who flourished two centuries and a half later, calls the former both Albium and Brettania. These and other scanty notices of a certain island opposite Gaul, are more curious than satisfactory or important; the fact of an early colonization is proved by the numerous population at the period of the Roman advent, 55, A. C.,|| and the whole was composed of various tribes represented as arriving at different times from the continent, forcing back the previous settlers and presenting those great divisions, in the illustration of whose descent, historians have so laboriously employed themselves.

The Welsh or Cumri, from their general appellation of Ancient Britons, are considered as the original inhabitants,\*\* but it is admitted by their own antiquaries, and shown by others, that the Gaël, or in their own lingual form, the Gwyddel must have preceded them.†† The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonics which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or Gascony, and were the progenitors of those who possessed England, and the Brython, from Lhydaw or Bretagne, who it is said gave name to the island, both being of Cumraeg descent.‡‡

\* Welsh authorities, and the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian, App. 309.

† Thucydides.

‡ Cæsar, of the Gallic wars, book. V. chap. 12.

§ The Cassiterides, or Tin islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," I. 34.

|| Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus.

\*\* Welsh Triads and other authorities.

†† Edw. Llwyd, &c.

‡‡ Talliesen. Whittaker.

The Romans found the southern coasts occupied by tribes of Belgic origin, who are supposed to have arrived three or four centuries before the birth of Christ. Successive emigrations forced the inhabitants westward, and to the north, but certainly nothing is recorded to warrant the belief, that the whole were not of Gaulie origin.\* Scotland was possessed by a Celtic people, divided into twenty-one tribes, some of whom became at times conspicuous from more daringly contending with their ambitious foes, or being chosen to direct the national confederations, but the collective inhabitants were, as they have ever been, denominated by themselves and their brethren in Ireland, Albanich, Albanians; natives of Alban or Albion, a name of which they still are justly proud, thus vindicating their claim to be considered the primordial race.

Several of the great divisions lost their names in the fluctuations of a predatory and unsettled state of society and were ultimately incorporated with more powerful neighbours. The Mætæ, (Magh-aiteh,) dwellers on the plain, whose situation between the praetentures, a sort of debateable land, exposed them more particularly to the devastations of war, but gave ample scope for the acquisition of military renown, lost their prominence when the Romans succeeded in forming their territories into the province of Valentia, and when the legions were finally compelled to leave the island, the Meats, losing their consequence, were quickly amalgamated with the general body. The CALEDONII who were the ruling tribe in the great confederation which Galbaeus led to battle at the Gramplains, ceded their warlike pre-eminence to other branches who came into power. The term by which they were distinguished, whatever may be its precise meaning, displays in its composition Caël or Gaël, the appropriate name of the most ancient inhabitants of both Albion and Erin, and it still subsists, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.† The redoubted Piets themselves were at last embodied with their more successful countrymen the Scots, but long retained the evidence of their descent in the designation of Gaëlweidians, and Galloway is still applied to a greatly reduced portion of their ancient kingdom.

No more prolific subject of literary contention has offered itself to the national controversialists, than the lineage of the Pictish nation, that powerful division which so long shared the sovereignty of the kingdom. A prevailing tradition from most early ages, held them as the original inhabitants;‡ the Roman writers identified them with the Caledonians,§ and in later ages they were recognised as Seots.|| One opinion has many able advocates: it is that they were a Cumraeg nation, using that branch of the Celtic language, but were expelled by the Gaël. Certainly we look in vain for a proof of this in the names which remain, even in the territories of the Strathclyde Welsh, which are believed to have extended to Cumberland—all are Gaëlic.¶ But reverting to another opinion not less keenly supported: were the Piets of Gothic extract? It is not probable, that at so early an epoch, the Scandinavian wastes could furnish such a force as would be sufficient to expel the Celts and supplant their language, for except there was a very considerable number of colonists, the strangers would inevitably lose their own tongue in mixture with the natives. Language, like manners, is liable to change from many operating causes,

\* Chalmers' Caledonia. I.

+ Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

‡ Bede. See the arguments of Innes, Crit. Essay.

§ Eumenius, &c. || Galfridus Monumtensis.

¶ Pinkerton,—Betham.

and differences in one which is widely spread, especially when unwritten, will greatly increase by the long estrangement of the branches, who own a common descent. Grammarians raise the polished structures, but the simple vocables attest the kindred alliance. The affinity of languages most certainly evinces the ancient connexion of nations, that in course of time become very widely separated. The Greek and Gothic have satisfactorily displayed to the learned their common parentage, and we know that Gallic words predominated in the Latin, derived through that most ancient Celtic race, the Umbri, who were the aborigines of Italy, and this classic tongue in grammatical construction, bore close resemblance to the Gaëlic.\*

The assertion has been confidently repeated, that the Belgic portion of the British tribes, Gothic as the Piets, like them, obtruded a different language, which in the form of Saxon and English has superseded in the greater portion of Britain, the primeval tongue. How far this argument can be supported, it will be satisfactory to inquire. Do the names applied to natural objects on record, and as yet preserved in those parts which the two nations inhabited, favour the assumption, or do the Roman historians, our only guides, afford their evidence in its favour? Cæsar describes the South Britons as being in all respects like the people of Gaul, from which country he says they were.† Tacitus informs us, the Gothinian was the Gaëlic, and he particularizes two distinguished Belgic tribes, the Cimbri and Aestii, as using the proper British language.‡

The Gothic tribes came to the west of Europe, long after the Celtic migrations had spread population over the land, but the Getae were Scyths, and these retained the name of Celto-Scyths,§ when their ancient brethren and precursors, the Keltæ, had fixed themselves far distant in the west. The Gothic first prevailed in England, and a striking evidence of the progressive change of language among nations of dissimilar pursuits, is the fact related in the Sagas, that widely different as the present English is from the northern tongues, a Saxon could converse so easily with a Scandinavian, in the 10th century, that he could not discover him to be a foreigner.|| The Gothic did not become the language of the low country of Scotland, until comparatively recent times. The whole inhabitants were originally of one race, whatever shades of difference may have been observable in separate districts, of which a clear demonstration is afforded by the entire coincidence of local names, personal appellations, similar modes of interment, and relics of superstition throughout the whole extent of the country; that this race was Celtic, is satisfactorily proved by the terms being significant in the Gaëlic language, and in no other. In the years 547 and 650, the kings of Northumberland ravaged the southern districts, and seizing the country between the Forth and Tweed, filled the province with their Anglo-Saxon vassals, thus first inducing the adoption of the Anglo-Saxon language; and the events of the Norman conquest, 1066, when the royal family, the nobility and their followers were compelled to seek the protection of Malcolm III., mightily assisted in the introduction; for the kingdom became so filled with them, that there was not a farm-house or cottage in the south, which did not contain English men and women servants!¶ The refugees were located

\* Quintilian. Appendix to Report on the Poems of Ossian. 263.

† De Bello Gallico.

‡ De moribus Germanorum.

§ Aristotle, Strabo, Plutarch.

|| Gunlaug saga, &c.

¶ Simeon Dunelmensis, L. II. c. 34.

on the borders and east coast by the policy of our kings, as a good means of defence against the English and Danes, and it may not have been so practicable to plant them in the inland, the Highlanders bearing such intruders no good will. Moreover, the enterprise of the Saxons led them to prefer the east coast, where the powerful stimulus of commercial advantage, hastened the adoption of their speech; finally, the Scottish kings, from Malcolm Cean-mor to Alexander II., spent part of their lives in England, where they acquired the language, and married princesses of that country, and when the seat of government was removed from the Highlands, theirs became the court language, which gradually extended in the maritime parts. In the heights and distant isles, the pastoral and agricultural population clung with increased tenacity to their original tongue, the patriarchal institutions of Clanship being peculiarly calculated to prevent any disturbance of their social state.

Another portion of the inhabitants remains to be noticed, which had the fortune to preserve its appropriate name, and impart it to the whole. The appellation SCOTI or rather Seuite, is apparently a modification of Seyth, the name by which the great unsettled branch of the continental Celts were distinguished, and is descriptive of the wandering life which a large portion of the inhabitants led through their predatory habits, and for the easy pasturage of their numerous flocks.\* Those who had store of herds, possessed the only riches of the pastoral state. In Ireland, which was inhabited by the Britons,† who were forced over, as we are told, on the arrival of the Belgs in England,‡ the Scots were the dominant and noble class, the natives or aborigines being considered an inferior order.§ The epithet was adopted by the monkish writers, but does not appear to have been acknowledged by the Gaél, at least in Scotland, where they have steadfastly adhered to their national distinction.

In Erin as in Albion, the Scotic people were named the Pictish, and were known also as Cruthenich, a name indicative of peculiar habits.|| The close connexion between the Scots of both countries, was such as became nations owning a common origin, in which they had an equal pride. The Dalriadic Kinglet, which the county of Antrim nearly represents, was long subject to the Scottish line, but at last the regal seat was removed to Argyle, and from this little sovereignty came the race of princes who crushed the vigorous independence of the Pictish throne, and so long ruled over the united Gaél. This transfer of the dynasty, whatever may have been the motives which swayed the minds of those who favoured it, was not accomplished without a display of "the high hand."¶

Did the Dalriadie colony, as a different people, bring to Scotland their own language, and become the first disseminators of the Gaél, vulgarly called Erse? This has been rashly asserted, but after what has been said on the subject of language, it seems unnecessary to devote more time in disproving an evident absurdity.\*\* The Gaél, the primordial tongue used by the whole inhabitants of both countries, has gradually given way

\* "The wandering nation" of the Seanachies and "restless wanderers" of Ossian. Ammianus, Dio, &c. attest the vagrant habits of the Scots; Herodotus, Horace, Ammianus, &c., of the Seyths.

† Diodorus Sic., Dionysius Periegetes. ‡ Ricard. Cirencestrensis. § Bede.

|| "Eaters of corn," MacPherson. It is not improbable that this is the term Dhraonich, Agriculturists. Grant's Thoughts on the Gaél. ¶ The Albanic Duan.

\*\* See the authorities quoted. Ritson's Annals of the Scots, Picts, &c.

on the south and east sides of Scotland. In Carrick it was only lately extinguished : in Galloway it was spoken in the reign of Queen Mary 1542—1566,\* and during the same reign we find it the common language in the Gariach district of Aberdeenshire, from the upper parts of which it has receded in our own memory.† This much is to be observed, that within the Garbh-Criochan, or boundaries of the Highlands, where the recession of the Gaëlic has not been in consequence of Saxon settlements, the manners of the people are essentially Gaëlic, and they retain at home and abroad the predilections of their birth, particularly cherishing a just admiration of the bardic art, and possessing the characteristic taste for national melody.

The foregoing opinions are not newly formed : the writer of these pages having in another publication, some years ago, gone at greater length into the subject, is happy to find that his views are now generally adopted.

The Celts, from whom it was reluctantly acknowledged by both Greeks and Romans, that they had derived many of the useful arts and sciences, nay, even their philosophy,‡ were distinguished by very remarkable habits and customs, many of which still characterize their descendants ; and their personal appearance offered a striking contrast to that of the inhabitants of Italy and Greece. To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaël, inducing the assertion, so often repeated, that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gauls to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that in the desire to heighten, by frequent washing and other artificial means, its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap.§ The general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many writers,|| and their aspect must have been a matter of ostentation, when its preservation was an object of national care.¶ The bardic effusions have always extolled the golden ringlets as imparting beauty to both sexes, comparing them to the gracefulness of flowing gold—to the loveliness of the golden-haired sun ; while one of an opposite colour is alluded to as an exception. The Welsh are perhaps the darkest of the race, for they called the others *Gwyddil eoch*, the red-haired Gaël. The careful arrangement of the hair, was one of the most particular duties of a Celtic toilet, and the practice of trimming or “glibbing” it, was put down in Ireland as an anti-English practice, by act of Parliament.

The comeliness and great stature of the Celts were acknowledged ; the Britons and Caledonians, particularly exhibiting that stately appearance which in early society would be an object of pride, and a favourite theme for bardic compliment. The commanding figures of the Fingalian heroes, and those of later date, are always kept in view.

The dispositions of a people are however more worthy of consideration, personal appearance being dependent on physical causes, while the mental affections and moral feelings are influenced by other circumstances.

\* Buchanan, &c.      † Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. 1.      ‡ Diogenes Laertius.      § Pliny, xxviii. 12.

|| Herodotus, Caesar, Strabo, Lucan, Livy, Silius, Diodorus, Tacitus, Pliny, Isidorus, &c., all describe the Celts as fair.      ¶ Amm. Marc. xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

On the ministers of religion devolve the care of forming the morals, and on legislators the regulation of society by the enactment of laws, the coercion of the wicked, and encouragement of the virtuous. These two important functions, so naturally allied, were combined in one individual among the early Celts. That highly interesting and venerable order the Druids, who presided over a religion the most ancient, included the singularly important class, the Bards, the disseminators of knowledge, or rather as some maintain, they were in truth the body, of which the Druids formed a part, if more exalted in rank, certainly not a more numerous nor popular division.

Britain seems to have been the hyperborean island alluded to by Hecatæus, a very ancient writer, who describes it as lying opposite to Gaul, and being as large as Sicily. The inhabitants led the most happy lives, spending great part of their time in playing on the harp, and worshipping the gods in groves and circular temples.\* It is certain that in Britain was the grand seminary for Druidic learning, to which the youth from Gaul resorted to complete their course of education, and to which reference was made in all cases of controversy or doubt. In the southern province, therefore, we find the wondrous remains of the stupendous works of Avebury and Stonehenge, with many other circular erections of the *Clachan mor* of less note throughout England and Wales. In Anglesea was the sacred fane and last retreat of the British druids, while seeking to escape the Roman sword. In Ireland the great Feis, or bardic convention, was held on the hill of Tara, (Teamhair) in Meath, and the science studied in different seminaries. In Scotland, besides other consecrated precincts, was Ellan Druinich, now Iona, the isle wherein the chief establishment of bards was placed, which the celebrated Colum or Columba supplanted by a college of the scarcely less famous Christian order of Culdees, as he did with that sacred grove where now stands the town of Derry in Ireland.† To this latter country the bards are supposed to have been first introduced by the colony of Danas, and the name, believed to have come from Dan a song, is noticed as a corroborative proof. They would no doubt accompany the first Celtic settlers, and in all probability held their appropriate place among the Milesian adventurers.

Legislation—the services of religion, and the poetic art, were blended in primitive society, and the united duties performed by one person; the priests, the historians, and the lawgivers, were consequently of the bardic order. Although it cannot be admitted as true that “poetry preceded prose,” yet it is not paradoxical to assert that verse was anterior to prose as the medium of record. It was used in intercession with the Deity, and was the vehicle of all praise. The ethics of antiquity were delivered and orally preserved in pithy rhymes; in this way, the earlier decrees of Greece were promulgated, and remained for ages ere they were engraven on tablets in the public ways, and even then the metrical form was not abandoned, nor did the people find another word for law than verse.‡ Strong indeed was the attachment to oral record, but still stronger was the predilection for rhyme; even after writing had come into use, the form of versification was fondly retained. The Brehons or Gaëlic judges delivered their decrees in sententious poetry, and

\* Diodorus. † Hence the name, from *Durach*, an oak.

‡ Wood on the genius of Homer. The Spartans would not permit their laws to be written.

Columba, who is himself believed to have been of the bardie order, and other early ecclesiastes delivered their moral precepts, as no doubt was the common practice, in impressive verse.\* It was in this style of composition, that the Gaëlic genealogies of the Scottish kings, repeated by the seamachies at coronations were formed.† In Wales, numerous moral triplets are confidently ascribed to the Druids: in the Highlands, many such apothegms, handed down from the Sean'ir, or men of antiquity, are of similar origin.

The Druids, like the Pythagoreans, a similar sect, were most careful to exercise the memory, and it was a positive law that there should be no written record; the first deviation from which appears to have been, as far as respected religion, but the poems were too mystical to be understood, save by the initiated, and it was not permitted to speak openly of the ceremonials or secrets of their profession; to sing in heroic verse the praises of illustrious men, was the unrestricted and most congenial duty of the bard. How admirably fitted for the assistance of recollection was the use of poetry—how well adapted for diffusing throughout the community, a knowledge of the laws by which foreign and internal relations were directed; of the misfortunes which depressed, or the successes which brightened the national prospects;—the song kept alive the memory of transactions which gained the friendship of neighbours, or exalted military renown—it transmitted to succeeding generations the history of illustrious individuals—the woes and calamities of the unfortunate! How little even now, are the people in general indebted for their acquaintance with events, to the pages of the historian? It is the record of vocal song which so long preserves among the illiterate the remembrance of bygone transactions.

There is much truth in what has been observed on this sort of vehicle for the conveyance of opinion; “songs are more operative than statutes, and it matters little who are the legislators of a country, compared with the writers of its popular ballads.” With the Celts the statutes were really poems, and the observation of Macpherson is just: “The moral character of our ancestors owed more to the compositions of the bard, than to the precepts of the Druids.”‡ The druidic injunction for cultivating the power of recollection, long affected the national character, and in the Highland districts, it cannot be said to have altogether ceased as a popular object. The Gaël frequently met for the purpose of friendly contest in the repetition and singing of their ancient poems, and poetic talent was one of the most respected accomplishments. In Wales, its possession elevated one to rank. A Highland amusement which Johnson describes, is illustrative of the poetic spirit. A person enveloped in a skin enters the house, when the company affecting to be frightened, rush forth; the door is then closed, and before they are admitted, for the honour of poetry, says the docto[r], each must repeat, at least a verse. The young men who celebrate the festival of Colain, or bringing in of the new year, are obliged to recite an extempore rhyme before they are admitted to any house. The Dronn, or rump, was called the bard's portion; whoever received it, was obliged to compose a verse; and many a humorous couplet has the present elicited. This is called Beanneachadh Bhaird,

\* Dr Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

† The last repetition of a Gaëlic genealogy was at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249.

‡ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

or the Bard's Blessing, and it was customary to give a metrical salutation as a mark of respect; a composition in praise of one whose kindness or hospitality had been experienced, was an equally common effort of the muses. Dr Donald Smith, speaking of MS. poems of Ossian, and those collected by Duncan Kennedy, which scarcely differed, observes, "The test which such an agreement affords at a distance of almost three hundred years, of the fidelity of tradition, cannot but seem curious to such as have not had an opportunity of observing the strength which memory can attain, when unassisted by writing, and prompted to exertion by the love of poetry and song."<sup>\*</sup>

The Fear Sgeulachd or reciter of tales in Ireland, although now perhaps reduced to an itinerant mendicant, was formerly a personage whose entertaining and instructive rehearsals always procured becoming respect. These men were walking chronicles, the depositaries of what was old, and the disseminators of passing novelties. A favourite pastime among the Gaël was recitations of the old poems in manner of dramas, for which they were excellently adapted, if not originally so intended.

The chief object of the Celts in the nurture and education of their children, being to promote hardiness of constitution and corporeal strength, and to instil into the mind a sense of justice, and the highest notions of freedom and of warlike renown, their institutions were of a serious and martial cast.<sup>†</sup> The population were stimulated by the bardic exhortations from early childhood, to contemn inglorious ease and death itself, and to emulate the heroic virtues for which their ancestors were so highly extolled, as the only means by which they could attain distinction here and happiness hereafter. The labours of those national preceptors were eminently successful, and the bloody and protracted wars which they so intrepidly sustained in Gaul, against the conquerors of the world, tarnishing their arms, before unsullied,<sup>‡</sup> bear ample testimony to the love of freedom. In our own country, was the influence of those patriots less strong? "Neither by Romans, Saxons, Danes nor Normans, could they ever be conquered, either in Britain or Ireland; but as they could not successfully resist the overwhelming numbers, and superior discipline of their enemies in the plain country, they retreated with the highest spirited and most intractable of their countrymen, into the mountains, where they successfully defied the legions of the Roman and Saxon barbarians. For more than a thousand years they maintained their country's independence in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, whence they constantly made incursions upon their enemies. Here it was, where, with their native wild and beautiful music, and in poetry which would not disgrace a Homer, being the production of passion not of art, their venerable Druids deplored their country's misfortunes, or excited their heroes to the fight." These are the words of a Saxon writer, who made the history of the Druids, and their mysterious religion, subjects of the most profound research.<sup>§</sup>

An order which possessed the power of inflaming their countrymen to the fiercest resistance of invasion, and unextinguishable passion for liberty, was subjected to the direst

\* Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 302.

<sup>†</sup> Tacitus, &c.

<sup>‡</sup> Ibid. c. 53. Amm. Mare. c. xxxi. Lucan.

<sup>§</sup> Higgins' History of the Celtic Druids, 4to. p. 276.

persecution of their implacable enemies. The cruelty with which the Romans accomplished the slaughter of the British Druids, even in the sacred isle of Mona, had only a parallel in the massacre of the Welsh bards, by Edward the first of England. The indomitable spirit of resistance to aggression, which these illustrious patriots so effectually cherished in their countrymen, aroused the sanguinary vengeance of their ambitious foes, and the same policy, with a subdued severity, animated Queen Elizabeth, and Henry the Eighth, in their proscriptive legislation for the natives of Ireland.

Many instances are on record of the extraordinary power of music, which was always in ancient times an accompaniment to the song. Tyrtæus, by the chanting of his heroic verses, so inspirited the sinking Lacedemonians, that, rallying, they gained a triumphant victory, and saved the state. Terpander succeeded in appeasing a seditious outbreak, by singing an appropriate composition to the sound of his lyre, and Alceæus resenred his country by the same means. The bards not only inflamed the martial zeal of the people, rousing them to arms in defence of all they held dear, but they accompanied the armies to the field, and their persons being held inviolable by friend and foe, they employed themselves in moving about, sustaining the courage of the troops in the heat of battle; charging them to acquit themselves like men, and thereby obtain the approbation of their country, assuring them of ample fame on earth, and a joyful existence hereafter, should they bravely fall. “Ye bards, raise high the praise of heroes, that my soul may settle on their fame!” was an appropriate Celtic ejaculation. To die without this fame was a misfortune felt beyond the grave; the spirit rested not, when nothing had been done on earth to ensure its posthumous need of praise.

The bards were also the heralds who summoned the clans to the strife of arms, a duty which was afterwards effected by the fleet bearers of the Crann taradh, and that important official in the establishment of a chief, the Piobair-mor. An instance occurs in the poem of Temora where a bard performs the ceremony; he proceeds to the hall of Shells, where the chiefs were assembled, and raising aloud the song of war, he calls on the spirits to come on their clouds, and be witness to the heroism of their descendants. The bards were in fact called upon by the leaders, as those on whose well-directed exertions rested the fate of battle, to rehearse the glorious exploits of former heroes, and by urging every motive to exertion, endeavour to carry the day by *esprit du corps*, not unlike the way in modern times of calling on the pipers—*seid suas*, play up? But they stood in no need of command; they acted in their vocation *con amore*, and they could excite or appease the warlike passions at their will; nay, with such awe were these men of song regarded, that they would step between armies which had drawn swords and levelled spears for immediate action; and the ireful combatants, as if their fury had been tamed by a charm, instantly dropt their arms.\* The shaking of the “Chain of silence” by the Irish bards, produced the same effect.†

Their prophetic character added greatly to their influence; for they professed to foretell the fate of wars, and the destiny of individuals. So nearly allied are the gifts of poetry.

\* Diodorus.

† Walker's Hist. Ir. Bards.

and prophecy, that the same individuals were professors of both, and hence it is that we find the Romans using the terms indiscriminately, especially with reference to those in their Gaulish provinces. Of the prophecies of the Gauls, many instances are related; they were held in much estimation for their auguries and predictions, and were consulted by even the emperors of Rome. Those soldiers who were in their armies, perhaps from their national gravity, and dark and figurative manner of expression,\* compared with their Italian comrades, were looked on as seeing more clearly into futurity than others. The spirit descended on their successors in the British isles. In the Principality, the faculty in the bardic order was tacitly acknowledged, and Irish history affords many proofs of the conjunction, whilst among the Scottish Gaél, the ability to prognosticate unerringly, was repeatedly claimed, and respectfully conceded. Fingal himself, by concurrent tradition, is allowed, with other attributes of one so illustrious, to have possessed in an eminent degree, the ability to predict coming events. The court poets, about 1323, delivered a prophecy respecting King David, which was fully credited.†

Numerous proofs of the unabated influence of bardic exhortations on individuals, clans, and confederated armies, could be adduced. When the orator, standing on a cairn or other eminence, harangued the assembled host, in energetic verse, descanting in glowing terms on the well earned glories of the race—their heroism and other virtues, reminding them that on present exertions depended their country's fate—their own, their wives and children's safety; that the freedom which their sires bequeathed, it was for them to maintain and faithfully transmit to following generations; and when he warned them that the shades of their noble ancestors hovered near to witness their prowess, and bear them to the realms of bliss, if they bravely fell, the climax was attained, and in the paroxysm of generous resolution, with a simultaneous shout, the whole rushed forward to the mêlée.

Those who survived, were welcomed by the fair with the songs of praise; the bards extolling their exploits in the most laudatory strains.

The War Song of Gaul in the fourth book of Fingal, shows the usual style of the Prosnachadh cath, which is the name applied to it, corresponding to the Irish Rosga cath, and the Welsh Arymes prydain.‡ The address of that intrepid chief of the Caledonian confederation, Galgacus, delivered to his troops previous to the great battle of the Grampians, is highly interesting for its antiquity, the eloquence it displays, and the light it throws on the sentiments of that unconquerable race, to whom the Britons of the south alleged the gods themselves were scarcely equal. The famed Caraetacus would animate his forces in a similar manner; and it is probable both delivered their harangues in verse, and may indeed have been of the bardic order. The strife was truly “kindled by the songs of the bards.” “Go Ullin—go my aged bard! remind the mighty Gaul of battle—remind him of his fathers—support the yielding fight; for the song enlivens war,” says the king of Morven.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples: the practice was retained as long as clanship was entire. The Brosnachadh cath Gariach, composed by Lachlan Mac Mhuireach, the

\* Diod. Mareel.

† Fordun, xiii. 5.

‡ Cambrian Register.

bard of Donald of the isles, at the bloody field of Harlaw in 1411, is a specimen, curious for the subject and the strict alliteration in its composition. It has been observed as scarcely credible, that a bard could compose and deliver such lengthened exhortations in the battle field, and impossible to preserve such effusions afterwards, except he was “attended by a secretary!” These, and many similar objections to the authenticity of the ancient remains of Gaëlic bards, have been offered by the late Rev. Edward Davies, author of “Celtic researches,” in a very rare work, entitled, “The claims of Ossian considered.” This writer, whose remarks we shall have occasion again to allude to, is the most severe assailant of the venerable bard who has yet appeared, and it is to be regretted, that the asperity, promoted by ignorance of the subject, which is evinced throughout his inquiry, tarnishes much the fame he acquired by his other learned productions. The bards doubtless studied the subject of their compositions, previous to rehearsal, and polished or perfected them afterwards. Ossian was as capable of composing Fingal and Temora, as Homer was to form the Iliad, and the deep misfortune, of being “blind, palsied, destitute, broken-hearted and illiterate,” p. 53. and the last of his race, was rather favourable to his poetic genius, while it imparted a melancholy spirit. He might not be provided with an “amanniensis,” but he had zealous admirers, and attentive auditors to his frequent repetitions; and although Malvina might be 80 years of age, by Mr Davies’ chronology, she could well store her memory, less disturbed by the passions of youth, with those affecting songs, which it delighted the hoary bard to repeat.

A striking instance of the irresistible impression of these vigilant monitors occurs in Irish history. The primate of Ireland, in a conference with Fitzgerald, succeeded in convincing him of the folly and the guilt of a contemplated rebellion, when Nelan, the bard, lifting up his voice with his harp, poured forth a touching effusion, commemorative of the heroism of that noble’s ancestors—of their wrongs and the inestimable value of freedom, and evoking quick revenge; the gallant Thomas rushed forth and flew to arms.

When aid was sought from neighbouring clans, the bard was the fitting messenger to arouse the sympathy of friends. In late and altered times, the poets exercised, by means of their compositions, a power scarcely inferior to that of their predecessors, in the days of Druidism. If they could not command the favour of a chief, they could neutralize his efforts by their songs, which took the desired effect on the less politic clansmen. Iain Lom and others performed wonders by the power of verse, and respect for their profession. Rob Donn was more useful by the effect of his cutting poems, in favour of Prince Charles, than his chief was prejudicial in his operations with an unwilling clan.

It is necessary here to notice, with attention, the religious tenets maintained by the Druids, that celebrated priesthood, which held unlimited power over a mighty race—which instilled for many centuries of uninterrupted sway, those generous precepts, that not only operated on the mental faculties of the bard, himself so important a member of the community, but formed a national character, which is not even yet effaced. The progress and fall of a system are to be traced, which became like other institutions, corrupt and injurious, through the venality of the professors of poetry, who had survived the religion whence they emanated, which had long been abandoned by the human race, but

which left much, long entwined with the holy faith we now maintain, strongly imbuing the poetic genius of the Gaëlic bards. The wild imaginations of the enthusiastic Celts, led them to indulge in many superstitious ideas, but if, like other Pagans, they openly and emblematically admitted a plurality of Gods; the belief in one supreme disposer of human events was the fundamental creed of the bardic hierarchy; and if the people were persuaded of the truth of metempsychosis, or transmigration of spirits into other bodies, the more enlightened portion believed the immortality of the soul, in a state of happiness or misery. In the work of that intelligent Roman soldier and historian, Marecellinus, who was well acquainted with the Gauls, he thus speaks: "the Druidae of a higher polish and imagination, as the authority of Pythagoras decreed, being formed into societies or fellowships, were addicted wholly to the consideration of matters of divine and hidden import, and despising all human things, they confidently affirmed that the souls of men were immortal."\* The simple and sublime doctrines, if it is permitted so to designate them, which the Druids taught, were to reverence the Deity—to abstain from evil, and to behave with bravery; and they enforced their observance with unremitting energy. To the Almighty being, they paid adoration under the open canopy of heaven, esteeming it unbecoming to confine within a covered edifice, the worship of Him who created all things. At His mysterious shrine—circular, as the type of eternal duration,—they invoked divine favour, under the striking symbol of the resplendent sun, the apparent source of universal life. The appellations, Be 'il and Grian, or Granais were applied to the glorious luminary, and they are still used by the Gaël, although they do not attach to them those unchristian ideas, which darkened the mind of his ancestors, or perhaps being at all aware of the origin of terms formerly repeated with feelings of gratitude and veneration.† Many superstitions which yet maintain a hold on his imagination, are traceable to the mysterious dogmas of Druidism. Feelings carried along from ages the most remote, imbued the minds of the Gaëlic poets who indulged the fond persuasion, that the aerial spirits of departed friends hovered near their earthly relatives, rejoicing in their success and happiness, warning them of impending misfortunes, and ready when meeting death, to bear their spirits on clouds to a happier region. This cannot be called a debasing belief.

The only names which the Gaël yet apply to Heaven and Hell, proclaim their origin in days of Paganism. The ideas concerning Flath-innis, the island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean, and Ifrinn, the cold and dismal isle in which the wicked were doomed to wander, in chilling solitude, so inconsistent with, and diametrically opposed to the Christian faith, could never have been imbibed from the sacred records of divine will. The numerous imaginary beings, with which the Celts filled earth, air, and water, were admirable accessories to the poetic machinery; they were perhaps originally deified, and although not yet discarded from popular belief, they are reduced to the less awful forms of phocas, fairies, beansiths, Glasligs, &c.

By all people, heaven has been pictured as an indescribable refinement, of all that imparts pleasure to the inhabitants of earth; and it is otherwise impossible to form any idea

\* Book xv. ch. 9.

+ The Romans, or Romanized Celts, raised altars to them.

of the joys awaiting the righteous, the reality of which “it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive.” With the Gaël, all the amusements in which they took delight, whilst dwellers in the lower world, were pursued without alloy in their aerial abode. All descriptions of the Celtic paradise, must fall short of their own conception of its glories, but the following effort of an ancient bard to impart some notion of its imaginary excellence, is highly interesting, abounding as it does in that hyperbolic style, which is impressed on all similar compositions. It gives also a curious picture of one of the Celtic sages. “ In former days, there lived in Skerr, a Druid of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate ; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day ; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen—he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves ; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green Isle of the west.” One day as he sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay ; and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and around were a hundred moving oars : but it was void of mariners ; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Druid : he heard a voice, though he saw no human form. “ Arise ! behold the boat of the heroes—arise, and see the green Isle of those who have passed away !” He felt a strange force on his limbs ; he saw no person ; but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed—in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him ; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy : he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains ; the boat rolled violently from side to side—the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud,—“ The Isle, the Isle !” “ The billows opened wide before him ; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in its most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul ; where distance fades not on the sight—where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green ; nor did they wholly want their clouds : but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom, the source of a stream ; a beauteous stream, which wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean ; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain ; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright ; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for repose ; nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each valley is its slow-moving stream. The pure waters swell over its banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not ; nor are

they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill, are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old."\*

There is here none of the barbarous ideas which distinguished the Scandinavians. The Celts never dreamt of such joys as were found in Odin's Hall, or of carrying vindictive feelings beyond the grave—no quaffing beverage from the skulls of enemies, and other marks of ferocious minds. There is here no purgatorial state—no such horrid passage, as led to the Elysium of the Greeks—the transit of the spirit from earth, is on clouds accompanied by those of relatives long before removed. There was indeed an intermediate position, occupied by the shades of those who had escaped the more awful penalty, but had no position in the abode of the virtuous. So difficult is it to control the vicious propensities of mankind, that the Druids not only were empowered to pass a sentence, of the most strict excommunication, rendering it highly criminal in any to show the smallest favour to the proscribed, but they carried their pretensions farther, and debarred them from entering Flath-innis. For those who were guilty of venial crimes, or had shown "the little soul," by coming short of the standard of goodness, through cowardice, injustice, &c., which did not incur the severer ban, it was impossible ever to reach the island of the brave. Their sluggish spirits heard no song of praise ; they were doomed to hover in miserable solitude, beside fens and marshes, tormented by unavailing regrets.

To a northern people, as warmth is of all sensations the most desirable, so cold is the most to be avoided. Exposure to chilling winds, and a state of intense and continued frigidity, is a calamity, which those who were ill clad, must have dreaded even more than the want of food. It was therefore with them a natural imagination, that the place of final punishment should be wrapt in an atmosphere of everlasting frosts. Ifrinn† was therefore contemplated with feelings of horror, and the dread of being consigned for evermore to its indescribable rigour, operated as a powerful check on the unworthy passions.

Besides piety to the objects of their worship, and unflinching bravery in the battle field, Druidic morality required the exercise of other duties, to merit the beatitude of the Isle of the exalted. The profession of bardism ensured a becoming degree of respect and awe, towards itself; while the patriarchal feelings of clanship bound closely the followers to their natural chiefs and protectors.

Hospitality is a virtue of primitive society—its exercise was a positive law among the Gaels and Germans of old.‡ It continued unrestricted among the Gaël, while their ancient system remained entire, and it is now only cooled, where modern civilization and refinement have intruded on the unsophisticated manners of an open-hearted race. "The red oak is in a blaze ; the spire of its flame is high. The traveller sees its light on the dusky heath, as night spreads around him her raven wings. He sees it, and is glad; for he knows the hall of the king. There," he says to his companion, "we pass the night; the door of Fion is always open. The name of his hall is the stranger's home." The feast is spread—the king wonders that no stranger from the darkly heath is come.

\* Macpherson's Introduction, 190.

† I fuair fluin, the isle of the cold atmosphere or climate.

‡ Tacitus, 1. Diodorus, 5.

# SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

## THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

### MORDUBH.

#### A' CHEUD EARRAN.\*

Am beil thus' air sgiathan do luathais,  
A ghaoth, gu triall le t-nile neart?  
Thig le cairdeas dh'ionnsuldh m' aois—  
Thoir sgríobh aotrom that mo chraig.  
Co-aos m' oige glilac an t-aog,  
'S uaingeach m' aigne 'n namh mo bhréin;  
'S mòr mo leon fo lamh na h-aos.  
Osag tha 'g astar o thnath,  
Na dean tuasaid rium, 's mi lag.  
Bha mi nair gu'n robb mo cheum  
Cho aotrom riut fein, a ghaoth;  
Mo neart mar chraig a Chruaidh-mhill,  
'S iomadh cath 's na bhual mi beum;  
'S tric taibhse mo naimhdean ag astar,  
Le ceum lag, o bleinn gu beum.  
Ach thig àm do bherois-sa, ghaoth,  
'N oair dhìreas tu 'n t-aonach gu mall.  
Cha'n imrich thu neoil thar coill,  
'S cha lùb a choille fo d' laimh,  
'S cha gheill am fiaoch anfhanh fein.—  
Ach togaidh gach geung an ceann,  
Bi-sa baigheil rium-s', a ghaoth,  
Oir tha 'n aois ort fein ro theann.

Cuir lasair ri geng do'n ghallan,  
A shealgair coire 's aille smuadh.  
Tha 'n oideach siubhal o'n ear,

\* The Author of this Poem, whose name is Douthal, was both a Chief and a Bard of great repute. The accounts which tradition gives of him are various; but the most probable makes him the Poet of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians. A fragment of this Poem has been published in Gillies' Collection, in two Parts, consisting of the First, and nearly half the Second Part. It is now given in three Parts entire; and differs not materially from the Translation given in "Clark's Caledonian Bards"—a small Volume published in the last century.

Tha ghrian a' critheadh 's au iar,  
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,  
Tri uairean dorsan nan uial,  
A ghodhaich, " Dean cabhag thar a chuain  
Le d' chuach-fhailt àluim, a ghrian."  
Tha neoil dubh sinbhlaich na h-oidhche,  
Gun aoibhneas air chil nan tonn;  
'S tric iad ag amhare do thriall,  
A ghnuis àluim tha 'g astar o'n ear.  
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan o'n chuan,  
A neoil dhorch nan iomadh gruaim.  
Tha sgàilean nan sonn o shean,  
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghrein gu flath innis.\*

Beannachd le ribhinn chiùin do ruin,  
Buaidh le d' shaigheid air gach beinn,  
A shealgair, tha tabhairt dhomh treòir,  
'S mi leointe fo laimb na h-aos!  
Ach suidh thusa ann am naimh,  
A's eisil ri tuasaid ghaoth a's chrag;  
Innsidh mi dbut sgeul is mor brigh,  
Air suinn tha sùite fo'n lie:  
'S taitneach na smaoinean a thriall;  
'S miannach dreach namh bliadhna dh-fhàll!  
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-nile ghniomh,  
A's fench do m' anam bliadhn' mo neirt;  
Feuch gach cath 's na bhmail mi beum,  
A's airm nan laoch bha treulhach borb,  
Thugaidh suil o neoil 'ur smain.  
'Fleara bha cruidh anns gach cath,  
Cinimividh 'ur clann fuain 'ur clù,

\* The Sun was supposed to sleep in Flath-innis, the Isle of Heroes, in the western ocean. The human mind has been in every age ambitious of obtaining a happy hereafter. The Kelts, indulging in this pleasant presentiment, sent the ghosts of their departed friends to this imaginary paradise.

'S thig sileadh an sùl gu làr.  
Tha m' anam a soillseachadh le gniomh,  
Nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh, a's nach pill.

Dh-fhalainch a ghealach a ceann,  
Bha cadal reulian air chul neoil;  
Cabbag ghaoth a's chuan o chian,  
Bu gharbh an eath 'bha edar stuaidh,  
A's sileadh ghaibhleach nan speur,  
N uair dh' eirich co-shambla Shailmhoir,\*  
O leabaidi fhuair sa' gharbh chuan ;  
A siubhal air bharraibh nan stuagh,  
'S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt,  
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath  
Na h-osaig, gu gruaidh Chraigmhoir ;  
'S bha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,  
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghuin.  
Ag amhare annas o leabaidi fhuair,  
Bu mhòr a bridh a bha 'na ghuth :  
" Duisgibh ! chlann Alba nam buadh,  
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath ;  
A' gluasad air bharraibh nan tonn,  
Tha clanna Lochluinn† nan lom long.  
Eiribh ! chlann Alba nam buadh,  
'S mor neart ur naimhdean o thuath."  
Air sgiath na h-osaige fuair'  
Dh-fhalbh mac na h-oidhche gu luath.  
Lüb an darach garbh fo chasan,  
'S chrith gach gallan roi' fheirg.  
" Tionailibh mo shuinn o'n t-seilg,"  
Thubhairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,  
" Soillsichibh srad air Druim-Feinne,  
A's thig mo laoich o ghruaidh gach beinne."  
Labhair Mordubb, Righ nan srath,  
'S lionar crag tha 'g innseadh sgeil.  
Chuala clanna a chath am fonn,  
A's leum ionadh lann għlas amach.  
Dh' eirich a mhadainn san ear,  
A's dh' iarr i air sian gailbheach gluasad.  
B' āluinn, maiseach, fiamb na greine  
Tigh'mn amach gu ciùin o'n chuan ;  
' Boillsgeadh a gathan air airm  
Nan laoch mòr-bhuadhach anns gach cath.

Air adhart dh' eirich Ciabh-ghlas treun,  
A's ionadh sleagh air chul Cheann-aird.  
Tha Trennumor a tional a shluaiigh ;  
'S c'uim'an bi Mordal air dheireadh.  
Labhair Ciabh-ghlas, bu mhor aois,  
" Co chummaic Sunar o thuath ?  
Am beil e togail ionadh sleagh ?

\* Tradition says that Salmor was drowned in passing from the mainland to his own house in one of the Hebrides, on hearing that his wife was taken prisoner, and his lands laid waste by Tuthmar, a Chief of Norway, whose father Salmor is said to have killed in battle.

† The Lochnans, signify in Gaelic *The Descendant of the Ocean*, and comprehend all the Northern Nations who invaded the Caledonians.

Thug mi fein am òig air buaidh.  
Ge fann mi'n diugh anns a chath,  
Bha mi'n sin gu neartar cruaidh.  
" Ni m' beil a d' neart, no d' chruadal feum."  
Thuirt Mac-Corbhui bu bheag cliù,  
" S treuu meannach, Sunar o thuath.  
Tha gathan na greine a leum  
Mu'n cuairt a dh' eideadh an t-seoid.  
Tha suinn gharbh neartar ri thaobh,  
Is ard a choille tha lùbadh fo chasan.  
Tha creagan Thir-mhoir beag fo cheum,  
'S trom colgar, gailbheach righ Lochluinn,  
'S cha toir Siol Alb' air buaidh."

### CIABH-GHLAS.

" Imich thus' a ghealtaire chlaoin  
Gu aiseiridh shàmhach nam ban,  
Tha t' anam air chrith mar dbuille uaine,  
A għluiseas roimh anail nan speur,  
Mar thuiteas i roi' fhuachd a għeamhraids,  
Teich thusa o na naimhdean horb :  
Ach is ioma' craobh għarbh sa bheinn so  
A sheasas 'n uair is gailbheach sian.  
Is tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,  
Ach buannahd cha tug iad riamh.  
Imich thusse mħieġ gun chliu,  
Gu aiseiridh chuil nan daoine erion.  
Mur birod aige-san tha gun chliu,  
Naimhdean nach bu mhò na thu,  
B' aobhar eagail nach b' fhiu dha  
Airm a rusgadhi ss-chath.  
A feith air Clainn Lochluinn o thuath,  
Bi 'n cruaidh lannan fulteach o'n taibh.  
Chualas t' fħacil bu bheag stà,  
A mħieġ an arda in tog do ghāth."

Dh' eirich dà shleagh gu h-ārd—  
Bha rusgadhi lann air gach taobh.  
Dhuis anis neart na h-Alba,  
Chum garbh chath thabhairt dh'i fein :  
Ach, thainig sgiath laidir an t-sluagh,  
Righ āluinn Albaum a nuas,  
Le corruiħ mħor, 's le trom għruaim,  
Dh' amhaire e air na suinn län fuath.  
Bha shuul gu fiadhaich ag siubhal,  
Gu dubħach o flear gu fear ;  
Air eagħi gu tuiteadħ an sluagh,  
Borb luath ag imēachd bha ghuth :  
" Na ruisgeadh lann a chloinn na fārġe,  
Na canaib gu leaq sibb sin,  
Is tric dh' eirich sleagh ur 'n athraieħ ;  
Is lionar an eill air ar trāigh ;  
Ach 's noibb inni duibhs', a chlann Lochluinn,  
Leagar Alba le h-airm fein !"

Làn maslaidd bho fheiq an righ,  
Shiubħail na laoħi a dhuisg an stri ;

Mar dhà neul tha siubhal air càrn,  
 'N uair shiubhlas a ghrian air mìn dhriuchd :  
 Dubhach bha na glinn roi 'n ceum,  
 Ag amhare an tighinn an deoir nan speur.  
 Cha 'n flìfu leò an cnocan crion,  
 Tha triall chum gruaidh Ard-chraig.  
 Mar sin a shiubhlas na suinn,  
 An coinneamh a naimhdean borb.  
 Air adhart tha ceuna righ Alba,  
 Mar gharbh chraig an aghaidh tuinn mhoir,  
 'N uair chruinnicheas na stuaidh,  
 A tabhairt garbh chath do thuitle.

Mar ghaoth oideche shiubhlas air speur,  
 Thainig clann Lochluinn nan sleagh ;  
 Cha siubhail osag na h-aonar,  
 'S ann comhla tha dubh gruaim nan sian.  
 Dh' eirich airm Albainn gu h-ard,  
 Mar thairneanach tha gairm nan enoc ;  
 Mar thuileas dà chlach o bheinn aird,  
 'S iad tachairt air ùrlar a ghlinn',  
 Mar sin bha toiseach garbh a chath',  
 Is iomadh nàmh a thuit leinn.  
 Bha uamhann a bhlaire air an fhraoch—  
 Bha tuille falà mu shleagh Cheann-ard ;  
 B' iomadh creubhag a lot Mordal—  
 Bu chruaidh, borb, flatail, gach fear.  
 Ach eo b' urrainn seasadh roi' chend ?  
 Chunnaic an Righ ar ceum air ais ;  
 Las anam a ghaisgich le feirg,  
 'S àllt dearg a leanait a shleaghà ;  
 Bha taibhsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,  
 Ach fad' naith fein bha na laoich.  
 Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,  
 Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig ;  
 'S tric a dh' iarr an fhairg air direadh—  
 S tric a thilg an stadh e bho bhonn ;  
 Tha gàraich a chomh-stri garg,  
 'S am barr glas briseadh 's a ghaoith,

C' uime tha thu gruaimach 's an iar,  
 A ghrian àluinn ag astar nan nial ?  
 Cha b' anfhannd na suinn—  
 Cha do theich sinn roi' n'mheata.  
 'S tric chuir neoil dorch smal ort fein,  
 An aimsir ghaibhleach nan sian.  
 Ach 'n uair théid fògradh air a ghaoith,  
 'S théid caonnag nan speur gu taobh ;  
 'N uair bheir thu smachd air na neoil,  
 'S a ghlaicas a ghaoith air do laimh ;  
 'N uair sheallas tu oirne nuas,  
 'S do chuach fhaill àluinn a sniomh ;  
 'N uair bhios fiann ghàir air do ghuinns,  
 'S mòr aoibhneas 'g éideadh gach enuic—  
 'S aigbearrach leinn do bhuidh 's na speuran,  
 A's beannaichidh sinn do ghatthan, a ghrian.  
 Imich gu d' leabaidh le cùl,  
 Thusa tha measg nan reultan mòr ;

Bheir sinne buaidh fathasd,  
 Ged' tha sinn a nochd fo leòn.

## AN DARA H-EARRANN.

Tri uairean chrath an oideche  
 A sgiath dubh, cheòthach, 's an ear ;  
 Tri uairean sheall na reultan,  
 Mar neoil gruaimach nan speur.  
 Bha osnadh tharmailte nan laoch,  
 'S a ghaoith ag astar nan càrn ;  
 Bha co-shambla nan sonn o shean,  
 Le corruiach ag siubhal nam beann.  
 Chuallas trom osnadh nam marbh,  
 'S b' anfhannd an guth 's a neoil ;  
 Chuimhnich sinne gaisg' an lamh,  
 A's ghabh sinn tamaithe mhòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' amhaire an righ,  
 'S lionar gaisgeach bha fo gruaim ;  
 Bha 'n smaointeán soillear dha fein,  
 A's labhair e le briathraibh cruaidh.  
 Air euis 'n uair laidheas gruaim,  
 Théid fuadach an eridhe crion,  
 'S théid fir fhann gu luath do dhion ;  
 Togaidh an calma cheann roi 'ghaileann ;  
 'S cha bhi fiann taise na ghmuis.  
 Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,  
 'S cha lùb an darach a ghlùn.  
 Abraibh sibhse Chium-fheadana,  
 An tainig sinu o dhaoinse crion !  
 An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh ?  
 O dharach Alba nam mor għniomb,  
 'S tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,  
 'S c'uin a theich ar sinnsir gun bhuaidh ?  
 An geill sibhse do chloinn na fairge,  
 Far am b' àbhaist taibhse nan naimhdean  
 Leum bho osaig gu h-osaig,  
 Le trom osnadh bħroġin nam marbh ?  
 Tha chlach ud le mèintiech liath  
 A cumail cuimhne air treun laoich,  
 Ag radh, " Cha do theich ar n' athraiche riamb,  
 Fhearanh leanaibh dian an lorg !"

Ag eisdeachd ri briathran an righ,  
 Ba dubhach bha na suinn mu'n cuairt.  
 Ag amhare claidheamh, sgiath, a's sleagh,  
 'S le facail gun bhrigh ann a chluais.

Sheas Morcheann, Triath Alt-duibh,  
 Tri uairean chrath e sgiath,  
 Tri uairean bhuaill e an darach ;  
 " Ainmici bha mo bhuiilean faon.  
 Ainmici fhuair mo naimhdean buaidh ;  
 Ge d' thug bliadhun' air falbh mo neart,  
 Ni 'm beil gealtachd am gruaidh.  
 Shaol leam gu'n togadil mo mhae  
 Mo leac, 's gu càireadh e mo cheann.

Chaoi dh ni 'n togar sgiath, no leac  
Le oigeas flathail nan deas lann,  
Bha cheum air adhart sa chath :  
Ach d' fhaillig gach caraid mu 'n eamairt.  
Bha iomadh namhaid na stri ;  
'S thuit an laoch roi' mhile sluaigh."  
" Beannachd" ars 'an righ, " do'n laoch,  
Ach na aonar ni 'n faod e falbh ;  
Theid Ceann-feadhna nocht na lorg ;  
'S dorch do choigrich tamh nam marbh."

Ghlae Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,  
An diouinnaid duinn gu eiridh grein'  
Nan' dean sibh feathainn da'r luchd mì rùin ?  
An sin do labhair Ceannard treun,  
'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin ;  
Ach e' uin a thainig bàs air coigrich,  
'N uair a thachair iad le miùrn ?  
Is treubhach, maiseach, linn Lochlunn,  
A's buinig sinn fös ar clù.  
Ciod uime thuiteamaid mar neul,  
Thig le sgleo bho linne bhuirn,  
A snamb as air bharraibh nam beann,  
'N uair chaidhleas a ghealach fo shuin,  
'S a chrathas gaillonn elachan trom',  
'S fiamh eagail air rioung nan sian ?  
Crathaidh mhadaidh a ceann 's an ear,  
'S eiridh a ghrian le cuach-flalt ciuin ;  
Biodh solus a gath' air gach sgiath,  
'S bàs a gearradh airm gach suinn.

A cur air sgiath Dhunairm,  
Deir Morfhalt,\* fanaibh gach laoch,  
Air an tog lamh mhìn-gheal leac,  
Ach laidhidh mise nocht air fraoch.  
Cha bhi deoir air gruaidh am dheigh—  
Cha 'n eirich clach le mo chliù—  
Cha 'n abair athair—" mo mhac,"  
No gruagach—" mo chreach, mo rùin !"  
Lot mo shaighead uchd na ribhinn,  
Bha thachdar thar mhile mnà.  
Bha fuil mo chairdean ag cur smùid.  
Dheth na h-airm dhù'-ghorm 'n an hàimh ;  
Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraiche,  
Aig Righ Lochlunn, b' ainmeil iad.  
B'aite leam siubhal na faire,  
Thog sìa gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.  
Thainig gaoth le cabhaig o thuath,  
'S thog nu stuaidh le feirg an druin ;  
Bha meanbh chathadh g-eiridh mu'n eamairt,  
S neoil ghruaamach ag astar os-cinn.  
Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr tuinn,

\* Morfhalt was a Scandinavian. His history, as given by himself, is full of the most affecting incidents. His character is distinguished by valour in the highest degree, and unshaken fidelity, to the Chief of Dunarm, who so hospitably received him on landing in Scotland, and to whom he occasioned the greatest misfortune—the loss of his family !

'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le failte.  
Bha sléibhteán górm gu ceolmhòr, binn,  
Le cathadh mì i bho cheann ar bàrc.  
Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,  
A's shin an Ceannard gasd' a lamh.  
'S e beatha clann Lochlunn an Albainn,  
'N uair bhius meirg fiochaidh air an lamh,  
'S lionar ar feidh, a's làn ar sligean ;  
'S tha clù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul ;  
'S c'uime chítéar gruaim air coigreach ?  
Chaidh sùrd le sòlas air eurim ;  
B' aoihibition leinn còmhراadh ar sith ;  
'S bheannaich sinn naimhdean ar tir !

Mar ghath greine air madainn chiuin,  
'N uair chromar le drìuchd gach geug,  
Bha Min-bhàs an talla na mùir,  
A's iomadh laoch toirt suil na deigh ;  
Ach, thug i a rùn do Mhorfhalt.  
Agam cha robh sliabh no suinn ;  
Bha mi am aonar sa chath,  
Thuit naimhdean Lochlunn le m' lainm—  
Thuit, 'cha d' eirich mo chliù.  
Imich thusa, ars' an oigh,  
Gu cathaibh righean ecin ;  
Eireadh do chliù-sa fad as,  
A's cloinnidh Min-bhàs an sgeul.  
Raimeas righ Eirinn nan sleagh,  
A's thuit a naimhdean le m' lainm ;  
Sheinn am bard, as tad' thar chnuan  
Chualas m' iomradh gu fial.  
B' fhaolaidh oighean Innse-fail,  
Le 'n lamhan min-gheala caoin,  
Romham gu furanach fial,  
Ach ni 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.  
'N tra thraighe fearg, 's a phill sith,  
Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs min.  
'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,  
Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seamh,  
'S a ghealach a siubhal gu luath  
O nial gu nial le baoisge geal—  
Thainig goth air osaig na h-oidhiche,  
O chirb an doire ud thall,  
Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,  
Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu min mall :  
" Imich, 's ma thuiteas tu ghráidh,  
Mo sruilean bi'd silteach gach trà."  
Chrith m'anam le eagal am cliaibh,  
Mar nach robbh e roimhe riamb.  
Chunnacas Min-bhàs nan gaol  
Le àrmunn gasda ri taobh,  
Lùb mi 'n tinbhar, ag radh—  
" A shaighead ruig eridhe na eilg"  
Nior rachadh an laoch an cein,  
A bhuidhean clù do chridhe 'n ardain.  
Rainig an guin nimhe a taobh,  
A's chlaon an oigh-mhìu air tom.  
Bha cuach-flalt dearg le fuli,

A's dh'imir a h-osnadh air osaig na h-oidhche.  
 Cion a thainig guin an aoig?"  
 Thuirt an laoch, le guth ard,  
 "O laimh an fhir nach bu tais,"  
 A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.  
 A mhacain na h-oidhche naignidh,  
 Thnirt an t-dg le mor ioghudh,  
 "Tha neart a d' laimh, a ghaisgich  
 'N uair is faoin do nàmh.  
 Nior thog an gaisceach a shleagh,  
 Le cridhe gun àdhadh, gun ghean.  
 Falbhaidh do thaibhse doaichnidh,  
 Le macaibh na gaoithe duibh';  
 Far nach tog do lamhan laun,  
 'S nach guin do shaighead cridhe gaoil."

B' fhad a ghereis thug sinn,  
 Cha chualas Min-bhàs le gáir airm;  
 Thuit a shleagh o laimh mo nàmh;  
 A's chlaon e fadheigh air an fhraoch.  
 Thainig a ghealach o neoil;  
 A's chunnacas mo charaid na fhuil.  
 "An do thuit thu, bhrathair ghaoil?"  
 Thuirt an òigh, 's an t-aog na beul  
 "'S nach faie t-athair thu pilleadh o n t-seilg?"

O! Mhorfhuilt an tìr chein,  
 Caite an eirich do shleagh?  
 Cha chluinn thu guth mo bhrathar fein,  
 Cur fàilt ort tille le d' chliù.  
 Ach nair eiginh thig an laoch,  
 A's togaidh e 'n uaigh da ruin.  
 Tharuinn mi 'n t-saighead o'n chreuchd—  
 S a h-nehd min-geal air a lot!  
 A's shil mo dheoir le braonaibh fala  
 Na h-ighinn, 's a suilean a plosgadh  
 N uair chun' i lamh Mhorfhuilt na fuil,  
 'Sgread i mar thannasg, a's theich  
 A taibhse air neulaibh na gelaich.  
 Ceithir chlachan le 'n còimteach liath  
 Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoch:  
 Ga chòir sin an suain na tâmb,  
 Tha 'n ribhinn bu ghile taobh.

Sileadh oighean deoir a bhròin;  
 A's seinnidh na h-eoin gu tiambaidh  
 Mu dhoire nan neultan dorcha.  
 Rè na h-oidhche ag eisdeachan na gaoita',  
 Bha neoil dhubb dol tharum luath;  
 A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich  
 Le mòr gheilt, toirt dhomb-sa fuath!  
 Tha Ceannard Dhunairm na onar,  
 Ri bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;  
 Air uairbh thig e gan coir;  
 A's cluinnear a leon air a ghaioit.  
 Cha tog es-an a shleagh ni's mò,  
 Ach coinnichidh a namh ma shleagh.  
 Thuit Mac Dhunairm le m' laimh—

Thuit Min-bhàs fo dhailire na gealaich.  
 An ré na gealaiche noaidh,  
 Théid mi an caramh an t-sluagh.  
 Cha 'n eil mùrn an talla Dhunairm,  
 Theid mi, a righ; ach ni' m pill;  
 Siubhlaidh mi mar ghruaim nan speur,  
 A sheideas gu cruidh air an raon,  
 'N tra sheargas na luibhean maoth,  
 Le anail fhuar na h-eigh-reothe.  
 Laidh an damh aig steigh na carraige;  
 'S tha ennlaidh luath gun cheòl.  
 Tha' n darach gun duilleach uaine.  
 Tha cirb an doire ri crathadh;  
 A's sian an adhair ga ghuasad,  
 Théid an duine ga theach,  
 O fearg na doimione fuair';  
 Ach seallaidh athair na soillse  
 Air na raoin, 's iad brònach.  
 Dearsaidh a chìabhan le maise;  
 A's fògraids se namhaid nan luibh;  
 Crathaidh na ennic an gruaim air falbh,  
 'S ni fàilte ris a dol seach.

Suidhibh sibhse so gu là,  
 A Cheann-féadba nau slogan,  
 A's tuitidh mise am aonar,  
 A measg ur naimhdean is genr colg;  
 Nach abrar, "Nach toir sibh buaidh,  
 Chionn gu'm beil mi fhein na'r measg."

"S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,  
 A Mhorfhuilt," se thuirt an Righ,  
 "Ach ni' n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,  
 'S clann Alba an so na'n suain.  
 Mar dhealan thu an am na stri,  
 Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuilt,  
 Tuitidh fadbeireadh an treun,  
 Treigidh samhradh an àidh,  
 'S thig geomraadh le ghruaim gun bhàidh.  
 Bha Min-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,  
 Mar dheò greine am barraibh ògain;  
 'S co dheanadh còmhrag na fheirg,  
 Ri mac Dhunairm a bha targ?  
 Cha do laidh e gun a chliù,  
 Annas a chrià'-thaigh chumhann chaoi.  
 Gu b' iomraiteach a ghaisge, 's an dàin,  
 Sheinn na baird gu blasda binn.  
 Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuilt,  
 Fo smal an ad' lamh sa 'n uairs';  
 Cha tog thu i 'n aghaidh ar nàmh—  
 Cha bhi fuli t-athar air do chruaidh."

'S i sleagh Cheannaird Dhunairm,  
 A tha dearg le fuli a nàmh.  
 Cha togar ma lann sa chath,  
 Tha i \*sinte làimh' ri m' ghradb.

\* The ancient custom of laying the implements of war, and of the chase, in the grave with the fallen hero, has

Bu ladair an lamb a liobh  
 An t-sleagh so a th' agam fhein ;  
 Ach tha e coimhead an taibhse,  
 A threig naith air raon na nial,  
 'S an toir a naimhde buaidh,  
 Air athair an lài a shean aois ?  
 Cha toir—'s e na chiaibhan liath,  
 O righ, 'n tra thogam-sa sléagach.

A's tog e a laoch le buaidh,  
 Arsa Ceannard bu mhòr clùi,  
 Ach, eisd ri truaighean is mó.  
 Bha mo thuireadh sa faraon,  
 Airson Aimir a chaidh aeg ;  
 Ach n'i'n toir acain, no bròid,  
 Air ais dhuinn an dream tha fo'n fhòd.  
 Bu mhaiseach air slàbh Culàluinn,  
 Ainnir nan lamb geala, eaois ;  
 Dubh mar fhitheach bha a falt,  
 'S bha broalach mar eal' air caol.  
 Thigeadh smal air dearsadh, gach òigh',  
 An lathair nigh'n Shonmhoir nan rath  
 Gu'm b' àluinn mathair mo chloinne !  
 A bba fonnar an talla a chiùl.  
 Thainig nighean Aonair nan Sleagh,  
 Da'n robh mo rùin an tús m' oige ;  
 'S ghabh a suil bu mhòr goin,  
 Culàluinn, am maise mnà.  
 Na h-aonar fhuar i mo rùn,  
 A's labhair i rithe am foil ;  
 Nach ionnuinn siubhal' an lò,  
 'S cubhraidh' Chuilàluinn am beith.  
 Tha fir na seilg air beanntaibh cian ;  
 Thràigh a mhùir fada null,  
 Fagail a carraig sa ghaoidh bhliath.  
 A nighean Shailmhoir nam bäs min  
 Rachamaid siar gun dàil.  
 Chaidh iad tro choille nan crann,  
 'S fo charraig aird mu'n iadh an cuan,  
 Chaidil Culàluinn bu gheal snudh.  
 Cheangail a ghluineid nibhà  
 A falt amraigach grinn,  
 Na dhuail ri feannainn nan tonn ;  
 A's thill i uipe, eridhe bà !  
 Le h-aighear mu gniomh nach àdh,  
 Thain an fhairge tonn air thonn,  
 A's dhuisg Culàluinn á snain,  
 A's b' ioghná lea ceangal a gruaige.  
 O fuasgail mo leadan, a ghraidi ?  
 Nach truagh leat fhein mi, òigh !  
 C' uime bhuin thu rium cho hù,  
 'S mo mhacain aillidh am dheigh !  
 Fhreagair mac talla nan creug,

been observed here by Moralt. Abandoned to despair, he probably regarded his spear as of no further use to him; and, as the only proof he could give of his affection for the deceased, who so unfortunately fell by his hand, he laid it in her grave. Dunarm, being weak through age, gave him his own spear, and made him his adopted son.

Ach bha nighean Aonair uaithe cian,  
 Thainig tonn báiteach thar sceir,  
 'S na dheigh cha chualas a h-eigh.  
 D'thagadh i na còdaibh-en,  
 'N tra threig a bhùum' an sgeir ;  
 Tri trathan dh'i bhi mar neul,  
 Air aigeal na mara ud shios.

Ach n'i'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,  
 A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.  
 Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,  
 Ged' dhion e mi aon uair sa chath.  
 Laimh ris ann an suram suain,  
 Laidh thusa a b' uabhrache gniomh ;  
 Is minig an aising na h-oidhche,  
 Thig do thaibhse le droch fiamh.  
 Ach a Chuil-àll an fhuil duibh,  
 Is ionnuinn lean thus' am shuan !  
 Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,  
 'S cha shenn fear euairt do chòmhnaidh,  
 'N tra dh' eireas gealach gun smal.  
 Is minig a chluinnear do ghuith.  
 Roi' thighinn na doinioinna ghairbh'.  
 Chiinnidh am maraich' an òigh,  
 A's gaibhaidh tanbh fo sgeith na creige ;  
 A coimhead nan tonn gun bheud,  
 Is caomh leis eigh nam boghannan,  
 Ged' eireadh iad ard san duibhre !  
 Amhul a thuit mo chaomh, a Mhorfbuilt,  
 A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh ;  
 Cha mhaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,  
 A's leagar mor ghaisgeach san uaigh.

Dh' aithris Ceannard sgeula bhròin,  
 'S am feachd bha tosdach trom !  
 Bhrùchadh osaideh a' chleibh,  
 'N tra dh' aithris e sgeula na truaighe.  
 'S an doire dhaillreach bha thamb,  
 Cha d' ghuais an osag am fraoch min ;  
 Cha do shiubhail na neoil thar bheinn,  
 'S ni' n robh sian an ciabh man erag ;  
 Bha gach crann a's lus an sith,  
 A's laidh a ghaoth a sios gu grad.  
 Ciod tha dearsadh san ear,  
 Faoin chruth le fàite gaire ?  
 Tha ghealach na cadal gu seamh,  
 'S ni'm beil a ghrian a tighin air faire.  
 'S i oighe an uchd chreuchdaich a th' ann,  
 Le mile solas tighin' na deann.  
 Min-bhas gu Mhorfhalt an tìr chein,  
 A tha giulan sgeith a h-athar.  
 Ni'm beil a h-imeachd am feirg,  
 Is caonbh i air an leirg gu h-ard.  
 Cuir fuadaich fo smalan na h-oidhche,  
 Tha \*reull na maidne na dearnar ;  
 A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,  
 Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.

\* Meidearg-mhadne.

C' uime tha t-imeachd cho luath,  
Ainnir shuairee's gile guinis?  
Ach dh-fhag thu mhadainn òg 'na t-aite,  
Is eanach leth-dheàlrach do chruith;  
Tbar bhadan ceathaich na leirge,  
A dh-fhalbhais ro' eiridh na greine.

## AN TREAS EARRAN.

Bha briseadh na faire 's an ear,  
'S theich duibhre air sgiathan luathais:  
Dh' imich na reultan fad as;  
'S bha ghrian a togail a cinn aidih,  
'N tra thog am bárd a ghuth.

Chuir Sunar, Ceann-feadhna nan laoch,  
Tha treun mar charraig nan tonn,  
Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,  
Mise thugaibh, shiol nam beann,  
Tha thireum air sgiathan ro threun;  
'S tha sheobhaig ma cheum gu luath;  
Bha fhithich ma loma long!  
Air imeachd nan cuaintean mòr.  
An tabhair ceannard na tir'  
A shuinnd dhaibh mar chlosaich?  
Na 'n tuit e sios do'n ghaisgeach,  
Ag tabhairt feidh a shleibhteau ard?  
Uaibhse, theich o'n chath,  
Tha Siol Lochluinn nan sleagh geur,  
Ag iaraidh freagairt gu grad.

'S ard guth Shunar gun ag,  
Philidh dhàn nan ciabhan liatha:  
Tha briathran labhar neo-mheat',  
A chionn nach eil a naimhdean lionmhor.

Ach, suidh thus' air an fhraoch,  
A mbacain nam fonn is binn';  
A's theid an t slige làn mu'n cuairt;  
Cha'n eil ar fuath air clann nam fonn;  
A's pill a rithisid, gu foil,  
Gu Righ Lochluinn, a ghlòir nach àdh;  
Innis dha gu'm beil eunlaidh nan sliabh,  
Air sgiath an dèis an creich fein.  
Thigeadh e le mhiletan sloigh;  
Tha neart n'ar cridhe-ne 'ta mòr

Chual am bard briathran an Righ,  
A's dh-fhalbh e 'n ardan a chri':  
Bha aithris nan taibhse na chuaire,  
O'n chunnach e 'n sluagh a thuit.\*  
Mar thig an doireann bho thuath,

Le gaoth luath a's nialta flinch,  
A tuirlinn o ghruaidean nam beann,  
Nuas air aonach, ghlinn, a's shlochd—  
Mar sin thainig Sunar le shuinnd.  
Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidhche—  
Bha 'n aghaidh mar reultan a' lasadh,  
'S na plathanaibh duibhreach, nialach.

Chaidh neart na h-Alba air adhart,  
Mar ghaibhbeann thonn le gair,  
Tha g' imeachd an neart nan sian,  
Tha glusad o chian gu h-àrd.  
Chuinnidh am maraiche an toirm,  
'S le flamh theid e na dhàil,  
O nach urr' e nis a sheabhnadh,  
Tha g' iomairt air aghaidh na bhàire.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein  
Gniomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm?  
A shealgair Choirre-nànn-stiue,  
Chunna' do shuil Mor-chreag—  
A tha togail a chinn gu h-àrd,  
'S a gabhail nan nial na chiabh,  
O mhulach tha tòirleum a nuas,  
Le tailmrich o ghruaideh na craig,  
Sruth laidir, tha siubhal gu luath,  
Gu cuan, o aonach a's gheann,  
'S a tuasaid ri buinne na fairge;  
Ach bu ghaire, a shealgair, an tròd.

Mar lùbas a chuisseag fhann,  
Fo dhoimhinn na h-àibheis fuaire',  
'N uair bhios buaireas thaibhse dian,  
'S na siantan uile fo ghruaim.  
Lùb Siol Lochluinn gu lùath  
Roimh Righ Alba nan sluagh air,  
Chunnach Sunar e tighin—  
A's chrath e tri uairean a shleagh.  
Ach crathaidh tu i gu faoin,  
A nokie Lochluinn a ghuth aird.  
Mar charraig roi' dhoineann garbh,  
Tha ceann-feadhna na h-Alba an tràs.  
Am buinne tha neartar, mear,  
Teichidh roimh aghaidh gun chail.

" Ach an do theich mise riamh,"  
'S e labhair Righ Lochluinn nan clair,  
" Mar dhoimhinn an adhair mo lainmh,  
Cha seas na beanntan fein le'n coil,  
'S le'n stacaibh cragach, am lathair.  
Air an fhairge thug mi huaidh,  
'N uair le feirge do sgoil an cuan,  
Mu fhearrann a's fhonn, ag eigheach,  
Is bheum gach ruta, a's seirbhheuch,  
Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuan,  
Bhuirib nan stuadh-ghlasa baoth?  
Nach tug mi fein ort roimhe bnaidh?  
'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluagh so rim' thaobh?"

\* The bard, leaving the adverse host, reflected on the high spirit of either army, and inferred the effects that would naturally ensue. Being inspired with such thoughts, he looked forward with a prophetic eye, and pronounced the fall of the people. Hence often the ground of belief in the second sight.

Sin sambuil do bhiathraibh an laoich.  
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,  
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghan ard ;  
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumhach buaint',  
 'S chriثt creagan fo chasan nan treun ?  
 A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thaith,  
 'S ionadh cruaidh a bha á truail,  
 A's saighead a siubhal a h-iubhar.  
 Bha seoid ag amharc an strí,  
 'S dà iigh a gleac' gu borb.  
 Thuit sgiath Shunair gu lar,  
 'S thar a shloigh thuige le fiamb ;  
 Thog Mordubh a shleagh gu h-ard,  
 Ach chun' e uchd a nàimh gun sgiath,  
 Bha smaointeán air gniomhan éuchd,  
 A's gheilidh e laimb air ais.

Bha Morfholt air aghaidh 's a chath—  
 Leis thuit laoch air gach buille  
 Sheas Ceann-feadhna bho thuath an cein ;  
 Bha airde mar chraobh fo bla.  
 Dh'aom clann Alba air an ais,  
 O sgeith laidir mar stuadh o charraig,  
 Ambuil darag aosda nan àrd,  
 'S na siantan ri comhstrì dhian.  
 Ach togaidh tu do cheann le buaidh  
 Tha maiseach, gun bheud o'n stoirm :  
 Mu d' thimchealltha dion gach uair ;  
 'S thig an sealgair o'n fhuachd a d' dhlùthas,  
 A's gheibh e dion o'n iunnrais fhuair :  
 Mar sin tha sgiath an laoich da shluagh.  
 Thog Morfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,  
 A's ghabh e'n còdbail a ghaisgich,  
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmhrag nam fear forb ;  
 Fhreagair mac-talla nan creag  
 Do dh' fhuaim an lannan glas' géura—  
 Chuir iad coillt a's fraoch á bun,  
 Le 'n casan air uillinn an t-sleibhe—  
 A's chrithnich clanna nan erion,  
 Ag coimhead ri gniomh nan tréun-flear

Is mor a ghreis a thug na seoid,  
 'S na sloigh a coimhead an éuchdan ;  
 Ach chlaon iad araoi air an fhraoch,  
 'S fuil chraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Morfholt na mor ghniomh,  
 Cha'n eirich mo shleagh ni 's mò ;  
 'S cha ruisgear mo chruaidh 's a chath,  
 Tha aon bhrathair agam fòs,  
 Mas' a beò e, Solbha treun,  
 Sealgair an fheidh air Bunar :  
 Ma thuiteas tu leis gheibh thu cliù—  
 Oir cha tuò an t-òg gun mheang.

An do thog mi mo lamb, 's mo lann,  
 A Mhorfhuilt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhrathair?  
 A sheol an tùs dhomh cleasan lugh ;  
 Ach, ni 'n t-sleagh ni 's mò.  
 Fàram lamb mo bhrathair chaoimh,  
 'S gu 'n càram an so e ri m' thaobh.  
 Theid sinn le cheile air chuairet,  
 Gu teach ar n' athraichean thug buaidh ;  
 Biadh ar leabaidh 's an nial,  
 An ionadan sian nan taibhse.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,  
 'S bu mhòr am bròn air son an laoich.  
 Theich Siol Lochlann g' an eabhlaich,  
 A's shil deoir Mhordhuibh mar bhraon ;  
 Phill e air ais a shuin—  
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,  
 A's sheinn am bàrd cliù an t-seiod.  
 Tha darag aosda na chòir,  
 'S na mheuraibh mòr tha sranna ghaoth—  
 Tha dealan an adhair mu'n enair,  
 'S cha tig fear turaist na dhùil—  
 Seachnaidh e 'n t iuil nach àdb,  
 An aimsir nan reulttan cian—  
 Tha dà thaibhse mu'n cuairt an còmhnaidh,  
 Le acain bhròn tha siubhal air siantaibh.

## COLLATH.

THA acain am aisling neo-chaoin !  
An cadal do laogh, athair ?  
Is eagal leamsa doininn chraidih ;  
Tha toirm gun àdh air na flathaibh.

Ciod e, Chollaith, fì t-acain ?  
Arsa Aosar a ghuth bhinn.

Chunnacas, deir e-san, slige gu h-òl,  
Do fhuil nàmh o dhortadh lann.  
B' uamhanu do m' anam an gniomh !  
Ciod e bhrigh, a shiol nan rann ?

Ach 's faoin so aisling na suain ?  
Is faoin neo-bhuan gach uile nl.  
Tuitidh an gaisgeach treun na threis,  
A's àillteachd gach cruth gu crion.  
Mar shruthas blà na coill—  
Mar thig neul daillreach air a ghréin—  
Is amhuil sin beatha nam beo !  
Cha choigil 's cha chaomhainn sinn seud.  
Ach, an comhnuidh dhomhs' am thanu ?  
A mhic Chollaith, mo ghraidih, ca' beil thu ?  
Aona mhic mo cheile chaoimh !  
A t-aonar am beil thu air lear ?  
Fair an lann nd air an eallachain,  
Mac-samhailt do dhealan nan cath.  
Thog Oglaoch an lann so g'a liobh—  
Lann m' athraichean an gniomh nan Rath.  
Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh  
Is cuimhne leam a bhi le buaidh.

Fhreagair an sin Aosar nan dàn,  
A churaidh, a Chollaith nam buadh,  
C'uime—ma bitheadh t-inntinn fo phràmh—  
Bha Oglaoch mar athraichean treun,  
Curaidh treubhach e 's a chath,  
A' mosgladh air faiche nan cruaidh.  
'S e bheireadh buaidh thar mhile slath.

A's aosda lag mi nis fo bhròn,  
Thuirt Collath, 's a dheoir a ruith !

\* Fonar, the Author of this Poem, belonged to the illustrious and once powerful family of Collath. He accompanied his young friend, in his last expedition, to rescue Annir, the betrothed bride of Oglach, and only child of Rutha, whom Ardan, a chief of a distant isle, carried off in the absence of her friends. Her exquisite beauty gained her many admirers. She preferred the Son of Collath. By their marriage the two most powerful families of Caledonia would have been united. But these hopes were never to be realised. The Poem opens with a vision of Collath, and concludes with a lament of the fall of the race of Collath, chief of Carraig. It is partly dramatic.

Tha tuilte dol tharluinn gu dlù,  
A c' ait' am beil m' annsachd fein an diugh.  
Gu b' ionnmhuinn thu Oglaoich threin,  
Mo leanabh fein a b' aille cruth !  
Bha thu fann roinnt imeachd do nàmh,  
'S an triall mar thoran thar Meallduibh,  
A's thig an là gun teach, gun tigh,  
Gun talla, gun fhilathaibh, gun cheòl,  
'S am bi Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,  
Mar fhaileas rutieach tro' neoil.  
Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadh gu leir !  
Ciod so 'm fà mu'm beil mo chri  
Fo bhruailean le aisling chruaidh ?  
A bualladh gu criteach, gun fhois,  
Mar dhuilteach roi dhoininn 's na cluanaibh.

Fhreagair mi flein gu seamh,  
A's tioma bhròin ga 'm chlaoi !

" Am fanam-sa so am thamb,"  
Thuirt Oglacch, " 's mo ghradh am dhl ?  
Cha chaill mi, ars' e-san, mo chliu,  
Ann am madainn chaomh na h-oige.  
B' eug-saohuil na h-armuinn threuna,  
M' athraiche feile, gun ghiomh :  
'S ni 'm fanamsa so gun àdh,  
Mar gheng gun duille gun blà ;  
Bheir mi buaidh air ardan fein,  
Neo thóid mi eug, 's e chual  
Mi, as tartar a cheum  
A ruighinn gu h-eutrom mo chluas.  
Tha 'cruth caoin mar dheo greine,  
'S deirge beul no bilibh ròis ;  
Tha h-anail ni's cubhraidh na'n sùch,  
'S a guth bhinn mar inneal ecoil  
'S i's aille dealbh de'n t-sluagh,  
Bheireamsa buaidh da trid !  
Aiteal sùl is glaine sruadh,  
Ainnir shuairee 's igheann rìgh.  
Mar torchair mi 'n oigh le m' lainn,  
Ni mi còdhail rithe thall.  
Mo chridhe tha 'g eiridh neo-throm,  
A leumnaich le aiteas am chom !  
O thaibhse nan treun fhear, a threig,  
C' ait an comhnuidh dhuibh o'n eng ?  
An comhnuidh d' ur n' anna an adh,  
Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr ?  
Gach fiuran le òigh gun smal,  
Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal."  
Thog e ri crannaiibh na seoil,  
A's dhomhlaich nime a shluaign,  
Ri comh-stri ghaibhbeach nan tonn,

Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.  
 Cha wheata, am feasd, a chri,  
 A's Ainmír da dhì 's an iuil ;  
 'S an oidhche fhearthuinmeach gu lò,  
 Ag udal cuain an aghaidh shian,  
 " Fagamaid acain a's bròn,"  
 Thuirt Oglaoch, " gu clanna nan erion,  
 Taosgar gach boinne de m' fhuil.  
 Mu'n leigear leo an òigh."

Dh' eirich leinne cairdean treun,  
 Thar lear a thorchar cliu—  
 Dh' eirich leinn Eilean nan laoch—  
 Dh' eirich leinn Fraoch a's a shluagh.  
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,  
 Ghabh sinn an sin duan mu seach ;  
 Sin sheinn duinn filidh nam fonn,  
 'S a ghuth bha ard thar tuinn a's leor.

Biodh anam àidh ag taomadh,  
 Mar chaocan ann an nualan ciuil,  
 Is eibhinn le m' chluas an torraghan trom !  
 Mar chabhlach nan caomh fo shinil.  
 Is ion' le m' chri an t-aiteas ard.  
 Tha 'g eiridh àdmhor a steach !  
 Mar chlaraibh an talla nam fonn,  
 Mar chuileann an sonn nach meat,  
 Mar fhlath-innis mhile bàrd,  
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chri !  
 Iomhuinn gach sile, gach braon,  
 Iomhuin maraon a's Beul-bì,  
 Caoin chruth geal nan ioma dual,  
 O shiol na cathraiche nuaidh,  
 Càir gheal a chamhair a cneus,  
 'S a leaca mìn mar na ròis ;  
 Anmhui i 's an t-sobhrach bhàn,  
 Reull nan ioma b' àille snuadh ;  
 Bha i mar aiteal na greine,  
 'S a inhadainn ag eirdh gun ghruaím.  
 Ach tuitidh fathasd luibh an raoin ;  
 Seargaidh a caoin chruth 's a dreach ;  
 " Sruthaidh a blàthan gun bhuaín,"  
 'S e deir Mac Nuaithe geire beachd.

Thug i ceisd, a's a gaol trom  
 Do Shonn òg a chaidh thar leor ;  
 A's dh'eirich doinioinn nan lannu  
 Mu oigh chaoiñ gheal nan cleachd,  
 Tha aigne 'n laoch mar aiteal speur,  
 No lasair dhein air aonach ard ;  
 Co thraoghas a bhuirb ghàir ?

A chlanna fial nan armum fluidhidh,  
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,  
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoinionn ghairbh,  
 Ni h-aoibhinn an fheirg a tha las'.  
 Ach mairidh clu nan saoidh gach iad,  
 A ghleachdas ri truaighean gun inheath.  
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh geur,

Togadh oirbh, mear, leumannach, garg,  
 Mor—uaibhreach—borb,  
 Le uamhann cith agus colg !  
 Theid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe ;  
 (Is aoibhinn fulang nan treun !)  
 Buirbe man gaisgeach 's an stri,  
 Coigil a d' chleibh a's a d' shuain.  
 Lamh nan treun gu cath biodh leat,  
 'S an àrach fo lamh gu sguab.  
 'N tra thraigheas gailbheinn na h-àibheis,  
 Mar an t-àurrach claoite sgith ;  
 Seallaidh gnuis an iunrais caoin,  
 Amhui laoich n' tra philleas sith.  
 Ach e-san a thuiteas le buaidh,  
 Tha e faighinn caochadh nuadh ;  
 A mhealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,  
 Nach ionmbuinn a chaoi, a chomhnuidh !

Thainig tioma air mo chri,  
 Ri cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein !  
 Gualann-chatha nach bu tim,  
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' lin.  
 Nach eil a h-aon diu am shean aois ?  
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhi leo seach leinn ?  
 Chunnacas sonn mor nam buadh,  
 Curaidh uaibhreac'h nan gniomh garg :  
 Lubadh nan cathan fo lainn,  
 'N uair a mhosgladh e am feirg.  
 'S e aigne an laoich a bha ard—  
 Bha bhoile mar chaoiribh chruach.  
 Cha robh e riamb ann an sith,  
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san strì ;  
 Bha imeachd mar thoran tro ghleann,  
 Mar dhealan an adhair bha dheann.  
 Ach threig an gaisgeach o chian,  
 Carrraig-chatha a chridhe fhial ;  
 'S chaidh mar aon ris iomadh còmhlan,  
 Cha n-è mo shòlas nach eil e buan.  
 Ach teirigidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,  
 A's chi an lò sinn smal' san uaigh.\*

Ach mairidh gu suthain 's an dàn,  
 Gniomhan alloil àidh nan saoidh :  
 'N uair chriosas a cholluinn gu smùr,  
 Mar an tùr an còmhdaich criadh ;  
 Mar cheathach tra nòin air an t-sliabh,  
 Triallaidh an deò ag imeachd uainn,  
 Far nach teirig grian, no gradh—  
 Far a maireann àdh nan sonn.

Ach, Oglaoich, is deacair trom,  
 Sean aois a chromas an t-àrd,  
 A chaochaileas cruth nam flath,

\* Fonar, who was a warrior as well as a bard, recites past events, in which he, together with the aged chief, whose mind is soothed with a recital of the deeds of former days, acted a part : and his own state frequently and naturally occurs to him.

'S a dhallas fradhare chail nam bárd,  
Cia mar sheinneas mi dhut ceol,  
A laoch oig, am chiabhan liath?  
'S e labhair mi fein ris an t-saoilbh,  
Ceannard òg nam mile cliar.

Chunucas reull bu dealrach dreach,  
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oilech ;  
A's shoillich a ghealach a rìs,  
'S na neoil ag imeachd gu luath.  
" Mar aiteal nan reull ud gu h-ard,  
Tha maise Ainnir," ars' an laoch,  
" A lionadh m' anam do ghradh ;  
Ged' tha thusa balbh ad' dheoir !  
Còm is meuchaire, mhìne, ghile,  
Taonadh gaol mar dhearsa na h-òidhche !"  
A lionadh anam de shòlais,  
Is binne guth no fuaim nan clàr,  
Is àille dreach no cruth cubhraidh,  
An noinean bhàin fo dhealt nan speur.  
Is annbor an t-aiteas so am chliabh !  
Ciòd so an sòlas diamhair,  
A tha ga'm lionadh gun fhoghnadh ?  
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich a ghna,  
Le buaidh a's mor ghradh na h-oighe.  
Air an t-sleagh so aon am laimh,  
Pillidh sinn o'n àr le buaidh !  
Pillidh, no tuitidh le clìu,  
Air son an rùin a tha bhuainn.  
Pillidh mar aon a gaol  
Ro chaoin, mar ri caochladh cath.  
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.  
Is ionmuinn le oighean mac rath.

Aithris dhuinn fhilidh nan dàn,  
Thuirt mi fheit am bràfathraibh ciùin,  
Mar bha oigh na h-iomair bhaigh,  
Rè a latha an reull iùil.  
Beul-blì,\* sólus mbile crì,  
Maise mnà a bhil bhì ;  
Ighean ghaol bu bhlasda ceol,  
A falt mar thitheadh, dubh mar smeoir.  
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,  
A mala cròn mar ite 'n lòin ;  
A còm seamh, finealta, fuasgait',  
Cha lubadh a ceum am feoirnean.  
Bu chruth ionmholt an ribhinn ;  
Ach ciòd am fà mu'n robb sa 'g radh ?  
Gach aona bhuaidh do bhi air finne,  
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,  
A thuirt mar ghallan nan gleann,  
Mar sgathar flùran nan crann,

\* The history of Belvi is introduced here with great propriety. The injured are apt to think their own case without a parallel, and the burden of the afflicted becomes lighter, when they are assured that others suffer the like, or greater hardships.

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhais' a ghaoil,  
Chaochail ' cruth àillidh gu h-aog !  
'N uair bhuail lann Chonnlaoich uehd Dhonna-  
ghaill,  
'S a ruith fhuil na thonnan blà !  
Chlaon e air uilinn an t-armunn,  
An gath nimhe chaidh tro' airnean ;  
Gath geur guineach nan trì cholg,  
Os ceann imleig shàth na bholg.  
Bha tosga tiugha nam beum luatha,  
A reuhadh feoil, a's enai' ga'm bruasgadh.  
Gach lann, mar dhealan an adhair,  
Mar fhalaig air shiabhdh na lasair,  
Dh'aom na flathaibh fo robaoin :  
Bu dearg gach sruathan san raon.  
Thuit e mu throma ghrìdh na h-oighe !  
Mar chobhar sruth bha fhuil a dortadh,  
'S a ruith—'s e fuil a chridhe bh' am,  
A brùcadh tro' chreuchdan nan lann.  
Uaith sin, chluinte caoiran na h-oigh :—  
" Och, mo dhorainn, agus m' acain !  
Nach deachaidh mì eng o chian,  
Mu'n d'fhuaire aon fhleasgach mo ghaol !  
Thuit mo roghainn, thuit mo rùn,  
Ach ma thuit e, fhuaire e chliù.  
Och ! nach robb sinn, ruin ghil còmhla,  
Fo'n fhòd ghròm a gabhail comhnaidh !  
Theireadh iad, an sin n'an tòmh,  
Tha èg-fhlath nam buadh, 's a ghràdh,  
An eangal buan, an glais a bhàis.  
Thuit iad mar lùibhean an raoin,  
Le'n uile bhlà, 's a mbadainn chubhraidh,  
'S an dealt a boillisgeadh le gath greine."

Mar sin, thàr sinn chuirge gu sèamh ;  
Bha ar caoimh a tighin' san duibhre ;  
Thaumh sinn car gheiris air an leirg,  
Gu briseadh fàire na maidne.  
Bha'n euan siar mar lainnir,  
Le soillse àdhmhòr o'n ear ;  
A's dealt nan speur air gach blà,  
Gu foineil tì mar anlear.  
Chaidh sinn far n' armaibh gu leir ;  
'S chaidh mo-ghadh fa eilean nan steadh.  
" Rachadh, thuirt Ogleach, ard, mear,  
Romhainn a nis' teachdair luath."  
Chuir sinn romhainn Lùghmhor òg,  
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh !  
" E chur chugainn Ainnir na mais',  
'S gu'm pilleadhbh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."  
'S e thuiri Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,  
" Sinn fein a philleadh gu grad,  
Air neo gu sgnabadh e gach saoidh  
Gu lear, mar fhaileas roi'n ghaooth  
Gu lobadh e Ogleach fo lann,  
Mar mheangan an doire nan crann."  
Dhomhlaich an sin na sloigh  
Air an flaiche gu h-ard,

A's thàr sinn a suas nan codhail  
Gun fhiamh, ge b' ionadh na laoich.  
  
 Bhual na saoidh air a chòile,  
A's chrith an learg fo'n casan,  
Thainig Ardan, mar bhuiinne borb ;  
Ag iarraidh Oglaoich gu còmhrag,  
E-san sheas roimhe gu treun,  
Mar ebarraig roimh eiridh nan tonn :  
Bu chruaidh am buillean 's bu gharg,  
'S an chridhe leumnaich nan com,  
Mar thuiteas taosgadh a chuan,  
'S a dh'islicheas buirbe nan toun,  
Roinbh Oglaoch nam beuma nach clì,  
Bha Ardan a faunnach' 's an strì.  
 "Am meanglan mi nis a lùbas  
Fo d' laimhse, churaidh gun àdh ?  
C'uime uach leigeadh tu leam  
An oigh a thug thu thar tuinn?  
Ainnir nam meall-shuilean mine,  
'S an domh fhin a thug i gradh !"  
 "Cha leiginn leat an oigh chaoin,  
No le aon laoch ann ad t-fheachd.  
Is cian a shiubhail mi 'n cuan,  
Is eileanan stuadh-ghlasa sàil',  
'S cha 'n fhacas a sambla fo 'n gheirein,  
'S cha sgar o cheile sinn ach bàs."  
 Sin mar labhair na suinn,  
An crual'-ghleachd 's am buinn ga 'n staille ;  
Bha aigneadh an armuinn nach bu chli  
Ag eiridh air bhoile 's an strì.  
Thug e iarraidh dheacair threun,  
A's shàth e chruaidh an eridhe Ardain.  
Thuirlinn na cathaibh gu domhail,  
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhon a nàmh.  
Thainig Fraoch nan sonn ga chomhna,  
'S bha abhaum fala dòl seach.  
Mar dhealan an adhair bha 'n lannaibh—  
An tartar mar thòran adhair,—  
Shin a's thàr iad gu chòile,  
A's thuit na trenn-fhir sa' blàr.  
Cha robb Ceannna-bheitir na dhidiann—  
Cha robb roinn gun reuba fuileach !  
Mar sin bha ionmairt nan laoch,  
Gus an do theich na h-ionadh.  
Thog sinn ar n'aghaidh gu lear ;  
A's thog sinn leinn Oglaoch creanchdach,  
A's Fraoch, a's ionadh fear treun,  
A chàradh fo lic an cois na tràghad :  
A's Ainnir a tharninn nan dàil,  
Fhuadaradh ise urad siar,  
A cruth a caochadh mar neul !  
A's sleagh sòithaite na cliaibh—  
A com caoin bu ghile sunndh,  
Air caochadh le dile fala !—  
A falt am-lubach cleachdach  
Na dhualainn a falach a taobh —  
Bha b-acain leoin fadheidh,

Mu Oglaoch caomh a graidh !  
Thog sinn dà lic le 'n eòinnitch,  
A's sheinn an filidh an cliù ;  
'S am fuigheal brònach a mhair,  
Thog sinn thar lear ar siuil !\*  
Bha sinn làtha sgìth air chuan,  
Air udal seach stuadhan ard,  
A seoladh gu muladach trom,  
As eagais an t-suinn 's a ghràidh.

"A's dh-fhag sibh mo laogh an cén,"  
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a ruith ;  
"Bu gheal an eridhe bha na chom,  
'S bu chaoine no deo grein a chruth,  
Shaoileam, Oglaoich threin,  
Gu biodh tu leam thein an diugh,  
Mar neart dhomh am shean aois,  
A's feasgar mo là dhomh dùl,  
Is gearr an rè a fhuaire  
Thu, Ogain a b'uaise gniomb !  
Bu mhor treoir do lambh 's do lainn :  
A's thuit thu, Oglaoch nach bu chli !  
Ach mairidh do chliù 'san dàn,  
A's triallaidh misé gun dàil a d' dheigb,  
Gu eilean nan flath san iar,  
'S mo ghrian a laidbe air lear.  
'S neo-aoibhinn a sealla an tràs—  
Philidh dhàn nach eil i 'n bròn ?"  
"Tha," thuit Binn-ghuth gu caòin ;  
"Ach duisgidh i thall ud a céòl."†  
'N uair threigear i sinne car seal,  
Cha bhi gal air saoidh tha thall,  
"Ach Fhonnair, aithris do sceul,"  
Arsa Collath fein, an sin.  
"Eilean mo gaoil, 's e a t' ann,"  
Arsa 'm Filidh, ar fear iuil.  
"An t-eillean mu'n fadh an euan ard,  
A togail a chinn gu cur' !  
Togail a chinn tro cheo-allaidh,  
A's neul a folach gach stuadh.

Mo chean ort fein, ge d' is cian,  
Caraidh fhial bu mhor gràdh !  
De shiol fhilathaibh nad ceud chath,  
Thainig oirn' an là nach àdh !  
Thuit na gaisgich, thuit na saoidh,  
'S truagh an laoidh a tha na 'r beul !  
A caidh sliochd Chollaith nan gràdh ;  
A's t'blà an Rùth a thuit naith cian,  
O fhinne gaoil a tha gun mbaig,  
'S e mo chreach ! an fhaig tha steach.

\* This description of the heroine is beautiful and affecting. On the fall of Ardan she was set at large, and sought her friends in the midst of danger; a spear pierced her side—they found her like a pale cloud, inquiring for the youth of her love with her latest breath !

† See Note, Mordubh, page 1, line 39,

‡ Annir, daughter of Armin, Chief of Rùth, poetically called "The bloom of beauty."

Anns a cheitein ûrar, bhlà,  
Phiod dreach is àill' air gach slios.  
Is gorm badanach am fraoch,  
Am faigheadh na saoidh an suain ;  
'S gur deacair, diambair, eluan an fheidh,  
'S am biodh Collath treun, 's a shluagh.  
Bha 'n t-àm sin, arsa an Ceannard fein,  
Mar là grein ghil, cubhraidih, caoin !  
Ach thainig feasgar an là sin ro luath,  
A's threig mo shluagh, mar dhealt fo grein,  
'N uair thainig dù'-neoil o na speur,  
'S a h-òr-fhalt fein bha sgaoilt' gu h-ard,  
Sguabhadh gu h-am-lubach air falbh,  
'S cha robh a dealbh air enoc no siabh.  
Ach, 'ghrian, thig là do bhoirn,  
N uair nach laidh thu le ceòl 'san iar,  
S nach eirich thu 's an ear le treoir,  
Ach mall mar mis', am chiabhan liath."  
Bhiodh cneas Bhrai-shealla ri grein  
Shamhraidih, fo gach feur a's cneamh ;  
An ealabhuiddh 's an noinean bân,  
'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fás nan luibh ;  
Anns am faigheadh an leighe liath,\*  
Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn !  
Olla shiol nan sleaghann geur,  
Da'n comhnidit o chéin an t-Sroin.  
'S traugh nach robh e san àr,  
'N uair thàr sinn gu traigh fad as !  
'S bheireadh e na saoidh o'n bhàis,  
'S bhiodh maid mar bu ghnàth airlear,  
'S iomadh iomart bha ri m' linn,  
Cruai' bheumach air chinnt gach uair ;  
A's shileadh ar deoir mar thras nan speur,  
'N tra thuiteadh gaisgich threun nam buadh.

'S ann mar sin, a Chollaith, bha sinn,  
Ri linn na threig a's nach pill,  
'N uair thuit do chòlair treun,  
Ceannard Rutha, nach bu tiom,  
Thuit an crann a b' ûrar fàs,  
A faillean mo gràidh san fhonn ;  
Mar mhaoim sleibh, no dealan speur,  
Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath.  
An dh-fhag e ach am meangan òg ?  
Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd !  
'S ann o d' threumhach fein a bha iad,  
'S ni 'm beil a lathaир dhiù mac rath,

Goiridh a chombachag á creig,  
A's freagraidih guth airt-neul a h-uainh ;  
Mar sin ar guileag bhròin ro lag,

\* The belief was common among the Caledonians, that for all the diseases to which mankind is liable, there grows an herb somewhere, and generally not far from the locality where the particular disease prevails—the proper application of which would cure it.

A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.  
Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidhche,  
Gun aoidh, gun chuilm, gun cheol ;  
Laidh smal air gach fonn a's feur,  
A's dhòrchaith na reultan fo bhròn,  
'S faoin carraig Chollaith a nochd—  
Is faoin tha Innis ta sprochd,  
Leth dhoilleir ameasg nan nial,  
A's saoidh nan rath air ànradh cian.  
Thainig èu\* le bural bòrin,  
Bha'n gaothar tiamhaidh truagh !  
Nach cianail a nis am bruth,  
A's Rutha nan stùc ann an gruaim !  
Gun laoch aig baile ni sealg ;  
Gun chuilm, gun mbùirn, gun choim.

Slan leibh a bheannaibh mo ghaoil,  
Anns am faighinn mang a's dàmh ;  
Soraidh le Arnuinn a threig,  
Ni h-eibhinn nan deigh ar seal.  
" Tha binneas," arsa Collath, " a d' bhròn,  
'N tra dhuisgeas tu smaoin mu'r n-òig' le gean.  
Beannachd leibh nile gu lò  
'Sau còdhail sinn thall o'n eug.  
Far nach lioblh gaisgeach a laun,  
Far an dealrach òigh gun fheal.  
'S am biodh Oglaoch a's Ainnir  
Mar reultan soillseach nan speur—  
An annia ag lasadh le gaol,  
Mar dheo greiu' an agaighthidh gun smal,  
Mar so biodh aisling mo shean aois,  
'N uair d'h-eireas mo ghuth gn bròn binne !  
'S nach dirich mi Creubh bheinn an fheidh,  
Ach mall air làrach a ghlinn'.  
Beannachd a's ciad soraidh slán  
Le beannantaibh mo ghraidih 's mo rùin,  
O'n sgar an aois sinn san am,  
'S mi gun sleagh, gun lann, gun lùgh.  
Biodh tuireadh na h-eala 'na m' bheul,  
A's i' san léig an déis a leòn !  
Air a fagail faoin lea scín,  
'S e sud m' acain, éig mo bhròin !

Dh-fhailig mo spionnadh 's mo thireis,  
Chaochail mo mhothach 's mo blhas,  
Ni 'm beil e ionmhuinn na their,  
Tha m' intiùm gun chàil, air meath,  
Tha m' eibhneas uileadh air falbh  
Le blianaibh calma na h-òige.  
Is cianail fuireach air traigh  
Sean aois, gun m' aiseag a null ;  
'S mo thògradh ga m' għreasad gu luath,  
Gu Flath-innis shuas gu bràth."

\* The dog, of all animals the most sagacious and attached mourns the absence or death of his master.

## MIANN A BHAI RD AOSDA.\*

O càraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,  
A shiubblas mall le ceumaiibh ciùin,  
Fo sgàil a bharraich leag mo cheann,  
'S bi thùs' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sìn 's an fheur mo thaobb,  
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaoth thà,  
'S mo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,  
'S e lùbadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is àillidh snuadh,  
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo' dhriuchd,  
'S an neòinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,  
'S an calabhuindh' aig mo chluais gu h-ùr.

\* Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has not said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Traig\** is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Benard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bhàth*, near Kinloch-leven in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

## THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shade of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclined, and the *calvi*† at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all-melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the activity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

\* We likewise find *Traig* spoken of in "*Orain na comhuchaing*," where the author of that piece says, "*Olaith mi a Traig na cheamh-thath*."

† An herb called St John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh àrd mo ghlinn',  
Biodh lùbadh ghéug a's orra blà;  
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seun,  
Do chreagaibh aosd' le òran gràidh.

Briseadh tro chreag nan eidheann dlù,  
Am fuaran ùr le torramam trom,  
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciùil,  
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlù nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach cnoc, agus gach sliabh,  
Le binn-fhuaim geur nan aighean mear;  
'N sin cluinnidh mise mìle geum,  
A' riuth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs upon the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of hunting the deer shall arise.

The marrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns, of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of her tresses; and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from *Traig*, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, chief of a thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his locks, his head is the bed of clouds.

I see Scur-eilt on the brow of the glen, where the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs, of roes, and of elks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool of tall pines. A strath of green firs is at its head, bending the red rowans over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars on high among the clouds she will be unencumbered.

She travels oft over the sea to the cold region of foaming billows, where a sail shall never be spread out to a mast, nor an oaken prow divide a wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the mournful tide of thy love in thy mouth, O swan, who hast travelled from the land of waves; and may I listen to thy music in the heights of heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to thy swiftness from the strength of the wind. Pleasant to my ear are the echoings of thy wounded heart—the song of love.

\* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,  
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.  
'S am minnean beag de'n chòmhraig sgith,  
'N am achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruadh air sgéith na h-ösraig mhìn,  
Glaodhan maoth nan crò mu'm chluais,  
'N sin freagraidh a mheannbh-spreigh,  
'Nuar chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!  
Le sranna ghàth, a's chon feagh sléibh,  
'N sin dearsaidh an òig air mo ghruaidh,  
'N uair dh-eireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh,

Dùisgidh smior ain chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,  
Mi tailmrich dhòs a's chon a's shreang,  
Nuair ghlaodhar—"Thuit an damh!"  
Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu beò ri àrd nam beann.

'N sin chi mi, air leam, an gadhar,  
A leanadh mi an-moch a's mech;  
'S na sleibh bu mhiannach leam 'thaghall,  
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dòs.

Chi mi 'n uamb a ghabh gu fial,  
'S gu tric ar eumaih roi 'n oidech;  
Dhùisgeadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,  
'S an sólas chuach a bha mòr aoibhneas.

Bha ceò air fleagh bhàrr an fhéidh  
An deoch á Tréig 's an tonn ar ceòl,  
Ge d' sheinneadh tàisg 's ge d' rànadh sléibh,  
Sinn 's an uaimh bu sheamhl ar neoil.

From what land blows the wind that bears the voice of thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who wentest on thy journey from us, who hast left my hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most modest and beauteous, and of the whitest hand. Joy without end to the smooth cheek that shall never move from the narrow bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where grows the reed with its mournful sound? by its side the little fishes whose wings never felt the winds' soft breath, maintain their sportive conflict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head under the fresh birch; when the sun is at high noon let its green shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who swiftly walkest among the stars; let my night-work be in thy music, bringing back the days of my joy to my recollection.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the shade of the oak, king of the forest! her hand of snow is among her locks of gold, and her mildly rolling eye on the youth of her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart pants, and swims in his music; love flies from eye to eye; deers stop their course on the extended heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white breast heaves to the breast of her love; and her lips, fresh as the unstained rose, are pressed close to the lips of her love.

Chi mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiann,  
Ceann-feadhna air mhile beann,  
Bha aisling nan daunh na ciabh,  
'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruach a ghlinn'  
An goir a chuach gu binn an tòs.  
A's gorm mheall-àild' na mìle giubhas  
Nau luban, nan earba, 's nan lön.

Biodh tuinn òg a snàmh le sunnd,  
Thar liume 's mìne giubhas, gn luath.  
Srath ghiubhais uain' aig a ceann,  
A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruach.

Biodh eal' àluinn an uchd bhàin,  
A snàmh le spreigh air bharr nan tonn,  
'Nuair thogas i sgiath an àird,  
A measg nan nial cha'n fhàs i tròm.

'S tric i' g astar thar a chuain,  
Gu asraidh fhuar nan ioma' ronn,  
Far nach togar breid ri crann,  
'S nach scoilt sròn dharaich tonn.

Bì thusa ri dosan nan tonn,  
Is cumha' do ghael ann ad bheul,  
Eala ' thriall o thir nan tonn  
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an aird nan speur.

O! eirich thus' le t-òran ciùin,  
'S cuir naigheachd bhochd do bhròin an ceil.  
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciùil,  
An gùth túrsa sin o d' bheul.

Happiness without end to the lovely pair, who have awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy joy that shall not return! Happiness to thy soul, lovely virgin of the curling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream? Return yet—one little glimpse return: thou will not hear me, alas! I am sad. O beloved mountains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you, O beautiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you. Yours is the joy of summer; my winter is everlasting.

O place me within hearing of the great waterfall, with its murmuring sound, descending from the rock; let a harp and a shell be by my side, and the shield that defended my forefathers in battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast that slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind of thy swiftness, and travel quickly to the Isle of Heroes,

Where those who went of old are in deep slumber, deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall where dwell Ossian and Daod. The night shall come, and the bard shall not be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my shade retire to the dwelling of bards upon Arðen, from whence there is no return, give me the harp and my shell for the road, and then, my beloved harp and shell, farewell.

Tog do sgiath gu h-àrd thar chuan,  
Glae do luathas bho neart na gaoith,  
'S eibhinn ann an chluais am fuaim,  
O'd chridhe leòint'—an t-òran gaoil.

Co an tir on gluais a' ghaoth,  
Tha giulan glaoiadh do bhròin on chreig?  
Oigeir a chaidh uain a thriall,  
'S a dh-thagh mo chiabh ghlás gu'n taic,

B'eil déoir do ruisg O! thusa ribhinn,  
Is mine muis' s'a gile làmh?  
Sòlas gu'n chrioich do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,  
A chaoiadh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o thréig mo shuil, a ghaoth',  
C' àit' am beil a chuil' a fas,  
Le glaodhan bròin 's na brioc r'a taobh,  
Le sgiath gun deò a cumail blàir.

Togaibh mì—càraibh le'r laimh threin,  
'S cuiribh mo cheanu fo bharrach ùr,  
'N uair dh'eireas a' ghrian gu h-àrd,  
Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùl.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,  
Tha 'g astar dlù measg reull na h-òidhe,  
Biodh gnoimh m' oidechhe ann ad cheòl;  
Toirt aimsir mo mhùirn gu'm chuimhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,  
Fo sgéith an daraich, righ naon flath,  
'S a lamb shneachd' measg á ciabhan òir,  
'Sa meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gráidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,  
Le eridhe leum, 's a snàmh' na cheòl,  
An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,  
Cuir stad air fèidh nan sleibhteann mòr.

Nis thréig am fuaim, 's tha clabhs geal mìn,  
Ri uchd' 's ri eridhe gaoil a' fas,  
'S a bilihùr mar rès gun smal,  
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dlù an sàs.

Sòlas gun chrioich do'n chomunn chaomh,  
A dhùisg dhomb m' aobhneas àit nach pill,  
A's beannachd do t-anams' a riùn,  
A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grinn.

'N do thréig thu mi aisling nam boudh?  
Pill fathast—aon cheum beag—pill!  
Cha chluinn sibh mi Ochoin! 's mi truagh,  
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slàn leibh.

Slàn le communn caomh na h-òige,  
A's oigheannan bòidheach, skin leibh,  
Cha leir dhomh sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh,  
Ach dhomhsa geamhradh a chaoidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mòr  
Le chrònán a' tearndadh on chreig.  
Bi'dh cruit agus slige ri'm thaobh,  
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shinnsir sa' chath.

Thig le càirdeas thar a chnain,  
Osag mhìn a ghuais gu mall,  
Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathas,  
'S imich grad gu eilean fhlaitheis.

Far'm beit na laoich a dh-fhalbh o shean,  
An cadal trom guu dol le ceòl,  
Fosglaidh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoil,  
Thig an oidheche 's cha bli'm bard air blurath.

Ach o m'an tig i seal m'an triall mo cheò,  
Gu teach man bard, air àr-bheinn as nach pill,  
Fair cruit 's mo shlige dh-iunnsaidh 'n ròid,  
An sin; mo chiruit, 's mo shlige ghraidh, slàn leibh.

*Note.*—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Ardven, the departure of the poet's shade to the hall of Ossian and Daoi, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone; for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of society; a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity: and true taste will recognise his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigour of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind; and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leading a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations which had given it pleasure upon earth.

## A' CHOMHACHAG.\*

A Chomhachag bhochd na Sròine,  
A nochd is brònach do leabaith,  
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dounaghaill,  
Cha'n ioghnadh ge trom leat t-aigneadh.

"S co'-aoise mise do'n daraig,  
Bha na faillean ann sa' choinnich,  
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,  
'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sròine.

Nise bho na thà thu aosda,  
Deun-sa t-fhaosaid ris an t-shagart,  
Agus innis dhà gun èuradh,  
Gach aon sgeula ga'm beil agad.

" Cha d' rinn mise braid' no breugan,  
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh  
Air m' fhear fèin cha d' roin mi ionluas,  
Gur cailleach bhochd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bùrritheimh chalma,  
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeach,  
As Torradan liath na Sròine,  
Sin na laoich bha domhail, taiceil."

Bho 'na thòisich thu ri seanachas,  
A's èigin do leamnuim nì's faide,  
Gu'n robh 'n triuir bha sin air foghnadh,  
Ma'n robh Dounaghall ann san Fhearsaid.

" Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,  
An duin' is allaile bha 'n Albainn,  
'S minig a bba mi ga císteachd,  
'S e aig reiteach nan tom sealga.

Chunnaic mi Aonghas na dheigh,  
Cha b'e sin raghaian bu taire,  
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thuinidh,  
'S rinn e muilean air Alit-Larach,"

\* This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnull mac Phileadh nan Dàr*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death, there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase,

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,  
Bha'n an Lochabar 'san uair sin  
C'aité 'm biodh tusa ga t-fhalach,  
Eoin bbig na mala gruamaich.

"S ann a bha cuid mhor de m' shinnisir,  
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,  
Bha cuid eile dbiu' ma'n Déaghlaigh;  
Bhiodh iad ag éigheach 'sa'n fleasgar.

'N uair a chithinnse dol seachad,  
Na creachan agus am fuathas,  
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,  
'S bhithinn grathunn sa' Chreig-ghuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,  
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' àrah.  
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùblach,  
A chreag ùrail, aigheach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaeghait,  
Bu mhiann leam a bhi ga taghal,  
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallain gaodhair,  
A' cur graidh gn gabhail chumhainn.

'S binn na h-iolairean ma bruachan,  
'S binn a cnachan, 's binn a h-eala,  
A's binne na sin am blaoghan,  
Ni an laoghan meana-bhreac, ballach.

A's biun leam toraman na'n dòs,  
Ri uilium nan corra-bheann cùs,  
'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cùs,  
Ni fois fo dhruilleich ri teas.

Gun de chéil aic' ach an damh,  
'S e 's muime dh'i feur a's eneamb,  
Mathair an laoigh mhéana-bhrie mhìr,  
Bean an fhìr mhall-rosgaich ghlan.

and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was ay in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of *Aesop*, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

'S siùhlach a dh'-fhalbhais e raon,  
Cadal cha dean e sa'n smùir,  
B' fhearr leis na plaide fo' thaobh,  
Bàrr an thraoich bhadaunaich ùir.

Gur àluinn sgeamb an daimh dhuinn,  
Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,  
Mae na h-eilde ris an t-shonu,  
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallaich,  
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,  
Daimh togalach, croic-cheannach, sgiamhach,  
Crònach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasd' a ruitheadh tu suas,  
Ri leachduiun chruaidh a's i cas,  
Moladh gach aon neach an cù,  
Ach molams' n trùp tha dol as.

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,  
'S ionmhuintu an lòn tha fo ceann,  
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cùl,  
Na machair a's mür nan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,  
An riasgach o'n dean an daimh ránan,  
Chuireadh gadbar is glan nuallan,  
Féidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na àirdan bodaich,  
Os ceann leic ri eararadh sil,  
Bùirean an daimh 'm bi ghnù dhuinthead,  
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair bhùras daimh Beinne-bige,  
'S a bhéucas daimh Beinn-na-craig,  
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;  
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,  
Ann an caidridh fhiadhl a' earb',  
Ch'an fhaca mi dath air bian,  
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-fhìn a sgoil an comunn,  
A bha edar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,  
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o chéile,  
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuaras.

'S i creag mo chridbe-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,  
A chreag dhuiileach, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,  
Na 'n tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach,  
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhiniig a bha mi 'g éisdeachd,  
Re scíeadh na muice-mara,  
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran,  
De chròmhanaich an daimh allaidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,  
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,  
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,  
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghach.

'S eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,  
S'ait a cuairt an aird gu beachd,  
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonu  
Na long a's i dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beò no maireann,  
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorpa,  
Dh-thanainn am fochar an flicidh,  
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

C'ait' an eualas ceòl bu bhinne,  
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,  
Daimh sheannga na' ruith le gleann,  
Miol-choin a dol annt a's ast'.

'S truagh an dingh nach beò an fheoghainn,  
Gun ann ach an ceò de'u bhuidheann,  
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,  
Gun mheoghaill, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,  
A sròl fathrumach ri crann,  
Suaicheantas shoilleir shiol Chuinn,  
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall

'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,  
Tha nàmhaid na gràidbe deirge,  
Lamh dheas a nharbhadh a bhradain,  
Bu mhath e 'n sàbaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,  
Am fear a b' ole dboms' a bhàs,  
'S tric a chuir e 'thagradh an cruathas,  
Ann cluais an daimh chabrainch an sàs

Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlais,  
Fear a fhuair fòglum gu deas,  
Deagh Mhae-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,  
N' i'm beò neach a chòmhraig leis.

Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,  
Gun e bhi ann mor a' chreach,  
'S tric a leag thu air an tòm,  
Sliochd nan sonn leis a chù għlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhòir,  
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheum na féidh,  
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,  
Mo dhoigh gur Doimhnullach treun.

A's Dòmhnullach thu gun mhearrachd,  
Gur tu buinne geal na crnaghach,  
Gur cùirdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,  
S' gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig għuanaich.

Ma dh-fhàgadh Domhnull a muigh,  
Na aonar a' taigh na' fleagh,  
S gearr a bhios guag air bhuil,  
Luchd a chruidh bi'dh iad a stàigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sith-bhruth nam beann,  
A coimhead air ceann Locha-Tréig,  
Creag ghuhanach am biodh an t-shealga,  
Grianan ard am biodh na seidh.

Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuam,  
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,  
Chi mi Strath-Oisein nam Fiann,  
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-àrd,  
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,  
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,  
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rìmheach an coire dearg,  
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi sealg,  
Coirre nan tulainean fraoich,  
Innis nan laogh 'n nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidih Bhídean-nan-dös,  
'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lidh,  
Sgurra-chòinntich nan damh seang—  
Ionnmhuinn leam an diugh na chì.

Chi mi Srath farsnuinn a chruidh,  
Far an labhar guth nan sònns,  
A's Coire creagach a mhaim,  
A' minig a thug mo làmh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,  
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sith,  
Mar sin agus an Leitim dhùibh,  
'S an tric a rinn mi ful na' frith.

Soraidh gu Beinn-allta bhuam,  
O'n s' i fhuair urram nam beann,  
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fhéidh,  
Gu'm b'ionmuinn leam fèin bhi ann.

Thoir soraidh uam thun an Loch',  
Far am faicte 'bhos a's thall,  
Gu nisge Leamhna nan lach,  
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,  
An loch, air am biodh an lach,  
Agus iomadh eala bhán,  
S bh' idh iad a snàmh air ma seach,

Olaidh mi a' Tréig mo theann-shàth,  
Na dheidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad,  
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,  
O'n seang am fiadh a nì 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,  
Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;  
Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,  
'S mise ga ol gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n commun bristeach,  
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,  
Mise gu bràth cha dirich,  
Ise gu dilinn cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu líor,  
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dibh mo chead,  
Dearmad cha dean mi s an àm,  
Air fiadhach ghealaun nam beann beag.

Cead is truaigne ghabhdadh riabh,  
Do 'n fhiadhaich bu mhòr mo thoil,  
Cha 'n fhalbh le bogha fo m' sgéith,  
'S gu là-bhràth cha leig mi coin.

Tha blaidh mo bhogha 'n am uchd,  
Le agh maol, odhar is äit,  
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,  
'S cruaigh an diugh nach buan an t-s'lat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhàin,  
'S tòrsach air turas do 'n eilean,  
Chaili sinn an tathunn a's an dàn,  
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanail.

Thug a choille dhìlot-s' an earb',  
'S thug an t-àrd dhòm-sa na seidh,  
Cha n eil näire dhuiunn a laoch,  
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le chéil'.

Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,  
'S moch a shiubhlain bhos a's thall,  
Ach a nis on fhuair mi tri,  
Cha għluais mi ach gu mìn, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair  
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,  
Cromaidh tu 'n duine direach,  
A dh' fhàs gu mileanta gásda.

Giorraichdh tu air a shaoghal,  
Agus caochlaidh dhidh tu 'chasan,  
Fagaidh tu cheann gun dendach,  
'S ni thu endann a chasadhb.

A Shinead chas-aodannach, pheallach,  
A shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh,  
Cia ma'n leiginn leat a lobhair?  
Mo bhogha toirt dhiom air cígin.

O'n s' mi-fhìn a b' fhearr an airidh,  
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,  
No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,  
Bhios aig an teallach ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist ;  
 "S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn,  
 Ris a bhogha sin a ghiùlan,  
 'S gur mòr bu chuibhe dhut bata."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bata,  
 Aois gràndha chairtidh na pléide,

Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,  
 Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

"S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,  
 Dh-fhág mise gu tuisleach anfhanu,  
 'N déis thaobhachadh as a sheasamh,  
 Bha riomhe na flieasgach meannach."

## MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUAIDH.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.\*

It does not appear that Mary had done any thing in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

*"An Talla 'm bu ghnà le Mac-Leòid"* was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

*"Hithill uthill agus hò"* was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

It was during her exile there that she composed "*'S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leòid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Skye. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

\* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionagh Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Trotternish, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *croànan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross. The song ends with an address to *Tòrmoid nan trì Tòrmoid*.\* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tòrmòd*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Theid mi le'm dheoin do dhùthach Mhic-Leòid,  
M' iuill air a mhòr luachach sin,  
Bu chòir dhomh gum bi m' eòlas san tìr  
Leòdach, mar pill cruaidh mi,  
Siubhlaidh mi 'n iarr, tro dhùlachd nan sian,  
Do'n tòr g'am bi triail thìnath-cheatairn;  
On chualas an seugl buadhach gun bheug,  
Rinn acain mo chléibh fhuadachadh.

" Chi mi Mac-Leòid 's prisceil an t-dòg,  
Rimheach gu mòr buadhalach,  
Bho Ollaghair nan lann chuireadh sròlaibh ri crann;  
'S Leòdaich an dream umharrha.  
Eiridh na suinn ghleusd air na suinn,  
'S feumail ri am cruaidil iad,  
'Na firanaibh gharg an am rusgadh nan àrm,  
'S cluitach an t-eamh fhuaras leibh.

" Siol Tòrmoid nan sgiath fairmealach fial,  
Dh' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach;  
Deàrladh nam pios, tòrmair nam pioib,  
'S deurbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas;  
Thaing teachdair do'n tir gu maecanta min,  
'S ait leam gach ni chualas leam,  
O Dhùu-bheagan nan steud 's am freagair luchd-theud,  
Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloreach.

" 'Nuir chuireadh na laoich loingheas air chaol,  
Turas ri gaoth għluiste leibh,  
O bħarradh nan crann gu tarruinn nam ball,  
Teannachadh teamm suas ri the,  
Iomaist gu leoīr mar ri Mac-Leòid,  
Charaich fo shròl uain-dhaït'i,  
Bho ārois an fñion gu talla nam pies,  
Gu'm beannaich mo Righ 'n t-uasal ud."

\* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

## MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUAIIDH.

## FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri fuaim an t-shaimh  
 'S uaigheach mo ghean,  
 Bha mis' uair nach b'e sud m' àbhaist,  
 Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach piob nuallanach mhòr,  
 Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,  
 'Nuair għluast' i le meoir Phàdruiq.\*  
 'Nuairt għluast' i, &c.

Gur maирg a bheir geill  
 Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,  
 'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.  
 'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire chùrs  
 Na'n dealt air an druehd,  
 Ann am madainn an tùs maighe.  
 Ann am madain, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' ré,  
 Aon duine fo 'n għrein,  
 Nach tug e ghreihs fein dha sin.  
 Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraith so buam,  
 Gu talla nan cuach,  
 Far 'm biadh tathaich nan truadh dàimhail.  
 Far 'm biadh, &c.

Thun an taighe nach gann,  
 Fo 'n leathad ud thall,  
 Far beil aighear a s ceann mo mhànrain.  
 Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tòrmod mo rùn,  
 Ollaghaireach thu,  
 Foirmeil o thus t-abhaist.  
 Foirmeil o thus, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,  
 'S e bu chleachdadhbh dhut riabh,  
 Teach farsuinn 's e fial fàilteach.  
 Teach farsuinn, &c.

Bhiadh tional nan Ciar,  
 Rè tamul, a's cian,  
 Dh-fhios a bhàile 'm biadh triall chairdean.  
 Dh-fhios a bhàile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,  
 S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,  
 Fo ghruaig chleachdaich nan dual àr-bhuidh,  
 Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

Fear direach deas treun,  
 Bu ro shirinneach beus,  
 'S e gun mhi-għeana, gun cheum traillieil.  
 'S e gun mhi-għeana, &c.

De'n liane a b'fhearr boaidh,  
 Tha's na criochain mu'n enairst,  
 Clann shirinneach Ruairi làin-mhoir.  
 Clann shirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadhbh mhic rìgh,  
 No gaisge, no gniomb,  
 Nach eil pearsa mo għaoil làn deth.  
 Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lugh,  
 Ann an ceataidh 's an clu,  
 Ann am fèil 's an għnus nàire.  
 Ann am fèil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gniomb,  
 'S ann am pailte neo-chriż,  
 Ann am maise, 's am miagh àillteachd.  
 Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,  
 Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,  
 Ann an uaisle gun chron cāileachd.  
 Ann an uaisle, &c.

Tuigs-flear nan teud,  
 Purpas gach sgeil,  
 Susbaint gach eċċil naduir.  
 Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu chubhaidh dhut sid,  
 Mar a thubhaidh iad ris,  
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meas aird chraibh.  
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo rùn,  
 Seorsa fluair clu,  
 Cha bu thoiseachadh ùr dhaibh Sir.  
 Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha flos co sibb  
 Ann an iomartas rìgh,  
 'Nuair bu mholaidich strì Thearlaich.†  
 'Nuair bu, &c.

\* The celebrated PADRUIQ mèr Mac Cruimein, one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan.

† King Charles II.

Slan Ghàéil no Ghàill  
 Cha' dh-fluaras airbh foill,  
 Dh-aon bhuaireadh g'n d'rinn ur nambaid,  
 Dh-aon bhuaireadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun  
 Toiseach ur sgeil,  
 Sliochd solta bho freumh Mhànuis.  
 Sliochd solta, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,  
 Bhi gu morghalach glie,  
 Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhi àdhmhòr.  
 Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,  
 Bean bu shocraiche ciall,  
 'S i gu foisteineach fial nàrach.  
 'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's clù,  
 'S i gun mbilleadh na cùis,  
 'S i gu h-iriosal ciùin cairdeil.  
 'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrèin,  
 Gu toileachadh treud,  
 'S a h-òlachd a reir ban-righ.  
 'S a h-òlachd, &c.

'S tric a riaraich thu cuilm,  
 Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,  
 Nighean Oighre Dhun-Tuilm, slèn dut.  
 Nighean Oighre, &c.

## ORAN

DO DHP IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LECID.\*

## LUINNEAG.

*H-ithill uthill agus ò,*  
*H-ithill ò h-òireannan*  
*H-ithill uthill agus ò,*  
*H-ithill ò-h-ò h-òireannan*  
*H-ithill uthill agus ò*  
*H-ithill ò h-òireannan*  
*Faillill ò h-ùllill ò,*  
*H-ò ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh  
 Cha'n é cadal is miannach lean,  
 Aig ro mheud na tuile,  
 'S mo mhuiilean gun iarann air,

Tha mholtair ri paidheadh,  
 Mur caillear am bliadhna mi,  
 'S gur feumail domh faighinn,  
 Ge do ghabhainn an iasad i.

*H-ithill, &c.*

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,  
 Rinn m'aigne-sa riaraichadh,  
 Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,  
 Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,  
 Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal  
 Na caisteil ged iarrainn iad ;  
 Cheart aindeoin mo stàta,  
 Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

Ged a thuirt mi riut clachair,  
 Air m'fhacal cha b'fhior dhomh e,  
 Gur riaghail do shloinneadh  
 'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,  
 Fior Leòdach ùr, gasda,  
 Foinnidh beachdail, glie fialaidh thu,  
 De shliochd nam fear fhathail,  
 Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tòrmad,  
 Gu'n soirbhich gach bliadhna dhut,  
 Chuir buaidh air do shliochd-sa,  
 Agus piseach air t-iarmadan ;  
 'S do'n chuid eila chloinn t-athar,  
 Annas gach Rathad a thriallas iad,  
 Gu'n robh toradh mo dhùrachd  
 Dol nan rùin mar bu mhìanach leam.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

'Nuaire a theid thu do'n fhireach,  
 'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,  
 Le d' lothain chon gheusda  
 Ann ad dheigh 'nuaire thrialladh tu,  
 Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnseach,  
 Cruaidh, direach, gun fhiaradh ann ;  
 Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,  
 A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,  
 Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,  
 Fior bhoinne geal suairc' thu,  
 Am beil uaisle na peacaige,  
 Air an d'fhàs an cùl dualach,  
 'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,  
 Sin a's urla glan, suaire,  
 Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

Slan iomradh dhùt lain,  
 Gu mu rathail a dh' eireas dut,  
 'S tu mac an deagh athar,  
 Bla gu mathasach meaghraichail,  
 Bla gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,  
 Faoilteachail, deirceachail,

\* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28—103.

Sár cheannard air trùp thu,  
Na'u cuire leat feum orra.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

Gur àluinn am marach  
Air each an glaice diollaid thu,  
'S tu cumail do phears'  
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,  
Thigeadh sùd ann ad laimh-sa  
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhias-fhada,  
A's paidhír mhath *phiosal*  
Air erios nam ball sniomhanach.  
*H-ithill, &c.*

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### AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

RIGH! gur muladach 'tha mi,  
'S mi gun mhire guu mbànran,  
Annus an talla 'm bu gnà le Mac-Leoid.  
Righ! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meaghreach,  
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,  
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhreach nan còrn.  
Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor priseil,  
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,  
Far am facadh mi 'm fion bhi 'ga òl.  
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thaehair,  
Thainig dil' air an aitreabh,  
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na còir.  
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chi mi 'n chliar a's na dàimhich,  
A'trèigsinn na fàrdaich,  
On nach éisd thu ri failte luchd-ceòil,  
Chi mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Tòrmad nam bratach,  
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu teare e,  
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no bòsd.  
Shir Tòrmad, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,  
Ann am freasdal gach duine,  
Air dheiseachd 's air uirighioll beoil.  
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lugh-mhor,  
Dol a shiubhal mun stùc-bheann,  
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-òrd.  
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamb nach robb tuisleach,  
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,  
Led' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.  
'S i do lamb nach, &c.

Glac throm air do shliasaid,  
An deigh a snaithheadh gun fhiaradh,  
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an coin.  
Glac-thorm, &c.

Bhiodh céir ris na crannaibh,  
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruinn,  
'Nuir a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.  
Bhiodh céir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,  
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,  
Eadar corran a gàine 's an smèòirn.  
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,  
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhall,  
Nuair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhòrd.  
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig naislean,  
'S cha robb beagan mar chruthas ort,  
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-aos òig.  
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farum air thaileasg,  
Agus fuaim air a chlàrsach,  
Mar a bhuineadh do shàr mbae Mhic-Leoid.  
Gu 'm biodh farum, &c.

Gur h-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,  
Greis air uirsgeul na Feinne,  
'S air cuideachda cheir-ghil nau cròe.  
Gur h-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

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### CUMHA DO MIAC-LEOID.

GUR e naidheachd so fhuair mi,  
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall nam,  
Mar nach bitheadh i agam,  
'S nach fhaca mi riambh i;  
Gur e Abhall an lis so,  
Tha mise ga targann;  
E gun abuchadh meas air,  
Ach air briseadh fo chiad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,  
Tha mi nise ga éisdeachd,  
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',  
Dol an tricead, san deinead,  
Na chnumaic, 's na chualas,  
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,

Creach nìd an t-seobhaic,  
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,  
Bu neo mhalaontaich' beusan,  
Ann an Luonuinn, 's am Pàris,  
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,  
Chaidh n-ur cliù tharais  
Thar talamh na h-Eipit,  
Cheann uidhe luchd ealaidh,  
'S a leannan na fóileachd.

Ach a fhriambait nan curaidh,  
'S a chluilein nan leoghan,  
A's egha an dà sheanar,  
Bu chaithreamaich' loistean ;  
Càit' an robh e ri fhaotuinn  
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eòrpa,  
Cha b' fhurrasd ri thaighinn  
Anns gach rathad, bu dòigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhic Iain,  
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,  
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,  
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh,  
Agus Tòrmad a mhae-sa,  
A thasgaidh mo chéille !  
Gur e aobhar mo ghearrain,  
Gu'n chailleadh le chéil' iad.

Nach mòr an sgeul sgiobhaidh,  
Nach ionghnadh leibh f'gin e,  
Duilleach na craobhie,  
Nach do sgoaileadh am meanglan,  
An robh cliù, agus onair,  
Agus moladh air deagh-bheart,  
Gu daonachdach, carthanuach,  
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd,  
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,  
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Dùthach,  
Anns an tuama bu dual dut ;  
Sgeul eile nach fusadh,  
Tha mi claisiinn sau uair so,  
Ged nach toir mi dha creideas,  
Gur beng orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,  
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eisdinn,  
Gun cluinneamaid Leòdaich,  
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n òighreachd,  
'S a'n còraichean glana,  
'S a'n fearann gun déigh air  
'S ar rauntanan farsuinn,  
Na'n rach-te 'u am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar  
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Dòmhnuill,  
Agus taigh Mhic Illeain,  
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seòrsa,  
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,  
Nall tharais à Cnòideart,  
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,  
O champ Iubhir-Lòchaidh.

'S beag an t-iomghnadh Clann-Choinnich,  
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuilean,  
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,  
Air t-fhilleadh trì nairean,  
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh  
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,  
No glaodh do mhna muinntir  
'S nach cluinnear, 's an nairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,  
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Eadaradh,  
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,  
Far bo dual dut o d' sheanair.  
Gur iomadh ful uaibhreach,  
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaith,  
De shloinneadh nan rìghrean,  
Leis na chiosaicheadh Manainn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,  
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochraidh,  
O bhaile na Boirbhe,  
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n tòiseach ;  
Gur ioma ful mhorgha,  
Bha reota sa chorpa ud,  
De shlioghd arnumu Chinntire,  
Iarl' II, agus Ròis thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt\* na h-Apunn,  
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,  
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,  
Iad tapaidh 'n àm fairneart,  
Na ghabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,  
A's an staid ud, nach còir dhut,  
Cha toir thu i dhaingeoin,  
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deòin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach  
A thagradh ur'n Oighreachd ;  
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhata,  
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd,  
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh  
Mu chloinn mbae an fhir fheilidh,  
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,  
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

\* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

## MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bròn,  
O'n là dh-eng thu 's nach beò,  
Mu m' shiuran faighidneach, còir,  
Uasal, aighearach, òg,  
'S naisle shuidhe mu bhòrd,  
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treoir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leòn,  
Macan mùn-géal gun sgleòd,  
B' shearail, finealt an t-òg,  
De shliochd nam tear mòr,  
D'a bu dual a bhi còir,  
'S gu'm b'thiù faiteal do bheoil eisdeachd.

'S tu chlann na h-ireann a b'fhearr,  
Glan an riamh as an d'fhàs,  
Cairdeas righ as gach ball,  
Bha sud sgriobt' leat am bainn,  
Fo lainh duine gu'n mheang,  
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A rairidh aigeantaich aird,  
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an àidh,  
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gàir,  
Nan lann guineach, cruaidh, targ,  
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,  
Iar-ogha Uilleam nan long breid-gheal.

Fhuair mi m' àilleagan ùr,  
'S e gun smal air gun smùr,  
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,  
Bu ghorm laoghach do shuil,  
Bu ghan sriasaid, a's glùn,  
Bu deas, dainghean, a lùb ghleust thu.

A lub abhoil nam buadh,  
'S maig a tharladh ort uair,  
Mu ghlac Fhionnlaidh so shuas,  
Air each crodhanta luath,  
Namhaid romhad na ruaig,  
Air dhaibh boille cha b'uair cùs e.

Aeh fhir a's curranta lamb,  
Thug gach duine gu cràdh,  
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,  
Ri nair enmaisg no blair,  
A thoirt cùs dheth do namh,  
Bu leat urram an là cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,  
Meoir a's grùime ni sgrìobhadh,  
Uasal faighidneach, cinniteach,  
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgrìobhaidh,  
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,  
Sgeul mo chreiche! so shil do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an dè  
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fèin,

Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,  
Dhiult an gobha dhomh gléus,  
Dhiult sud mi 's gach leighe  
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo righ dh'eng thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhàir,  
Rois an graine gu lar,  
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chràdh,  
Air an robb thu mar bbarr,  
Ga'n dionadh gach là,  
'S mo chreach! bhuinig am bàs treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' sheomar,  
Chaidh do bhuidhean an òrdugh,  
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phòsaidh,  
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
As do dheigh mar bu chòir dh'i,  
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-sròl ghle-gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,  
Fiamh a ghnil air mo ghruaidh,  
'S goirt an gradan a fhuaire,  
Marcach deas nan each luath,  
Sàr Cheannard air sluagh,  
Mo chreach, t-sbagail ri uair m'fhoimé.

Ach fhuaire mi m' àilleagan òg,  
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheòl,  
Saoir ri caradh do bhòrd,  
Mnai ri spionadh an sheòir,  
Fir gun tâilisg, gun cheòl,  
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeòil eisdeachd.

'Nuar a thionail an sluagh,  
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,  
Mur ghàir sheillean am bruaich,  
An deigh na meala thoirt uath,  
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,  
'S iad ma cheannas an t-sluagh threubhaich.

## MARBH-RANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MACILLECHALUM RARSAIDH.\*

Mo bheud, 's mo chràdh,  
Mar dh' eirich dha  
'N fhear ghleusda, ghraidh,  
Bha trenu san spàirn,  
'S nach taicear gu bràth thu 'n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,  
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treoir,  
O t' nilean gu d' dhòrn,  
O d' mhullach gu d' bhròig,  
Mhic Muire mo leon,  
Thu bhi 'n innis nan ròn,  
'S nach faighear thu.

\* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Raasa.

'S math lùbadh tu pic  
O chùl-thaobh do chinn,  
'Nam rusgadh a ghill,  
Le iounsaidh nach pill,  
'S air mo láimh gu'm bu cinnteach saighead nat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,  
Lamh gun dearmad, gun leon,  
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-òr  
Thoirt a bhuanachd a cheòil,  
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,  
'S na chaitheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fhéidh,  
Leis an deargta na bein ;  
Ehiodh coin earbsach air éill  
Aig an Albanach threun ;  
C'ait' am faca mi fein  
Aon duine fo 'n gheirein,  
A dheanadh riut euchd flathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,  
An cath, nan stri thu,  
Casan direach, fad' finealt,  
Mo chreach dhiobhail  
Chaidh thu dhìth oirn, le neart sine,  
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,  
Faicinn t' fhearrainn gun sùrd,  
'S do bhaile gun smùid  
Fo charraig nan sùgh,  
Dheagh mhic Chàlum nan tùr a Rarsa.

Och ! m' fheudail bhuam,  
Gun sgeul su' chuan,  
Bu ghlu mhath sruadh,  
Ri grein, 's ri fuachd,  
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,  
Nach d' fheud thu 'n uair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhèud, 's mo bhròn,  
Mar dh' eirich dhò  
Muir beucach, mor,  
Ag leum mu d' bhòrd,  
Thu fèin, 's do sheoid  
'Nuaire reub 'ur seòil,  
Nach d'fhaod sith treoir  
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' craiteach  
Do'n mhinaoi a d'fhag thu,  
'S do t-aon bhrathair,  
A shuidh na 'tait,  
Diluain Càisge,  
Chaidh tonn báit ort,  
Craobh a b' aird' de 'n abhal thu.

## CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

Cha sùrd cadail,  
An runs air m'aigneadh,  
Mo shuil frasach,  
Gun sùrd macnais,  
'S a' chuirt a chleachd mi :—  
Sgeul ùr ait ri eisdeachd.

'S trom an cùdthrom so dhrùidh,  
Dh-fbag mo chùslein gun lùgh,  
'S tric smigh' mo shuil,  
A tuiteam gu diù ;  
Chail mi iuchair mo chuil :  
Ann a cuideachd lùchd-cuili,  
Cha téid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,  
Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,  
Sàr mhac 'Ic-Leoid,  
Nan bratach sròil,  
Bu phaill' m'a'n òr,  
Bu bhinn-caismeachd sgeoil ;  
Aig lùchd-astair  
A's ceòil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n eòl,  
Fear t-fhasain beò,  
Am blasdachd beoil,  
'S am maise neoil,  
Au gaisge glois,  
Au ceart san coir ;  
Gun aircées na sgleò fóile.

Dh-fhalbh mo sólas,  
Marbh mo Leodach,  
Calama, cròdha,  
Meanamnach rò-ghlic,  
Dhearrbh mo sgeoil-sa,  
Seanachas eolais ;  
Gun chearb foghluijm,  
Dealbhach rò-ghlan t-eagaisg.

An treas la de'n Mhàirt,  
Dh' fhalbh m'aighear gu bràth,  
Bi sùd saighead mo chraidl,  
Bhi 'g amharc do bhàis,  
A ghnuis fhathasach àilt ;  
A dheagh mhic rathail,  
An àrmuinn euchdaich.

Mac Ruairidh reachd-mhoir,  
Uaibhreich, bheachdail,  
Bu bhuaidh leatsa,  
Dualchas farsuinn,  
Sruadh-ghlaine pearsa ;  
Cruadail 's smachd gun eucoir.

'Uaill a's aiteis,  
'S an bhuat gu faighe,  
Ri uair ceartais,  
Fnasgladh facail ;  
Gun ghrum gu lasan ;  
Gu suairee, smaiste, reusant.

Fo bhùird na ciste,  
Chaidh grùnnad a għliocais,  
Fear fiugħant, miseal,  
Cuilmeach, gibtei,  
An robh clju' gun bħrisedd ;  
Chaidh ûr fō' lic air m' eudail.

Gnùis na glainne,  
Chūireadħ sunnd air fearaibh,  
Air each crùidbeach ceann-ard,  
'S lann ûr than ort,  
Am beart dhlu dhaingħinn :  
Air eull nan clann-fħalt teuñ-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear aineoil,  
Is aoidh 's jidu eallaidh,  
Bheir turnais tamul,  
Air eruin a mhalairt,  
Air iu'l 's air ainne,  
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug ē.

B tu 'n sīth-thamh charid,  
Ri' am tigh'n u gu bail,  
Ol dion aig fearabb,  
Gun strè gun charraid,  
'S bu mhiam leat mar ruit,  
Luchd inns' air annas sceula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,  
Gu d' dhùn ādmhor,  
Suilbhear, fālteach,  
Cuilm-mhor stātoil,  
Gun bluurb gun ārdan :  
Gun diultadh air māl dheirceach.

Thù shliochd Ollaghair  
Bha mor morgha,  
Nan seòl corra-bheann,  
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,  
Nan ceòl òrghan  
'S nan seòd bu bħorb ri eigginn.

Bha leath do shloinnidh,  
Ri siol Cholla,  
Nan cèse tromadh,  
'S nam pios soilleir,  
Bho choig-amb Coinneach,  
Bu lion-mhor do luingas breid-gheal

'S iomadh gaïr dalta,  
'S mnài bhàs-bħuailt,

Ri là tasgaidh,  
Cha 'n fhàth aiteis,  
Do 'd chaidridd t-fhaicinn  
Fò chlār glaisde,  
Mu thruaidh ! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crùn,  
Bean chéiliidh għlaun ûr,  
Thug ì cend għradh ga rùn,  
Bu mhorr a' b-aobhar ri sunnd,  
Nuair a sheallad i'u għnus a ċeile.

Si fħras nach ciuin,  
A thainalg as ûr,  
A shrac air siułi,  
Sa bħrist ar stiùr,  
'S ar caift mhath iu'l,  
S ar taice cùl ;  
'S air caidridh cùl,  
Bhiodh agaġġ 'na d'tħur ēċċi.

'S mor an iunndrain tha bħuainn,  
Air a dūnadh 's an naigħ,  
Air cuinnejad 's ar buaidh !  
Air curam 's ar 'n ùaill ;  
'S ar sūgradh gun għruaim  
'S fad air chuimbne  
Na fhuair mi fejn detħi.

#### LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh air an tolaich',  
Fo mhulad 's fo imie-cheist ;  
'S mi coimhead air He,  
'S ann de'm iongħu nafha san am so.  
Bha mi uair nach do shaol mi,  
Gus 'n do chaechail air m' aimsir ;  
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,  
A dh' amhare Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh,

*I h-urabħ õ, i h-oiriunn õ,  
I h-urabħ õ, i h-oiriunn õ ;  
I h-urabħ õ, h-oqaidh hō- ro,  
H-i-ri-ri rithib h-ō-i ag õ.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,  
A dh' amhare Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh :  
Beir mo shoraidh do'n dùthaich,  
Tha fo dhubbar nan garbh-bheann.  
Gu Sir Tòrmod ûr, allail,  
Fhuair ceannas air armait,  
'S gun caint' ann 's għex fearann,  
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainn air.

*I hurab o, &c.*

Gun caint' ann 's għex fearann,  
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainn air ;

Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,  
Do mhisнич, 's do mheannainn.  
Do chruadail, 's do ghaisge,  
Do dhreach, 's do dhealbhá;  
Agus t-óláchd as t-uaisle,  
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmuinn.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Agus t-óláchd, as t-uaisle,  
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmuinn;  
Dh-fhuil direach righ Lochluinn;  
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais.  
Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh,  
Ris gach larla tha 'n Albuinn;  
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,  
Cha breug, ach sgeul dearb' e.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,  
Cha blreug ach sgeul dearb' e;  
A mhic an fhír chliútich,  
Bba gu fiúghantach ainmeil.  
Thug barrachd an ghliocas,  
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn;  
Ann an cogadh 's an siol'-chainnt,  
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Ann an cogadh 's an siol'-chainnt,  
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;  
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhac-sa,  
Bhídh gu beachdail mor, meanannach.  
Bhídh gu fiughant', fial, farsuinn,  
O'n a ghlaichd sibh mar shealbh e;  
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,  
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu'.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,  
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu';  
Ach an aon fhear a dh' fhuirich,  
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.  
Ach eudail de dh-fhearaibh;  
Ge do ghabh mí bh'uat tearbadh;  
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,  
Gun uireasaidh dealbha.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,  
Gun uireasaidh dealbha;  
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail;  
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.  
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,  
Mar dheareag na talmhuinn;  
Lambh ri gruaidh ruiteach,  
Mar mhucraig na feara-dhiris.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Lambh ri gruaidh ruiteach,  
Mar mhucraig na feara-dhiris,  
Fo thaghá na gruaige,  
Cul dualach, nan cama-lub.  
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhardaich,  
An caradh air ealachuinn;  
Miosair a's adhare,  
Agus raogha gach armachd;

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Miosair a's adhare,  
Agus raogha gach armachd;  
Agus lanntainnean tana,  
O'n ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dheis.  
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,  
Isneach a's cairbinn;  
Agus iubhair chruidh, fhallain,  
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Agus iubhair chruidh, fhallain,  
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe,  
A's cuilbheirean caola,  
Air an daoirid gu'n ceannaithe iad.  
Glac nan ceann liobhta,  
Air chuir sios ann am balgaibh;  
O iteach an fhír-eoin,  
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

O iteach an fhír-eoin,  
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';  
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,  
Mac Mhuire chuir sealbh air.  
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh,  
Bhi 'm beamaibh nan sealga;  
Gabhlail aighear na fridhe,  
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlae.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

Ghabhlail aighear na frithe  
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlae;  
A leigeil na'n cuilein,  
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.  
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhuran ud.  
Fuil thoirt air chalgaibh,  
O luchd nan cér geala;  
S nam falluinnean dearga.

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

O luchd nan cér geala,  
'S nam falluinnean dearga,  
Le d' chomhlain dhaoin' uaisle,  
Rachadh cruidh air an arnaibh.  
Luchd aithneachadh latha,  
'S a chaitheamh na fairge,  
'S a b'urainn ga seòladh,  
Gu seòl-ait' an tarruimte'i,

*I h-urabh o, &c.*

## AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so 'n dè  
 Aighearach i,  
 Moladh do 'n léigh,  
 Thug maileart d'am chéil  
 'Nis teannaidh mi fén ri crónan,  
 Nis teannaidh &c.

Beannachd do 'n bhenl,  
 Dh-aithris an sgeul  
 Cha ghearrain mi fén  
 Na chailleadh 's na dh-eung  
 'S mo leanabh na dhéidh comh-shlan  
 'S mo leanabh, &c,

Nam biodh agamsa fion  
 Gun b'ait lean a dhioil,  
 Air slainte do thighinn,  
 Gud chairdean 's gud thir,  
 Mhic ármuinn mo ghaoil,  
 Be m' ardan 's mo phris,  
 Alach mo righ thoghbhail  
 Alach mo righ, &c.

'S fáth mire dhuinn féin,  
 'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,  
 Do philleadh on eug,  
 'S milis an sgeul,  
 'S binne no gleus òrgain,  
 'S binne no glus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,  
 Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,  
 An caisteal nan árm  
 Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tòrmad,  
 Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha modhuisl'ann an Dia,  
 Guir muirneach do thriall,  
 Gu Dùn ud nan clàir,  
 Far bu duthechas do 'm thriath,  
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall foirmeil,  
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall, &c.

Gu Dun turайдeach àrd,  
 Be sud innis nam bard,  
 'S nam filibh ri dùn,  
 Far bu mhinig an támh,  
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhìls daibh sud,  
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhìlathas, &c.

Gu àros nach erion  
 Am bidh gàraich nam piob  
 'S nan clàrsach a ris  
 Le dearsadh nam pios  
 A' cuir sàradh am fion  
 'S ga leigeadh an gniomh òr-cheaird,  
 'S ga leigeadh an gnoomh, &c.

Buaghach am mac,  
 Uasal an t-slat,  
 Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,  
 Cruadalach pailt,  
 Duais-mhor am beachd  
 Ruaineach an neart Leòdach  
 Ruaineach an neart, &c.

Fìùran a chluain,  
 Dùisg san steagh uair,  
 'S dù dhut dol suas,  
 'N clù 's ann am buaidh,  
 'S dùchais do'm luaidh,  
 Bhidh gu fiughantach suaire ceol-bhinn  
 Bhidh gu fiughantach suaire, &c.

Fasan hn dual,  
 Fantalach buan,  
 Soerach ri tuath,  
 Cosgail ri cuairt,  
 Cosunta cruaidh,  
 A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,  
 A mosgladh an uair foirneart,  
 A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,  
 Cleachadh a's beus,  
 T-aiteam gu leir,  
 Macanta seimh,  
 Pailt ri luchd theud,  
 Gaisgeil am feum,  
 Neart-mhor an deigh tòireachd  
 Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siochd Ollaghair nan lann,  
 Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,  
 Nuair a thoisich iad ann,  
 Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,  
 Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,  
 Priseil an dream,  
 Rioghail gun shall còrach.  
 Rioghail gun shall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,  
 Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,  
 Gur dearbhta dhut laoich,  
 Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,  
 Thig ort as gach taobh gad chònadh,  
 Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,  
 Deas, cruadalach, trenn,  
 Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,  
 Théid ma d' ghuaillich ri t-fheum,  
 De shliochd Rnairi mhoir theil,  
 Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhé an t-og Righ,  
 Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gàëil gu leir,  
Cho cairdeach dhut féin,  
'S gur feaird thu gu t-fheum,  
Sir Domhnall à Sleibht,  
Ceannard nan eend,  
Ceannsgalach treun rò ghile,  
Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhaireil 's mo bheachd,  
Air na fiuraí as leat,  
Gu curanntach ceart,  
'S ann de bharrachd do neart,  
Mac 'Ic-Ailein 's a mbac  
Thig le farum am feachd,  
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.  
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,  
Thig am barantas sluaidh,  
Nach mealladh ort nair,  
Cha bu churantas fuar  
Na fir sin bho chluain Chnòideirt.  
Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,  
'S Mac Choinnich Chinntail,  
Théid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,  
Le h-iomadaidh gráidh,  
Cha b'iongantach dhaibh,  
'S gur lionmhòr do phairt dhaibh sin.  
'S gur lionmhòr do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,  
Mac 'Illean bhi bhuainn,

Gun a thaigheadeas suas,  
Bha do cheanghal ris buan,  
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn,  
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

Biomadh gasan gun chealg,  
Bu deas faicinn fo àrm,  
Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,  
Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,  
Eadar Bràcadal thall as Brolas.  
Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mi 'g acan mo chall,  
Iad a thachairt gun cheann,  
Fo chasan nan Gall,  
Gun do phearsa bhi ann,  
Mo chrusaidh-chas nach gann,  
Thu bhi ann an Fluairing air tògradh.  
Thu bhi, &c.

A Chroasd cinnich thu féin,  
An spiunnadh 's an cùill,  
Gu cinneadail treun,  
'N ionad na db' éug,  
A Mhic an fhir nach d' fhuaire beum,  
'Sa ghineadh o'n chré rò-ghlan.  
'Sa ghineadh o'n chré, &c.

A Righ nan gràs,  
Bidh féin mar gheard,  
Air feum mo ghráidh,  
Dear oighne sian  
Do'n Teaghlaich àigh,  
Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr sblais,  
Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr, &c.

## IAIN LOM;

or,

## JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.\* He was sometimes called *Iain Manutach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, “*poeta nascitur non fit*”; but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raouaill na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1663. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughail*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last drop of

\* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services: but “ would he care for titles given on sheep skin?\* he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword !”

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspicious young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*), a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity. by “ *Tobar nan Ceann*. ”

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the “ man of song ” in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by

\* Alluding to vellum.

feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every two by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronymic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the polities of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyle, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John:—"Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon àite?"—"Chunnaic," ars Iain. "C'ài e?"—"An Inbher-Lòchaidh."—"A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu bràch de chagnadh nan cainbeulach?"—"Se 's duilich leam," ars Iain, "nach urradh mi ga slugadh." i. e. "Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?" "Yes," replied the undaunted bard. "Where?" demanded his grace. "At Inverlochay," returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. "Ah! John," added his grace, "will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?" "I am sorry," says the other, "that I could not swallow them."

He was buried in Dun-aingeal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glen-coe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

" NA shìneadh an so fo na pluie,  
Tha gaol an leoghainn 's fuath an tniue, &c."

*Iain Lom* composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

## LAÍN LOM.

## MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S teare an diugh mo chùis ghàire,  
Tigh'n na ráidean so 'niar;  
'G amhare fomh Inbher-láire,  
'N deigh a stráichadh le siol;  
Tha Cheapach na fásach,  
Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach;  
'S leir ri fhacinn a bhráithrean,  
Gur trom a bhàr e oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirnne thainig an diombuain,  
'Sa 'n ionaghui gheur;  
Mur tha claidheamh ar finne,  
Cho minig n' ar deigh;  
Paca Thureach gun sìreadh,  
Bhi a pinneadh ar cleibh;  
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar fileadh,  
Measg ar cíne mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhairl' na h-aoine,  
Dh' ftag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd;  
O am na feill-Micheil,  
Ge b'e nthi rinn mo lot;  
Dh' ftag sud n' ar miol-mhùir sinn  
'S na'r fuigheall spuit air gach port;  
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri chéile,  
Bidh sìne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uainn,  
Bhuail an t-earrchall orm spot;  
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,  
Bha call na fala fo 'm brot;  
Bha mo lamhansa croabhach,  
'N deigh bhi taosadh 'ur lot;  
Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an eiste,  
Turn as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraiddh na cuirp chùraidi,

Annis 'm bu dìù chur nà'n sgian;

'S iad na 'n sineadh air urlar,

'N seomar iùr ga 'n cur sios;

Fo chasan shiol Dùghaill

Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n chliabh;

Dh' ftag àlach am biodag

Mur sgaoile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,  
A sheall nà'r bhathais gu geur,  
Nach tugadh dhuiibh athadh,  
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bhens;

Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,  
Chaidh 'm bainn an abhisteir threin;  
Ach mu riun iad blur lotsa.  
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n eadal thaigh duinte,  
Gun smuid deth gun cleò;  
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,  
Thaobh 'ur chùil a's 'ur beoil;  
Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh tine  
O luchd ur mhi-ruin bhi beo;  
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,  
Biadh air' air mìurn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robb 'n Albann,  
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'in beus;  
'S bochd an sceul eadar bhráithrean,  
E dhol an lathair mhic Dhé;  
Mur am bat air an líme,  
Ge b'e shireadhb na deigh;  
Cha tain' a leithid do mhilleadh,  
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' innutinn  
Bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus  
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh  
'N uair chuaidh 'ur fagaill leibh fein  
'S cha chuir sibh cungaidh 'ur cásáibh,  
Ann an Aros na 'n téud;  
'S 'ur buachailean báth-chruibh,  
Ann an garadh nam péur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,  
Bh' air an milleadh o 'n eill;  
Chaidh a ghlaicadh droch spioraid,  
Ann an ionad fiamhl Dhé;  
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,  
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh;  
'S a 'neach nach do bhualleadh,  
Bhi ga bhuan anns a bhréig.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill  
'S fad do chomhnadh measg Ghall,  
Dh' ftag tha sinne nà'r breislich,  
Nach do fhreasdal thu 'n t-am;  
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,  
Chaidh gun fhios dut air chall;  
Tha sinn corrach as t-aogaist,  
Mur cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-iom' èaganach sgaiteach,  
Lub bhacblach, sgìath chrom;

Eadar drochaid Alt Eire,  
 'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn ;  
 A dheanadh leat eiridh  
 Mu 'm biadh do chreuchdan lan tholl ;  
 'S a raechadh bras ann a t-eirig,  
 Dheagh Shir Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shio-chaint,  
 Bha da 'r dionadh gu leoir ;  
 Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi striochadh,  
 Fhad 'sa 'n ean bhiodhmaid beò ;  
 Mas sunn shein a chuir dith oirr',  
 B' ole an dioladh sin oirrn ;  
 Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,  
 Leis an sgathar na meòir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' agaunn,  
 'N taobh so fhlaitheas Mhic Dhé ;  
 Thainig sgiursadh a bháis air,  
 Chaill sunn thoirt le srachd geur ;  
 'N t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh,  
 Bh' ann 's phairee 'n robb speis ;  
 Mur gu 'm buaineadh sibh àilean,  
 Leis an fhàladair geur.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,  
 'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh ;  
 'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,  
 B' fearr lean uam e mur chéud ;  
 Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,  
 Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul ;  
 Luchd dheanadh na sithine,  
 Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

### A BHEAN LEASAICH AN STOP DHUIN.\*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,  
 'S lion an cupa le sòlas,  
 Mas a branndai no beoir i, tha mi toileach a h-òl  
 'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,  
 'S air Sir Alasdair òg thig on chaol.

'M fear nach dùiring a h-òl  
 Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,  
 Tha mo dhùrrachd do'n òigeas,  
 Crann curaiddh Chlann-Domhnuill,  
 Righ nan dùl bhi gad chònadh fir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,  
 Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,  
 Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar,  
 A choisin buaigh leis a chluideimh,  
 Fior ga ruagadh 's ga 'n eitheamh gu daor.

\* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, and Sir James his son.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,  
 Dh' fhas gu fìthasach feile,  
 Do shiochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,  
 'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,  
 Ged a fluair an claidhe 's an tèug oirbh sgriob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,  
 Aig do fhleasgaichean ùra,  
 Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,  
 Ann 's an uighe gun churam,  
 Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte na gill.

'S tha mo dhuil ann 's an Trianaid,  
 Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,  
 Slat den chuillean bha ciatach,  
 Dh' fhas gu furanch fialaidh,  
 Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an righ.

'S an am dhut gluasad o 't-airteamb,  
 Le d' cheòl cluas' agus caismeachd,  
 O thir-usal nan glas-charn,  
 Ga'n robb cruadal 's gaisge,  
 Gam bu shuaineas barr gagánach fraoich.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,  
 Bhi tarruinn suas air a cupaill,  
 Bord a fuaraidh 's ruidh chuiip air,  
 Snam air fuathail a fluch bhuidh,  
 'Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S nuar a chairte fo seòl i,  
 Le crainn ghasda 's le coreac'h,  
 Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,  
 Aig a comhlan bu blioiche,  
 Seal m'an tog't' oirre ro-sheol o thir.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,  
 Far an greadhnach luchd ealaidh,  
 Gabhail failte le eithream,  
 As na clàrsachean glana,  
 Do mhuaoi òig nan teud banala binn.

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,  
 Leis an do chuireadach cath garabhaich,  
 Fluair mi urrad gar seaunachas,  
 Gun robb an turas ud ainnmeil,  
 Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r eis.

'S ionna neach a fluair coir naibh,  
 Ann sann àm ud le'r gòraich,  
 Ban diu Rothaich 's Ròsaich,  
 Mac-Choinnich 's Diùc Gordon,  
 Mac-'Illeain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,  
 Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,  
 Air chuan liobhara an aigell,  
 A chraobh fhigeis gun ghaiseadh,  
 A chuireadach fion di le pailteas,  
 Lamh dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan thìn.

Nuair bu sgith de luchd-theud e,  
Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,  
Le flor chreideann a's céille,  
Mar a dh' ordúich mac Dhé dhuibh,  
S gheibhte teagastg na Cléir' uaibh le sith.

Mhic Shir Seumas nam bratach,  
O bhun Sleibhte nam bradan,  
A ghlaic an fleile 's a mhaise,  
O cheann céile do leapa,  
Cum do reite air a casan,  
Bi gu reusanta, macanta, min.

Sliochd na miliadh 's nam fearabh,  
Na sròl 's nam pios 's nan cup geala,  
Thogadh sioda ri crannaibh,  
Nuair bu rioghal an tarruinn,  
Bhiodh piob rìmhreach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a h-iomlan,  
Gach ni tha mi g-iomradh,  
Do theaghlaich rigg-Fionghall,  
Oighre dligheach Dhùn-Tuilm thu  
Olar deoch air do chuilim gun bhi sgì.

### ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.\*

'S trom 's gor eisleanach m' aigne,  
'N diugh gor feudar dhomh nideach',  
O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi corr.  
'S trom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á Clachaig,  
'S mi gun mhànuis gun aitreach,  
'S nach h-e 'mhl a ta fairtachadh orm.  
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á m' dhùthaiach,  
'S m' fhearrann pòst aig siol Dùghaill,  
'S iad am barail gu 'n úraich iad còir.  
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,  
'S nach mi shalaich mo shaobhaidh,  
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonnag m'a shroin.  
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo nì a's m' carnais feedh monaidh,  
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabhd,  
Gun chead tearnadh measg loinidh no feoir.  
Mo nì a's, &c.

O nach d' fhàs mi 'm fhearr morta,  
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirice,  
Mur bha na eairdean corta 's taigh mhòr.  
O Nach d' fhàs, &c.

\* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer : this song was composed on that occasion.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,  
Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,  
Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am bròg.  
Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,  
Ged a ròpadh tu caolain,  
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaoil mi theachd orm.  
A rugh ropach,

Cleas na binne nach maireann,  
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,\*  
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhòd.  
Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,  
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,  
Bhi ga thearnadh o leadairt nan cord.  
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dàn muaoi a chruiteir,  
Mun ghuionadh nàrach rinn musag,  
Thug i lambh air a phluiceadh le dòrn.  
Cleas dana, &c.

A bhean choite gun obadh,  
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,  
Thilg a chlàch anns an tobar 's i beo.  
A bhean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh  
Na cionnta fèin's i lan uabhair,  
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.  
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seisdeil,  
Aig fadal Shir Sheomais,  
Leig an ladarnas deistneach ud leo.  
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm fàicinn do loingeas,  
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinneamh,  
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beò.  
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mire shrutha r'a darach,  
Ga euir an uigheam gu h-aithghearr,  
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.  
Mire shrutha, &c.

\* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this :—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted ; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when law and justice are evidently different things, they say—" Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaione."'

'Nuaир a lagadh a ghaoth oirunn,  
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,  
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri euir bhòd.  
'Nuaир a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,  
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,  
Sud a chùrsachd o 'n atadh na leois.  
Raimh, &c.

Buird ùr air a totaibh,  
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,  
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgoltdadh m'a hòrd.  
Buird ùr air, &c.

## AN CIARAN MABACH.

Ged' tha mi m' eun fògraidd san tir-sa,  
Air mo ruagadh as na criochan,  
Glòr do Dhia 's do dh' Iarla Shì-phort,\*  
Cha bli sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

*O rò rò seinn, cù nam b'ail leibh?*  
*O rò rò seinn, cù nam b'ail leibh?*  
*Call abhar-inn o, calman-eodhail:*  
*Trom orach as o, cù nam b'ail leibh?*

Sir Seumas nan tùr 's nam baideal,  
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-airteabh,  
Ge do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,  
'S éibhinn leam do dhùsgadh madainn.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

\* "After the murder of the children of Keppoch *Iain Maonach*, the poet, had to flee for his life to Ross-shire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James McDonald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663."

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James McDonald, signed by the duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their abettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1665, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich,  
Shiùbladh sliabb gun bhiadh, gun chadal;  
Fraoch fo d' shùn' gun bhòsd, gun bhagradh;  
Chuir thu ceò 'n ròiscaid bhradaich.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-dòmhnaich,  
Cha b' ann gu 'n airteabh a chòmhdaich,  
Thoirt a mach nan eas-cheann doite,  
Chur sradag fo bhrachaich na feòla.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,  
Cuid de 'n athchuing' bba mi 'g iarraidh,  
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,  
Tarruinn ghad air sad am fiacal.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uileam,  
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghillean dubha,  
Sgriob Ghilleaspug Ruaidh a Uithist,  
Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

Cha d'iar thu bâta no long dharaich,  
Ri àm geamhraidh 'n tùs na gaillinn,  
Triubhas tean feadh bheann a's bhealach,  
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealag.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach eùis gu àite,  
Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air stíle,  
'Nuaир dh-eitich thu Inbher-làire,  
B' feird do mheas e measg nan Gàel.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

'S ann leam nach bu chrui' an ghaoir ud,  
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,  
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,  
Sealg nam hoc mu dhos na maoilseach.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

'S maig a rinn fhòghlum san droch-bheit,  
'N déigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhur ploineadh,  
Claigneann 'g am faoisgeadh a copar,  
Mar chinne laoigh 'an déigh am plotadh.

*O ro ro sin, &c.*

## ORAN AIR CRUNADH

RIGH TEAREACH IL.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,  
An ard ghleann munaidh,  
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gàire.

Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,  
Ma's e 's ole leibh,  
Thig an sop á m' bhraghead.  
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanns' orinn a chluinntinn,  
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn;  
Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.  
O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choiseachd,  
Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,  
'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.  
An ceum, &c.

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,  
Bhi stad am priosan,  
'N am theachd an righ g'a àite.  
Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,  
As na cliabhan druidte,  
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn iuchair a gharaidh.  
Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,  
Ma chaidhe an crun ort,  
Dia na shear stiniridh air t-flardaich,  
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,  
Gun aon bhuelle claidheimh,  
'N ainn an athar 's an ard Righ.  
Ma chuaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rioghachd  
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin  
'N coinneamh ri mile ciad failte.  
'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,  
'S measa run dut na mise,  
Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* an drasda,  
'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,  
Air an stormadh le iarunn,  
B' ole na lorgairean riainh ann do gheard iad.  
Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' has' an dùsgadh á eadal,  
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a brachaich,  
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.  
Cha b' has', &c.

Na mearlaich uile chunaibh dh' aon-taobh,  
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunndaidh,  
'S math choisinn le bunndaidh am páigheadh.  
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is eibhinn mur thachair,  
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,  
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.  
Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,  
Nach robh tionnda' mi-cheart orr',  
Bha mo shuilean ga m faicinn an trath ud.  
Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,  
Mur a furtach thu Dhia air,  
A ta feitheamh an larla neo bhaidheil.  
'S ole an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,  
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,  
Glór agus moladh do 'n ard-Righ.  
'N am, &c.

Le maighdeinn sgorr-shuileach smachdail,  
Dh' fhagas giallan gun mheartuinn,  
Dhuineas diairas a Mharcuis mhi-chairdeil.  
Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thùs cha 'n e dheireadh,  
Do Inchedh chusgadh an teine,  
'S mar mo rùn do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.  
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,  
'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,  
Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-iochd a Phàrais.\*  
Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,  
Dol timchioll an domhain,  
Bhrigh coltais toirt comh-thillteachd dhasan.  
Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' thearr dhut na moran,  
No na chruinnich thu stòras,  
Bhi tonian an otraich gu d' ghàradh.  
'S mor a b' thearr, &c.

Na thu flein 's do gheard misgeach,  
Bhi 'n àit as nach tig sibh,  
Mur sgaile *phictair* 'sa 'n sgathan,  
Na thu flein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,  
Bha tarriunn uainn ar euid beartais,  
Chuir an righ mach a *Whitchall* dhuinn,  
Na farabhalaich, &c.

\* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

## LATHA INBHHER-LOCHAILDII.\*

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,  
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,  
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,  
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Dòmhnuill.*

Ax euala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,  
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chnimein;  
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,  
Thug iad as an naimhdean iomain.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Dhírich mi moch madainn dhòmhnaich,  
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,  
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a doi an ordugh,  
'S bha bualadh an là le Clann-Dòmhnuill.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,  
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sùrd 'ur tapaiddh;  
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,  
'S éirig air a chùs mar thachair.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Ged bhiodh Iarlaichd a bhraghaidh,  
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,  
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, no gun àiteach,  
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paigthe.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Air do laimhse Thighearna Lathair,  
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidhean;

'S ioma oglaoch chinne t-athar,  
Tha 'n Inbher-Lochaidh na laidhe.

*H-i rim, &c.*

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,  
Cho math 'sa bha riamb dhet d' chinneadh,  
Nach d' fhead a bbotann thoirt tioram,  
Ach faoghlmh snámh air Bun-Neimheis.†

*H-i rim, &c.*

Sgeul a b' àite 'nuair a thigeadh,  
Air Caim-beulaich nam beul sligneach,  
H-uile dream dhíu mur a thigeadh,  
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.

*H-i rim, &c.*

\* This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

† When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more isome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bouquets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and galling to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:

—“*A Dhùinbhneacha Dhùinbhneacha, cu'mhinchibh 'ur bon-eidean.*”

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhol leatha,  
'S ann bba laoich ga 'n ruith air reothadh,  
'S ioma slaoadanach mor odhar,  
Bha na shineadh air ach'-an-tothair.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na-h-aire,  
Bu lionor spog ùr anu air dhroch shailleadh,  
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,  
'N deigh an sgùrsadh le lannan.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,  
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na srònán,  
Bu lion'or claidheanach clais-ghorm comhnard,  
Bha bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Dòmhnuill.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dhragh na fhalachd,  
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,  
Bha ionganan nan Duimhneach ri talamb,  
An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.

*H-i rim, &c.*

'S lionmhor corp nocte gun aodach,  
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fhraoiche,  
O 'n bhlar an greaste na saoidhean,  
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le firinn,  
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgiobhadh;  
Chaidh na laoich nd gu 'n dicheall  
'S chuir iad maoim air luchd am mì-ruin.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,  
Sheoladh an cuan ri la doillear,  
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,  
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Cha b' e sud an siubhal cearbach,  
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,  
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;  
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhulgaidh.

*H-i rim, &c.*

An t-eun dona chaill a chentaich,  
An Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,  
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,  
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaiteach,  
Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,  
Chuir thu 'n retreuta seach an caisteal,  
Seoladh gle mbath air an leantuin.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.  
 Na 'm biadh agad armuinn Mhuile;  
 Thug thu air na dh' shalbh dhiu fiureach,  
 'S retreut air prâbar an duileisg.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Alsdair Mhic Cholla ghasda,  
 Lanh dbeas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;  
 Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallaibh glasa,  
 'S ma dh-ol iad eal gun chuir thu asd' e.

*H-i rim, &c.*

'M b' aithne dhuihbhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,  
 'S math a bha e air a thothar,  
 Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;  
 Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.

*H-i rim, &c.*

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,  
 'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur paistean  
 Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 'n àraich  
 Donnalaich bhan Earraghæäl.

*H-i rim, &c.*

### LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.\*

LUINNEAG.

*Hò-ro 's fada, 's gur fada,*  
*'S cian fada gu leoir,*  
*O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,*  
*Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;*  
*Na 'n cluinneadh tu fatuann,*  
*Le rabhadh an eoin;*  
*'S gn 'n taoghadh tu 'n rathad,*  
*'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bròn!*

Am leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,  
 Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann;  
 Luchd dhearcadh an iubhair,  
 'Sa chur siubhal fo chramm;  
 'S diombach mise d' ur saothair,  
 'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,  
 Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,  
 Ghearradh braoisi nam beul cam.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
 Chum thu chòdhail gu duineil;  
 'Nuair a shaoil an t-Earl Aorach,  
 Do chuir gun aoibhar a Muile;  
 Bha thu roimhe 'n Dun-eideann,  
 'S dh' fhagh thu leigheart mu choinne,  
 'S gun aon eislein a' t-aigne,  
 Dh'eisid thu chasad an Lunnaidh.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
 'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;

A laoch aigeantaich phriseil,  
 Oig rimheich an àigh:  
 Tha maise an fhiona,  
 Ad ghruaidh dìreach an àird;  
 'S tha thu shliochd nan tri Cholla,  
 Ga 'm biadh loingeas air sàil.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,  
 Do luchd sgaith agus lann;  
 Do na h-oganaich threubhach,  
 Nach euradh *adbhans*;  
 Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,  
 Co da 'n eireadh an call;  
 'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,  
 Ghabh mo laoich-sa gu camp.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'M bruadar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,  
 B' fearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhùisg;  
 'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaid,  
 Ann am plaid air m' ùigh,  
 Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnùis aobhach,  
 'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shnul,  
 B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,  
 'S leum a bhradaidh am bùrn.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

Gur mise bha túrsach,  
 'N am dhomh dùsgadh o m' bhruardar;  
 Bhi faicinn do ehsaibh  
 Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;  
 Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,  
 'S gun mo dhuil thu thig 'n uaithe;  
 Laidh smal air mo shugradh,  
 Gus an duisgear an naigh dhomh.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

Tha pruip air do chul-thaobh,  
 'S math a b' fhùi dhut am faighneachd;  
 Eoin Abrach o'n Ghiùbhsaich,  
 Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth;  
 'S Gilleanbuig a Bhraighe,  
 Gu latha bhràth nach bi 'm foill dut;  
 Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,  
 Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhche leat.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'S iona marcaiche statail,  
 Gar an air' mi ach euid diu;  
 Eadar geata bhraigh Aeninn,  
 Gu slios Blair nam fear loidneach;  
 Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,  
 Agus braighe Bochuidir;  
 Ghabbadh leigeadh gu statail,  
 'N eirig là Tom-a-phubail.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'S iona èganach guineach,  
 Laidir, duilich, do-aithnicht;

\* This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyle and the men of Athol.

Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,  
 'S caol Mhuile nan canach ;  
 Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,  
 Ga 'n iomain do 'n fheamaínn ;  
 Ann an eirig nam muineal,  
 Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.  
*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seanchas,  
 'S mi 'm sheana-ghiullan górách ;  
 Mu 'n do chuir mi erios-féilidh,  
 Os ceann leine no còta ;  
 Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,  
 Ann's gach coinnidh a's còdhail,  
 Gu 'm bu chairdeach an slóinneadh,  
 Siol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnúill.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

A Righ ! nach robb iad an geambairn,  
 Lan teampuill do shluagh ;  
 Do luchd nam beul eama,  
 'S cha b' ainid sud naimh ;  
 'S ioma claidheamh geur guineach,  
 Lairid fulangach cruaidh ;  
 Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,  
 'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

'S b' fhéarr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,  
 Clann-'Illeain nan tuagh ;  
 'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,  
 No claidheamh an truail ;  
 Bheirte mach na b-airm chatha,  
 'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan ;  
 'S ged bu ghuineach na Duimhnich,  
 'S iad siol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

Tha mo run air na gillean,  
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg ;  
 Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,  
 Dhol an iomaist nan arm,  
 Dhol a null thar an linne,  
 Le gillean na Cairge ;  
 'S ionna marbh bhiodh ri shireadh,  
 Air am pilleadh do Clearara.

*Ho ro 's fada, &c.*

### LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dhut a Mharcuis,  
 Díreach, maiseach, gun chromadh ;  
 Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaoil mhala,  
 Nach d' fhas gu balachail, brounach ;  
 Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bàs,  
 Ged tha thu 'n dràsd as an t-sealladh ;  
 Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,  
 Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.\*

\* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,  
 Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic ;  
 Cha robb againn do sgathan,  
 Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnaich ;  
 "Aisling caillach mar a dùrachd,"  
 Gach mio-rùn bha do 'n duin ud ;  
 Ged bu ladurna 'n cùl-chainn,  
 Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tnatha,  
 Gluais am marcus le dhaoine ;  
 Ach togail a bhrrataich,  
 'G iarradh smachd air luchd aobhair,  
 Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,  
 Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine ;  
 Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,  
 Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,  
 Innis fharsuinn nam faochag ;  
 Ged bu daingheann a chlàch i,  
 Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach ;  
 Cha robb cuilibheir caol glaice.  
 No gunna praise gan sgoileadh ;  
 Eadar Innis-Chounain nan canach,  
 Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard Lieutenant o 'n righ thu,  
 Thug thu sgríobh do dh' Earr'ghaél,  
 Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tire,  
 'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud ;  
 Agus He bheag riabhach,  
 Mu 'u iath a mhür sháile ;  
 'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,  
 Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,  
 Na bi falach do rùin oirnn ;  
 Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,  
 Tha thu 'd charaill dhuinn dùbailt ;  
 Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,  
 Na ní ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,  
 A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,  
 Thionndaidh falachd a chrùin ruibh.

'S e do charaид mor dealaidh,  
 Mac 'Ic-Ailein a Muideart,  
 Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaich,  
 Luchd tharruinn nam fiuran ;  
 Cha do chuir cainb shalach ;  
 Na tafuid ealamh ri d' chùl-chraunn,  
 Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,  
 Fhad sa mhaireadh a fiudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,  
 Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut ;  
 Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,  
 'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhéalladh :

Luchd na 'm peighinnean talmhaidb,  
 'S tu dh fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;  
 Cha'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,  
 Na ni'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,  
 Gunna stoitile, 's hannd ðù-ghorm ;  
 Le'n gunnaichean caola,  
 'S na daormuinn ga 'n ginlan :  
 Mac-Laomuinn's Mac-Lachuin,  
 'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,  
 Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughail,  
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o'n Apuinn.

Cha'n iongnadh thusa bhi fiamhach,  
 'N taobb shios do Bhun-atha ;  
 Ged theid Duimhnich gu'n dicheall,  
 'S gu dideann a chlaideimh ;  
 'S leat na thubhaint mi chianamh,  
 Ceart cho direach ri saighead ;  
 'S leat Mac-Iomhuinn an t-Stratha  
 Agus da Mbac-Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluaintinn,  
 Gu'n do stad a chuibh air am muineal ;  
 Nis o'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,  
 'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram ;  
 Ged a Shaoil le Mac-Cailein,  
 E bhi na bharraich air Muile ;  
 B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aige,  
 Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,  
 O nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais !  
 Naile chailleadhbh sibh geoigh ris,  
 Nach b' Thiach an ròsthadh ri teallaich :  
 Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,  
 Na'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh ;  
 'S ged a ghlae sibh le foill e,  
 B'e fein an saighdear bu ghlaione.

Gur maирg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,  
 Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,  
 Na'm biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud,  
 Fhuair iad t-athair fo'n comas ;  
 Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,  
 Chaisteil Bhlair gu gle shioleir ;  
 'S beag bha dhochas an là sin,  
 Gu'm biodh iad páichta na'n comunn.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,  
 Ged bha e grathunn gun tighium ;  
 Chaidh thu'n cuirt na bu leatha,  
 'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh ;  
 Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,  
 Gun satadh biodaig no sgine ;  
 Mur gu'm bathadh tu coinnean,  
 Chaill e'n oigreachd 'sa'n cimeach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mbac Mhoirich,  
 Dhol n'ur coinneamh ach ainneamh ;  
 Na ghabhail mar chompach,  
 Ach fear da'n gealt' bhi na charaid ;  
 'N deigh a Choms-lair Stiubhairt,  
 Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-iocdh,  
 Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,  
 Ann an tir *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sealbhach,  
 'S na dean searbh i gun bhinneas ;  
 'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhach,  
 Do'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein ;  
 Ma chuir an righ an t-slat sgìùrsaidh,  
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh ;  
 Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,  
 Mur bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do'n Righ th' air a chathair,  
 'S maирg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;  
 No ghuidbeadh na bhreig e ;  
 Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic ;  
 Mu's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,  
 Dh-shuaigh thu chlùd air an Luonainn ;  
 Chaill thu'n luireach 's na breidean,  
 'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa'n duthaich,  
 'N ranutar-bùth bh' aig na luchan ;  
 'S iad a trusadh ri chéile,  
 Na'n droch reisemeid curta ;  
 'Nuaир bha eagal a chait orr' ;  
 Chaidh droch sgapadh an cui'd diu ;  
 'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa'n robh phlaigh dhiu,  
 Sgrios gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-àmrai,  
 A bheisid ghrannud 'sa chrain mhullaich ;  
 Cha robb an sabhal nan àth dhiu,  
 Beisid le'n àl nach do chruinnich,  
 Nuair bha'm mòd ga'r cruaidh shàrachd'  
 'S na cuird a fasgadh ma'r muineil ;  
 'S ann an sud a bha'n gàtar,  
 Co a chàradh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa'm bun rutha,  
 Cha'n eil iad buidheach da'r'n an-iocdh ;  
 Mar chlach an ionad au uibhe,  
 Na'm biodh luitheachd na'n teangaidh ;  
 B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,  
 Bhi ga'r biadhadh an an-iocdh ;  
 Math an agaidh an uile,  
 Chuir mi luchd-sa'n Aird-reanaich.

'Nuaир bha'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,  
 Bha sibh urranta mòdhár ;  
 Am blaidhna chaill sibh an currachd,  
 'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach :

Chail an t-larl air 'ur turas,  
Mheud 'sa bhuining e mhàl oirbh ;  
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,  
Bhi ri cruinneachadh cnàmhraig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,  
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaith*,  
'N deigh latha Roinn-Lòthunn ;  
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar earlais,  
Mheall sibh null than ar abhuinn,  
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair ;  
Chuir sibh 'n laimb an toll-dubh iad,  
'S loisg sibh duthaich iarl Earlaidh.\*

Tha thu 'd mbareus am bliadhna,  
'S ad shàr iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn ;  
'S ged a dheanadh iad diùne dhiot,  
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite ;  
Tha do thiotl cho hionor,  
Chumail dion air do chairdean ;  
Gearan rìgh fo d' smachd orduidh,  
'S tha thu d' mhòir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

### ORAN AIR RIGH UILLEAM AGUS BAN-RIGH MAIRL

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-rinn h-â rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,*  
*Hi-rinn h-â rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,*  
*Biodh gach duine agaibh brònach,*  
*Air son foirneart mo righ.*

'N DIUGH chuala' mi naidheachd,  
Air alt nach b'ainhealach leinn,  
'N an cumadh e chasan—  
'S gu boideh an t-ath-cgeul cho binn—  
Righ Seumas le farum,  
Cur a dharach na still ;  
O'n 's leat uachdar na mara,  
Gluais a's taruinn gu tìr.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Mhic Mhuire na b-òighe,  
Coinhead foinneart mo righ ;  
Co b'urrainn da'r smàladh—  
Ach do lamhans' bhi leinn :  
Faic a nis prionns Orans',  
Cur na eòir os a cinn ;  
Aeb as do chobhair, a Shlan-'ear,  
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tìnn.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

A Righ chumhaehdaich, fheartaich,  
Ga 'm beil beacheal air gach nì,  
Cunn air aghaidh an ecartas—  
An lagh seachranach pill :  
\* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faie luchd nam breid dàite,  
Bhi gun dealt ann ri'n linn ;  
'S ma tha 'n eueoir nan aigneadh,  
Beum do shlat os an ciuu.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'N uair a thainig thu Sbasunn,  
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreannais ;  
Seilbh chòir thoirt air eigin,  
O athair ceile thug bean dut.  
Cha bi reull nan dùilean,  
Bha deanadh iuill dut 'san ain-eol ;  
Mar bha roimh na tri rigrean,  
'N uair bha Tosa na leanabh.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Thug thu 'm fillais an t-Slàn'ear,  
Sgeula gràin do luchd teagasig ;  
'S gur mòr am fà näire,  
'S an coig àintean a bhriseadh.  
A nighean fhéin, 's mac a pheathar,  
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgriobtnir,  
Mar bheun ghearan 'sa chathair,  
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sloichd e.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'S fior mhallaichte 'n lànan,  
Chum an Spàin anns an roinn ud ;  
Seilbh chòir thoirt a db-aindeoin,  
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaighteir :  
Ged' a stadhach an claidheamh,  
Gun bhuisse chaith' ach na rinn e,  
Bi'dh gach ful 'g eigheach am flaitheas,  
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidheche.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'S maig a chreideadh droch naidheachd,  
Thig tro amhaich a nàmhaid,  
Chuireadh fùdar na ghreadan,  
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnàthaicht ;  
'S lionor lunn tha na teine,  
'S a ghrund' 'n do spealadh an grain-shop  
Ach, chi sinn fhathasd sud diolte,  
Mas' a fior a ta 'n fhàistium.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'N uair chaidh Whitchall losgadh,  
Bu mhàll do choiseachd gun bhrògan ;  
'S mi nach rachadh le pairti,  
Air mhire, bhàthadh, na töite.  
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,  
B'fhaoin an eruadal, 's an seoltachd ;  
Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruidhe !  
Ach a lughadh 's a fhuairean dhiu an ròsthadh  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Cha tig ach rùcas a's ealgan,  
O chruitean cealgach an ràbuill ;  
Cuiribh an t-aibhsideasail ris—  
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aiceheadh.

Cleas end bean a chruiteir,  
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gáraidh ;  
Thog iad airson mar uirsgeul,  
Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbh-bhrathair.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,  
Thog na deomhain ga dhibeirt !  
'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,  
Ach mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd mi-ruin ;  
Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,  
An nead clannach an fhireoin ;  
Mac muice a bhalaich,  
Shalcha fala nan righrean.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'S maирg righ a rinn cleamhna,  
Ri Dùitseach shantach gun trocair ;  
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnàs da,  
Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rògaир.  
Ged' a thug thu dha Mairi  
Air laimh, chum a pòsaidh,  
Ghabh e t-oighreachd a t-an-toil  
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Bha mac aig righ Daibhidh,  
'S bu deas àill air ceann sluaigh e,  
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,  
S am fear nach cùir da bhuaireadh ;  
'N uair a sgaoileadh am blàr siu,  
Thug Dia páigheadh na dhuais da ;  
'S o'n bu droch duinne cloinn e,  
Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,  
Do phriónns Orains gun diadhachd,  
Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,  
Cha b' ionann bàs dut 'sa dh' iarrainn ;  
Ach mo suilean bhi t-fhaicinn,  
Edar eachabh gá d' stíalladh ;  
Dol a d' smaladh 's an adhar,  
Mar luithe dhaigte ga criathradh.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Sgrìos gun iarmad, gun duilleach,  
Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhàin duibh ;  
Gun sloichd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,  
Do għniomh broinne droch Mháiri ;  
Ged' a ghlaċadha na theum e,  
'S farstuun beul a mhie-lamhaich ;  
A shean staivoi bhi 'n cunnart,  
Aig na riuu tha thrusadha a cráineig.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Ach senn gun tuisleadh air Mairi,  
'S ole an làn tha na tegsaid ;

'N ar fhaicear laogh càraig,  
Nuas gu lár as a pocá.  
Cha bhi 'n sean fhacail elaoite,  
Air neo 's claoen theid a thogail ;  
Tha 'n dà shant 's an droch mhñaoi ud,  
'S annsadh \*\*\* le no bōban.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Ach na 'n tigeadh an righ sin,  
'S a mbac dileas air aidmheil,  
Ged' a theireadh priónns Orains,  
Nach h-i choir a bhi againn,  
Cha bu mho orra Uilleam,  
Air sráid Lunnaid an Sasunn,  
'N ceann fhuaðach deth mhñineal,  
Na cluas cuilein an radain.

*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Priónns Orains a mhì-rath,  
Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,  
'S còir an duilleag so thionadh,  
Air a bhan-righ nach creid e.  
Ma shaoil am bitth-shanntach sanntach  
Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud ;  
Na a ruitheachd le lànnan,  
Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

B'fhearr gu 'n buaileadh e'n *stailese*,  
Tus a *bhaidse* bu choir dha,  
N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhùinn,  
Mar fhuair righ Pháro, 's a sheorsa ;  
Mar bba chombairle bħreige,  
Chuir righ Seumas air fògradh ;  
Aithris cleas nan droch righrean,  
Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Righ-boam*.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

Sgeul buan e do'n mheareaid,  
'S nach tog a mac a cuiid oighreachd ;  
'S ion dith cùram a għabbail,  
Mu'n dùncar cathair na soills' orr ;  
Thoill i mallachd a h-athar,  
O'u għabha t-aibhsteir greim dh'i ;  
'S ole an dùchas a lean rith,  
Chuinnit a seanaid na throiteir.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,  
Ma riun am Frangach a thapadh—  
Ma għlaċadha leis *Monsai*,  
Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,  
Bu mhath gu'm biodh an *abdhansa*,  
Air a tionsadh gu Sasunn ;  
Na gu faicte an cunntar,  
Cho għrad ri tionsa nan cairtean.  
*Hi-rinn, &c.*

\* Rehoboam, poetically.

Ach ma stad air an diùc sin,  
 'S nach e a run tigh'n ní's fhaide ;  
 Leig e cadal do'n chirein—  
 Stad a sgriob mar a chleachd e ;  
 Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth :  
 'N uair tha leighheart mu'n chaisteal,  
 B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an eileach,  
 No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.  
*Hi-riuin, &c.*

Mu tha e'n dàm dhut teachd dhachaigh,  
 'S nàr dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad ;  
 Ged'a fhuaire thu pairt leonaidh,  
 Ri àm fògraidd righ Sheumas ;  
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipeir,  
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaidh,  
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,  
 Ma's fior *Tòmas an Rèumair.*  
*Hi-riuin, &c.*

#### AN IORRAM DHARAICIL DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,  
 'S trom eulsainteach m'aigne,  
 'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean,  
 'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,  
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,  
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè moch la Càisge.  
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè, &c.

Dia na stiùir air an darach,  
 A dh' thalbh air tùs an t-sinil mhara,  
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràghadh.  
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge be àm cur a choire e,  
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,  
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhàta.  
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh cùch cur ri gniomhadh,  
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diombain,  
 G' ol nag ucagan fiou' air a faradh.  
 G' ol na ucagan fiou, &c.

Cha bu mharcaich eich leumnaich,  
 A bhui'n geadh geall reis ort,  
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid oseannn sàile.  
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,  
 Air chuan meanmach nan dronnag,  
 'S ionna gleann ris an earrachd i h-earrach.  
 'S ionna gleann ris an earrachd, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiuir oir',  
 'N àm bhi fagail na dùthcha,  
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain dù-ghlais fo h-earrlinn,  
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheanbhà,  
 Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,  
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le bàrlinn,  
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fairbirnich threubhach,  
 'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,  
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé air ramh bràghad,  
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé, &c.

'Nuair a dh'fhalachte na hoinn d'ì,  
 'S nach faighte lan siuil d'ì,  
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lùghadh nar àlach.  
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gunn euslain,  
 Ach ag freagradh dh'a chéile,  
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird orr',  
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,  
 Bu ro mhath siubhal a daraich,  
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoill-Acuin.  
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,  
 Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,  
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràgh-gheadh.  
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

Cha bu bbruchag air meirg'i,  
 Fhuair a treachadh le h-eirbheit,  
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gabbhadh.  
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,  
 Luchd-mhor, ard-ghualleach dhionach,  
 Gur lionmhor lann iaruinn m'a h-earraich.  
 Gur lionmhor lann iaruinn, &c.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,  
 Shinbhàil ghleann gun bhi curaidh,  
 'S buill chainbe ri fulagan àrda.  
 Buill chaineaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,  
 Do mhac oighre 's mor cùram,  
 'S e do stoile fhuair clù measg nan Gàel.  
 'S e do stoile fhuair clù, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,  
 Dh'bam bu chubhaidh bhi'n Sléibhte,  
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte Dun-sgathaich.  
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,  
('S blath na bric ort san eudainn)  
Mur mist' thu ro mhend 's a do náir innt.  
Mur mist' thu ro mhead, &c.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,  
Ged nach cuir mi an eceil e,  
Mhic an fhír leis an eireadh na Braigheich.  
Mhic an fhír leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Tréig thu,  
'S o Shrath Oisein nan reidhlean,  
Gheibhite broic, agus féidh air a h-aruinn.  
Gheibhite broic, agus féidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,  
Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guaillean,  
Thig o Bhrugháichean fuar Charn-na-Láirge.  
Thig o Bhrugháichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,  
Clann Iain o'n Einnean,  
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgàthach.  
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh òganach trenbhach,  
'S glae-crom air chùl sgéith air  
Thig a steach leat o sgéith meall-na-Lairge.  
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,  
Gun eagal, gun easlain,  
'Nuaire chluinneadh iad fén do chrois-tàra.\*  
'Nuaire a chluinneadh iad fén, &c.

MARBHRANN  
DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamh,  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,  
Righ ! 's deacair dhomh tàmh 's mi beo.  
Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dùn,  
Dhù-fhag smith' air mo shùili,  
'Sa bhi faicinn do thùr gun cheò.  
'Se do, &c.

\* "Crois-tàra," or "crann-tàra," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dip in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1715, by lord Breadalbane, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Spior-thine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carrig-thura." The last mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremiah to denote distress, chap. vi. 1.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,  
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le srein,  
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas òg.  
Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuaire a rachadh tu stri,  
Ann an armait an righ,  
Bhiodh iain dhoillaid air mil-each gorm.  
Nuaire a racha', &c.

'Nuaire a rachadh tu mach,  
B' ard a chluinnte do smachd,  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.  
Nuaire a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,  
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamh,  
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dhò.  
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,  
'S fir a bhraighe so shnuas,  
'S Mac Ghirogair o Ruadh-shruth chnd.  
Chlainn Iein, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,  
O bhraighe nan gleann,  
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoil.  
Clainn, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a rìs,  
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,  
Crunair gasda na 'n righ bhrat sròil.  
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia,  
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,  
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beò.  
Gu 'm faiceadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,  
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,  
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt èg.  
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,  
'S iad an lasadh gu geur,  
Urlar farsuini mu 'n eighte 'n t-òl.  
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,  
A lionadh dibhe b' flearr blas,  
Fion Spainteach dearg ac agus beoir.  
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,  
Rachadh 'n tarigead ga dhioi,  
Gheibhite 'n gloin e mar ghrìog an èir.  
Uisge beatha, &c.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n àllt,  
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,  
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.  
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,  
Ga 'm bu shuaithcheantas fraoch,  
Och mo chreach ! nach d'-fhaod iad bhi beò.  
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,  
Air nach cualas mi-chliù,  
Thig le Alasdair sunndach òg.  
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuirt réidh,  
Gabhlail dhàin dhaibh le 'm beul,  
Aun ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.

Bhiodh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuiilig am bàs,  
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,  
Na leig mulad gu bràth na 'r coir.  
Fhir a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,  
Sior thuireadh do rannt,  
Bi'dh mi sgur auns au àm is còir.  
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

### MARBHRANN

DO DHP ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

Mi 'g eiridh 'sa mhadainn,  
Gur beag in' aiteas ri sùgradh,  
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,  
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghiùlan ;  
'S ann am flaitheas na failte,  
Tha ceannard àiliadh na dùthcha ;  
Sár choirnileir foinnidh,  
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrùn thu.

### LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò's fada 's gur fada,*  
*'S cian fada mo bhròn,*  
*O 'n latha chàradh gu h-iosal,*  
*Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhòd,*  
*Tha mo chrid-sa ciù尔te,*  
*Cha deam mi sùgradh ri m' bhed,*  
*O 'n dh-fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,*  
*Oighre dualchas an t-Sròim.*

'S maig a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,  
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich ;

Dh' éireadh stuadh an clàr t-aodainn,  
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh ;  
Sud am phearsa neo-sgàthach,  
'N t-sùil bu bhlaithe gun ghaiseadh ;  
Gu 'm biodh maoim air do naimhdean,  
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Fhuair thu 'n clù sin o thoiseach,  
'S cha b' olc e ri innseadh ;  
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlàr thu,  
Nach gabhadh sgàth roimh luchd phicean ;  
No roi' shaighdeirean deurga,  
Ged a b' armalitean rìgh iad ;  
Le 'n ceannardan fuitteach,  
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,  
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh ;  
Gur tu oighre 'n larl Ilich.  
Nach tug eis le gniomh foilleil ;  
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruittheach,  
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,  
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,  
Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,  
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-thasain ;  
Ann an gliocas 'sa géire,  
An clù, an ceuaidh 'sa gaisge ;  
Thug Dia gibhtean le buaidh dhut,  
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn ;  
Fhir bu chiuine na mhaighdeann,  
S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair,  
O 'n chaidh an ionairt so tuathal ;  
O latha blàir Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,  
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean ;  
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,  
'N treasa conspunnn bhi bhuatha ;  
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,  
'N thuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean ;  
Chleachd mar àbhaist bhi suairee ;  
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,  
Caitpeine smachdail a chruadail ;  
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte ;  
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal ;  
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,  
Triùir chonnsphùnn cho cruaidh riù.

*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Chriosda dh-fhuilic am bìs duinn,  
 O 'n 's tu ar *patron* ùrnaigh ;  
 Cum an t-aog o dha bhrrathair,  
 Fhad 'sa b' àill leinn le dùrachd ;  
 Dheanadh treis do 'n àlach,  
 So dh-fhag e gun sùilean ;  
 'Sliochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n àrimuinn,  
 Nach tugadh each an sgiath chùil deth.  
*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

'Nuair threig cùch an cuiid fearainn,  
 'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd ;  
 'Sheas thusa gu fearail,  
 'S cha b' ann le sgainnel a shin thu ;  
 Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,  
 Seach ar dorsaibh g' ar dionadh ;  
 Gu 'n robb t-fhaigsein cho làdir,  
 Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rìoghail.  
*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,  
 Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut ;  
 Gu 'm bioldh toiseach gach naidheachd,  
 Gu lamhan an chàirteir ;  
 Seobhaig firinneach suairee,  
 Choisian cruadal gach cuise ;  
 Ceannard mhaithcean a's uaislean,  
 Aig an t-slugh 's iad ga ghiùlan.  
*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri inseadh,  
 Sa bhi g' a leirsinn le 'r sùitean ;  
 Do mhac oighir' ann a t-hearan,  
 Mur bu mhath le luchd dùrachd ;  
 Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,  
 Luaidhe għlas le neart fùdaidr ;  
 Troimh 'n eridh' air a fiaradh,  
 Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.  
*Ho-ro 's fada, &c.*

### CUMHIA MHONTROISE

Mi gabhair Seath Dhruim-uachdair,  
 'S beag m'aighear anna an nair so,  
 Tha'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,  
 'S cha'u e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,  
 M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhùth orm,  
 Cha'n usa leam an sgriobhs,  
 Thainig air an rioghachd bhochd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain  
 Aig Farbhalach gun fhirinn,  
 Bhar a chulpa dhirich  
 'S e cuiid de m'dhiobhail ghoijt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,  
 'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marbhadh  
 Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,  
 Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel  
 Fo bhrnid aig righ na h-Eiphit,  
 Tha sinn air a chor cheudna,  
 Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siue."

Ar righ an déis a chrùnad,  
 Mu'n gann a leum e ùr-fhas,  
 Na thaistealach bochd, ruisgte,  
 Gun gheard, gun chüirt, gun choisd'.

'G a fharr-fhuadach as àite,  
 Gun duine leis deth chàirdean,  
 Mar luing air uachdar sàile,  
 Gun stiuir, gun ràmh, gun phort.

Cha téid mi do Dhun-eideann,  
 O dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreumnsich,  
 An leoghaunn fearail, treubhach,  
 'G a chensadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fior dhuin usal,  
 Nach robb de'n linne shuaraich,  
 Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadbach,  
 'N àm tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chailc, bu ro mbath dhùthadh,  
 Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhungaich,  
 Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgadh,  
 Cha ruisg mi chàch e nocht.

Mhic Neill,\* a Asainn chianail,  
 Na'n glacain ann am lioun thu,  
 Bhiodh m'fhaical air do bhinn,  
 'S cha diobrainu thu o'n chroich.

\* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of those instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."\* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Ardt-bhreach, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

• Bishop Wishart.

Nan tachrainns a's tu fén,  
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite  
Bhiodh uisge dubh na féithe,  
Dol troimh chéile a's poc.

Thu fén as t-athair céile  
Fear taighe sin na Leime,  
Ged chrochte sibh le chéile  
Cha b'eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh rùisg' de'n Abhall bhreugach,  
Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun cheutaidh,  
Bha riabh ri murt a chéile,  
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

Marbh-phags ort a dhì-mheis,  
Nach ole a reic thu'm firean,  
Air son na mine Litich  
A's da trian d'i goirt.\*

## C U M H A

## DO SHIR DOMHNUL SHLEIBHTE.

'S cian 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmh,  
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phràmh,  
'S nach cadal dhomh seannh 's tim eiridh,  
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,  
Dreach an aoig ait mo ghruaidh,  
Is rinn e eudail bhochd thruadh da fén diom.  
Laidh an aois, &c.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach là,  
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghnuà,  
Air mo chùise cha rà-sgeul breig e.  
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhiom,  
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,  
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.  
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chiail mi àrmainn mo stuic,  
Mo sgith laidair 's mo phruip,  
Iad ri àiteach an t-sluite a's feur orr'.

Chiail mi àrmainn mo stuic,

Fàth mo mhire 's mo cholg,  
Thaoibh gach iomairt so dh' thalbh,  
Luathais air 'nimeachd air lòrg a chéile.  
Fàth mo mhire, &c.

\* Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M'Lcol of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

Mhùch mo mheoghaill 's mo mheas,  
Na daoil bhi cladhach blur fios,  
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo líc de leugaibh.  
Mhùch mo mheoghaill, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,  
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,  
Chuir e lighad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fleum air.  
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bàs Shir Domhnail bho 'n Chaol,  
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaoil,  
Dh'fhág mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm lèireadh.  
Bàs Shir Domhnail, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mbiann,  
Gu dàna ladurna, dian,  
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.  
Sann ruit a labhrainn, &c.

Tha ionad smuainte bochd truadh,  
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair.  
Bho 'n la chaochail air smuadh fir t-eugais.  
Tha ionmad smuainte, &c.

Leoghañ fireachail àigh  
Miunte, spioradail, àrd,  
Umhail, irfosal, fearragha, treubhach.  
Leoghañ fiorachail, &c.

Léig nan arm a's nan each,  
Reunail, aireil, gun aire,  
Gheng thu 'n Arnamail għlas nan déideag.  
Leig nan arm is nan each &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phràmh,  
Do thuath 's do phaighbearan māl,  
Uaislean t-shearrainn 's gach län-fhear-fusaig.  
Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha mhnaí bheul-dearg a bhruit.  
Ri cäll an eille sa'm fuit,  
Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.  
Bha mhnaí bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoin,  
Thog iad tasgaidh mo għaoil,  
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.  
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An eiste għiubhais nam bòrd,  
'N truall chumbhainn na's leor,  
'N deis a dhùsgadh bho 'n t-sròl air speċieċan.  
'N eiste għiubhais nam, &c.

Gu englais Shleibhnan stuadh,  
Chosg thu fejn ri cuir suas,  
Ge d' nach d'fħuirich thu buan ri sgleutad.  
Gu englais Shleibhnan, &c.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,  
 Bha fial farsuinn na'u grunnid,  
 Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rùm gun leud iad.  
 Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnùis,  
 Fear bu mhìn bha de 'n triùir,  
 Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas,  
 Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,  
 'S cha bu gna leat bhi crian,  
 'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.  
 Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola phàididh do mhiann,  
 'N am dhaibh falbh bhuat gu dian,  
 'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.  
 Cha bhola pàidhidh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,  
 'S iad a gabhairt na's leoir,  
 Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.  
 De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhòrd gun time gun ghruaim,  
 Le òl, 's le ionart, 's le suadh,  
 Is ceol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.  
 Mu bhòrd gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,  
 Dh-fhag do pannal fo bròn,  
 Gn'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eigne.  
 Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc,  
 Far na bhuannaich thu 'm blàr,  
 Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.  
 Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,  
 Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,  
 Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.  
 Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seòid,  
 Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leòn,  
 B' ann diu Raonull a's Eoin a's Seumas.  
 Bu neo chraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi rùn ach gu foil,  
 Do n-àl ùr 's th'air teachd òrrnn,  
 Bho nach dùisgear le ceòl Sir Seumas.  
 Cha dean mi rùn, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,  
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart,  
 'S fada bho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sibh.  
 Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blàth an leab' air bhur cinn,  
 Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,  
 Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le fóile.  
 'S blàth an leab, &c.

Thuirt mi 'n urrad ud ribb,  
 Tha mi m' urainn a sheinn,  
 'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.  
 Thuirt mi 'n uraid, &c.

## AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

## GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUIL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requitted by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

## B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

Ge socrach mo leabaidh,  
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,  
Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,  
A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,  
'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,  
Bhi siubhal ghlagagan caol,  
Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,  
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan sàor.  
  
'S oil leanm càradh na frithé,  
'S mi bhi 'n Lìte nan long,  
Eadar ceann Saileas Sì-phort,  
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,  
An tric an d'iarr mi damh-donn,  
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,  
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.  
  
Cha'n eil agam cù gleusda,  
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,  
Cha suidh mi air bachdan,  
Air sliabh fad o chàch,  
Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,  
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim bàin,  
'S cha sgoail mi mo luaidhe,  
An Gleann-Ruathain gu bràth.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghráidh uallach,  
 A thogadh suas ris an áird,  
 Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,  
 'S air bu shuarach an eil,  
 'S mise fóin nach tug fuath dhuibh,  
 Ged a b'fhuar am mios Máiigh.  
 'S tric a dh'tbuiling mi cradal,  
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgáth.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,  
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhòrd,  
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,  
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;  
 Uisge-beatha math dubait,  
 Cha be b'fhìù leat ri òl,  
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,  
 A's uisge luineach an lòin.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,  
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh lochd,  
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,  
 Ach fior ghualainn nan cnoc,  
 'S nach fuiligeadh an t-sradag,  
 A lasadh r'i corp,  
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruidh-chas,  
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich cíile,  
 Nam eiridh ri driùchd,  
 Cha'n fhraigheadh tu bend da,  
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu  
 Sibh an glacaibh a chéile,  
 Am fior euadainnan nan stùc,  
 'S ann am eiridh na gréime,  
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shùl.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,  
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chléibh,  
 Dol a ghabhail a chrónain,  
 Air a mhointeach bhuiig réidh,  
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,  
 Bu ghile feaman a's céir  
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhòiche,  
 A's bu bhrisge lòghmhorra ceum.

*Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.*

## MARBHIRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHIONUILL.\*

B' FHEARR am mor ole a chluinntinn,  
 Bhrigh ionradh na fhaicinn;  
 Dhomhsa b' flurasd' sud innse,  
 Rug air 'm intiun trom shac dheth;  
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhulang.  
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;  
 Rainig croim-sgian o 'n aog mi,  
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhág fodha dhomh 'n coite,  
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,  
 'S mi gun shear air barr again,  
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dùsal;  
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth tràigh orm,  
 Rug muir báitht' air a chul sin,  
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bàs dut,  
 Gus an dh fhág mi thu 'n crùiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thùrsa,  
 Nach duisgear le teud thu,  
 Na le tòrgan na fidhle,  
 Mo dhìobhail 'm leir-chreach;  
 Fhir a chumadh i dìonach,  
 Dh' aindeoin siontan ga 'n eiread,  
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,  
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so sgríob mi,  
 Thug dhiom m' earr agus m' fhéusag,  
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an ràsair,  
 Thrusas cnàmhain a's fíthean;  
 Dh-fhag sud mise dheth craiteach,  
 Dh-aindeoin dài gu ro chreuchdach;  
 Cha dean ballan no sàbh dheth,  
 Mise slàn gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,  
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leònadh,  
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,  
 Coig bliadhna roimh 'n òrdugh;  
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt pàigheadh,  
 A' meud m' àilleas as m' òige,  
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhàis orm,  
 Os ciomh chàich cha b'e m' òrdugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghaill,  
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dòlum,  
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,  
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònadh;  
 Leigeam fios thun a bhreitheamh,  
 Nach iarr slighe gu dò-bheart,

\* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e " Port Raoghuill uidhir,"\*  
Mur nach bu dligheach is ceòl domh.

"S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-inne ;  
Ge b' e sgrìobhadh i 'n tèadh-bhuinn ;  
O 'n là riunn thu feum duine,  
Gus' n do chuireadh 'sa 'n làr thu ;  
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sios leat,  
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-siladh ;  
'S mor na b' fheudar dhomh fhìnlang,  
Mo bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

"S bochd an ruinngil fhuathais,  
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,  
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,  
'N latha ghloaiseadh gu tèmh leat ;  
Ge b'e neach is mo buannachd,  
'N lorg luathair a bhàis so,  
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuaighe,  
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-àruinn.

Cha chnis farmaid mo lethid ;  
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spìllidh ;  
Bhuin an t-eug dhiom gu huileach,  
Barr a's ionall mo chùirte ;  
'S feudar tamailte fhìnlang,  
Gun dion bull' air mo chùl-thaobh,  
Stad mo chlàidheamh na dhuille,  
'S bâth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

\* *Raoghuill odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose :—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a fachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghuill uidhir*," "Dun Donald's tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and uproarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say : " *Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghuill uidhir* " i.e., "I will make you sing 'Dun Ronald's tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas :—

" Be so an talamh mi shealbhach !  
Tha gun chlàdach gun ghabhlach gu'n chòs ;  
Ann an rachainn da'm fhàlach,  
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh faisg oirn.

*Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,*  
*Tha mi cinnsealach gur beag a bhios beò*  
*Chi mi lasadh an fhùdar,*  
*Chluinn mi sgàileadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd !*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,  
Fhuair mi clàidheamh nach lùb ann am dhòrn,  
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,  
Ciod a feum a ni 'n àrmach sin dhomh.s?

*Tha mi tinn, &c.*

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,  
Air làn a chaisteal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,  
Oich ! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh !  
Ciod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh.s?"

*Tha mi tinn, &c.*

Bhinn an t-eug creach gun toir dhiom  
Dh' aindeoin oigradh do dhùthchea ;  
Dh' ftag e m' aigneadh fo dhòruinn,  
'S bhuail e bròg air mo chuinneadh ;  
'S trom a dh' fhinasgail e deoir dhomb,  
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubhlaidh ;  
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,  
Bhi fo bhòrd annu an dùnadh.

Bu deas déile mo sbior-ruith,  
'S gu 'm bù dionach mo chlàraidh ;  
Bha mo chala gun diobradh,  
Ga mo dhion as gach sàradh' ;  
Riamh gus 'taining an dil orm,  
Dh' ftag fo mhighean gu bràth mi ;  
'S ard a dh' éirich an staile-s' orm,  
Chuir i as domh ma m' àirnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,  
Bha ga m' rnagadh' o 'n tràth sin ;  
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,  
Leis 'u do għluais mi mar chearrach ;  
'N cluich a shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,  
Dh' fhaqie għluasad air tāileasg ;  
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,  
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh maill' air mo fħradharc,  
'S nach taqghail mi 'n ard-beanneu ;  
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadħach,  
Pong cha u' iarr mi air clàrsach ;  
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,  
M' osnadh għeurb air bheag tābħachd ;  
Fad mo rè bidh mi 'g acain,  
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-àilleas.

Ach dleasaïdh faighidinn furtachd,  
Nach faic thu chuisseal ga luaihead ;  
Air fear na teasaich 'sa 'n fbiabrais,  
'S gearr mu shioldah a bħruaidlein ;  
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisead,  
Ni fear math beairette dh' i suaneach ;  
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,  
Ceann da shlait thug a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bba mi am ghille,  
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shir Seumas,  
Mar ri comħlan dheth m' chiuñeadh,  
Seoladh air spinnejg do dh' Eirinn ;  
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,  
Għabb mi għorrax mu d' dheighinn ;  
Chaili thu lan mèise feedair,  
Air do shrōin do 'n fħuil ghleġe dhearg.

Luchd a chaiteadha nan cuaintean,  
'S moch a għluaiseadh gu surdail,  
Le 'n àlach chalpannau cruaidhe,  
Bu bheag roimh 'n fħuaradħ an curam ;

Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,  
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiùrach ;  
'S fear math beartir air a gualainn,  
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thìr dhuinn,  
Bu neo-inhiodhoir ar lòisteann,  
Cornach, cupanach, fionach,  
Glaineach, liontaith a stòpaibh ;  
Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,  
'S taile air uigh na 'm foirnibh ;

Dhomh-sa b' fhurasd' sud innse  
Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois òige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,  
'S bha mo chadal gle chomhnard,  
Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,  
An caoin chadal gun fhòtus ;  
Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhileas,  
Ga mo dhion o gach dòrainn,  
'S e euid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,  
Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chòrach.

## DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

## DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacLachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass through the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr Artt M'Lachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

## ORAN DO DIU ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laoigh mo chéille,  
Co chunnaike no dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn,  
Dh' fhag thu na miltean 's na ceudan,  
'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid féin ann,  
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail etruim,

Cas chruiinneachadh 'n t-sluagh ri chéille,  
Cha deanar cogadh as t-éugais,  
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite,  
'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,  
Gu 'n robb an rìgh mur tha mi féin dut.

*E-hò, hi u hò, rò hò eile,*  
*E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri ù,*  
*Hò hi ù ro, o hò ò eile,*  
*Mo dhiobhail dith nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlàrsach, a's m' fhiodhall,  
 Mo theud chiùil 's gach àit am bithinn,  
 'Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'm nighinn,  
 'S e thogadh m' inninn thu thighinn,  
 Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhruthinn,  
 'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhligh oirr'.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

Mhoire 's e mo run am firionn,  
 Cha bhluachaille bhò 'sa 'n innis,  
 Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,  
 Marcaich nan steud 's leoir a mhire,  
 Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghillean,  
 'S nach seachnuadh an toir ionairt,  
 Ghaolaich na 'n deanadh tu pilleadh,  
 Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu shreadh,  
 Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—  
 Pòg o ghruaigach dhuinn an fhirich.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' àit leam,  
 Ceann Mhic-Cailein ann am achlain,  
 Cailein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,  
 'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghlaicadh,  
 Bu shunndach a ghelbhinn cadal,  
 Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dilinn,  
 'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,  
 'S cha b' ann an eagar fo 's 'n iosal,  
 Tha do dhreach mar dh' òrdraigheach righ e,  
 Falt am boineidh tha sìnteach,  
 Sàr mhuisg ort no cuilibhear,  
 Dh'eigheige geard an cuirt an righ leat,  
 Ceist na 'm ban o'n Chaisteal Illeach,  
 Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

Domhnnullach gasda mo ghaoil thu,  
 'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchais Ghlinne-Faochain.  
 Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine,  
 Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoleachd,

Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,  
 Far an òlte fion gu greadhnach.  
*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

Mhoire 's e mo rùn an t-òigear,  
 Fiughantach aigeantach spòrsail,  
 Ceannard da ceathairne moire,  
 'S mise nach diultadh do chòmhraadh,  
 Mar ri cuideachd no am ouar,  
 Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,  
 O 'n tir am faighte na geoidh-ghlas,  
 'S far am faigheadh fir fhalamh stòras.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,  
 'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,  
 Aig a liuthad larla a's mòair,  
 Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach,  
 Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,  
 Thig Mac-Dhonuill duibh o Lochaidh,  
 Bidh Sir Seamus ann le mhor fhir,  
 Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,  
 'S t-fhuilt ghreadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,  
 'S deas tarruinn nan geur lann gleoiste.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

'S na 'n saoileadh cinneadh t-athar,  
 Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do gheleidheadh,  
 'S iona fear gunna agus claidheamh,  
 Chotalchean uain' 'bhreacan dhathan,  
 Dh' eireadh leat da thaobh na h-amhunn,  
 Cho lionmhor ri ibbt an draighinn.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

Mhoire 's iad mo ruu an comunn,  
 Luchd na 'n cul buidhe a's donna,  
 Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,  
 Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonndadh,  
 Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,  
 'S a thogadh creach o mhuinnitir Thomaidh.

*E-ho i u ho, &c.*

*Note.*—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, the poetess was not necessitated to make all her stanzas of equal length. We know of other even good songs in similar style; and, perhaps, it is in some measure owing to this circumstance that the fertility of imagination, and raciness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marbhraun Iain ghairbh*, at page 26, is an instance of this.

## SILIS NIGHEAN MHIC RAONAILL.

CICELY OF JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raoghaill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to a gentleman of the family of Lovat, and lived with him in *Moraghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin'sa theanga shróil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu bràch le ceòil na clàrsach*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung :—

“ Nuair a ghlaicadh tu do chlàrsach,  
Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lamh rium,  
Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh,  
Do chuir chiuil-sa's mo ghabhail dhan-sa.”

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr M'Kenzie of Gruineard called "*An obair nogha*." Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song "*Alasdair a Glinne-Garaidh*" is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness ; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

## MARBHIRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

'S i so bliadhna 's faid' a chlaoidh mi,  
Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaoilteas,  
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgoileadh,  
Gun stiùir, gun seal, gun ràmh, gun taoman.

*O 's coma' leam fhìn na co dhiubh sin,*  
*Mire, no aighear, no sùgradh,*  
*'N diugh o shin mi r'a chunntadh,*  
*'S e ceann na bladhna thug riadh dhiom dùbailt.*

'S i so bliadhna' a chaisg air m' àilleas,  
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh,  
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh ;  
O ! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoin' air m' fhágail.  
*O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.*

Chail mi sin 's mo chuirean gràdhach,  
Bha gu foimividh, fearail, àillidh,

Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan ;  
 Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsach.  
*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Ma's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air  
 Ceann mo stuc is pruip nan cairdean,  
 A leag na ceud le bheum 's na blàraibh,  
 Ga chuir fo 'n fhòd le òl na gràisge.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu ?  
 Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuaireat thu,  
 Dh' òl an fhiona làs do ghruidhean  
 'S a dh' Thag thu d' chorpa gu'n lot gun luaidhe.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean  
 San tìr mhoir tha null o 'n t-sàile,  
 Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d' chàradh  
 'S do dhuthaich fèin ga mort' le nàmhaid.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuiteach, buailteach,  
 Ceannsgalach, borb, laidir, uasal,  
 Na'm b' ann am blàr no'n spàirn a bhuaileath thu,  
 Gu m' biadh do chairdean a' tâir-leum suas orr'.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fumail,  
 Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach ;  
 'N Coille-chriothaich 's là an t-sléibhe,  
 Bu luath do lann 's bu teamu do bheuman.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,  
 Nam brataichean sröil 'nan dath deurga,  
 Gur tric an t-eng gu geur g'ur sealg-sa  
 Leagail bhur crann-siùil gu fairge.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Nise bho na dh'fhalbh na braithrean  
 'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,  
 A righ mhoir, ma's deonach dàil da,  
 Gus an diong an t-oighre t-àite.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

Ach a righ mhoir tog 's an aird iad,  
 Mar chraibh ubhlan, mhenlair mhiaghair,  
 Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch aimsir,  
 Mar phreasna fiona 's lionmhor leanmbuinn.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

O's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich  
 Aird-righ dean sinn orsta cuimbneach ;  
 An deigh an latha thig an oidhche  
 'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh *Staidhe*.

*O's coma' leam fhin, &c.*

## MARBHRANN

DO DHF ALASTAIR DUBH GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,  
 Thug thu 'n dìugh gal air mo shuilean,  
 'S beag iognadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,  
 Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,  
 'S deachdar dhomhsa bhi gun 'n osnaidh,  
 'S meud an dosgaidh th'air mo chàirdean,  
 Gur tric an t-eug oiru a' gearradh,  
 Tagha nan darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus còmhla,  
 Sir Dòmhnull, a mbac, 'sa bhrathair,  
 Ciod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga gheuran ?  
 Dh-fhan Mac-Ie-Ailein sa biliar bhuain,  
 Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,  
 Bha cumhail dion air a chairdean,  
 Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,  
 Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na céille 's na comhairl,  
 Ann 's gach gnothach am bi cùram,  
 Aghaidh shocrach, sholta, thaitneach,  
 Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuiheadh ;  
 Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,  
 Mo ghualainn thaise-'s, —mo dhiubhail ;  
 Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabhach,  
 Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,  
 Mu'n db-imich an long a mach,  
 Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,  
 Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,  
 Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an tràth sin,  
 A bhi g àr fagal air faonthragh,  
 Bhrist bhur eridheachan le mulad,  
 'S leir a bhuil cha robb sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,  
 'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtean,  
 Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,  
 Bu tu'n laoch gun atha laimhe,  
 Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-uisg,  
 Fior-eun on ealtainn is airde,  
 Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beatbach,  
 'S bu tu damh leathann na cràice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadh,  
 'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,  
 'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,  
 Bu tu chreag nach fhaoitie thearnadh,  
 Bu tu clach mhullaich a chaitail,  
 Bu tu leac leathann na sràide,  
 Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,  
 Bu tu clach uasal an fhàine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,  
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,  
 Bu tu'u cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,  
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,  
 Cha robh meur annad do' chritteann,  
 Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,  
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,  
 Bu tu leannan nam ban àluinn.

Bu tu céile na mnà prisail,  
 'S oil leam fhùn ga dìth an drasd thu,  
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhì-se  
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhùn ma càradh,  
 H-uile bean a bhios gun chéile,  
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,  
 O 's e's urrainn bhi ga comhnadh,  
 Anns gach leon a chuireas cás oirr'.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* †  
 Guidheam do mhac bhi na t-àite,  
 'An saibhreas an ãiteas 'an cùram,  
 Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh,  
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

#### THA MI AM CHADAL &c.

DO DH FHEACHD RIGH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,  
 Chuir gach fin' air fògradh ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi  
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,

† The above four lines are lost.

'S gu'n reiteach o Dheòrsa ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.  
 Gur h-ioma bean uasal,  
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,  
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,  
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,  
 Sior chaoiðh na 'n uaislean,  
 A fhuaire iad ri phòsadh ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,  
 Nach robh ganu na 'n curaisde ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,  
 'N am bualadh na 'n lann,  
 An am na 'm buileanan ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.  
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,  
 Feadh gheann a's mhunainean,  
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann  
 'N am teanndachd mar churaidhnean,  
 'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,  
 'Si bhur lann bhios fuileachdach.  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,  
 'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deòrsa ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,  
 Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-sambainn,  
 Bidh amhach 's na còrdaiibh ;  
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi;  
 Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,  
 Le cruidal a's duinealachd,  
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,  
 Thuath agus chumanta,  
 'S gu'n sgìursadh sibh uaibh e,  
 Righ fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn ;  
 Dheanainn an cadal gu sunndach leibh.

## NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

**NEIL MACVURICH**, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhònuill, Mhic-'Ic-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhàird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaидh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard: he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions: they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard, written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torlinn goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siòrramachd Inbhearnis, a naoidhamh latha de chìad mhios an fhoghair, anns an dà fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn mac Néill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic

Néill, mhic Dhòmhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Néill mhòir, mhic Lachuinn,\* mhic Dhòmhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Néill tighearna Bhàra, thabhairt a chòdaich, mar is fiosrach e-san, gur e fèin an t-ochdamh glùn déug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghlach Mhic-Ie-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardàibh,

\* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan *mòr* MacVurich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gaél though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronymics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander McDonald, where two, three, or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely; individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlann Mòr, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mòr* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albannach, had been given Lachlan *mòr* MacVurich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic:—“BROSNACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MÒR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNULL A ILE RIGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CHATH-GAIRIACH.”\* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh,

Cruas an am na h-iorguill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gu ur-labhrach, ur-lambach neart-mhor,

Gu coisneadh na cath-làrach,

Ri bruidhne 'ur hiubhaidh,

A chlanna Chinnu cheud-chathaich,

'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuireanan chonfhadach,

A bheirichean bunanta,

A leaghainnean lan-ghasta

Aon-chonnaibh iorghiulieach

De laochaibh chrodha, churanta

De chlannaibh Chùinn cheud-chathaich

A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh

Cruas an am na h-iorguill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects:—First, It is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the

\* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garloch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a Religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favour of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garloch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the

agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhùiomasdal aca mar dhuis bàrdachd o linne gu linn, feadh chuig ghluin-déug : Gu'n do chaill an siathamh-glun déug ceithir peighinean Dhùiomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh glùn diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadain déug de dh' aimsir, agus gu robh am fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an còir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinneadh agus seanchas Chlann-Dòmhnuill ; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach bioldh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e fòghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearrann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair fèin, ionusachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, èachdrai agus bàrdachd, o Dhòmhnuill mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnuill, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craienean ann an glèidheanas athar o shinnisribh ; gu robh cuid dheth na craienean air an deanamh suas mar leabhairchean, agus cuid eile fuasgait o chéile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhàrd eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnisribh, anns a robh mòran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gàélach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oiscin" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhairchean so r'a thaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an dùrachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craienean, ach gu bheil barail aige gum tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhòmhnuill ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh ; agus gum fac e dha no trì dhiubh aig tàileirean ga 'n gearradh sios gu críosan tomhais : Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dearg" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Bàideanach ; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ȫrad thinghaid sa chòmhdaich ; gu robh na craienean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an làimh anns an robh Gàelic air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gàelic anns an làimh Shasunnaich ; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean làmh a leughadh gu math ; gu robh cuid de na craienean aige fèin an deigh bàis athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh acbhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag ràdh nach robh h-aon de shinnisribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dithis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g ràdh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh adnomen Albanach ! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Dòmhnuill was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field ; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and bloody battle ensued ; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it ; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day ; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle ; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlaich Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seana-chas Chlainn-Dòmhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fineahean Gàélach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an làthair Dhòmhnuill Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Bhaille Raghail; Eoghan Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhomhnuill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghill-eain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne-bhaogha; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tuath, a fear asgriobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN X MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J.P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, compeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Laehlan, son of Neil *Mòr*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoiligary for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Maedonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clanronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from

Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Maedonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Gary-helich, Ewan Mae Donald of Griminish, Alexander Mac Lean of Hoster, Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr Allan Mac Queen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

### ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.\*

Gur è naigheachd na ciadain,  
Rinn mo chrutheachd a shiaradh.  
Le lium-dubh, 's le bròn ciarnail,  
Gu'n dhrùidh i trom air mo chriocheaibh,  
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,  
Mi 'ur còmhradh,  
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaildh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,  
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasuinn.  
Ar tighearn' òg maiseach,  
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,  
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga  
'Nuair b' òg mi.  
Mac an fhir, &c.

\*S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,  
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,  
Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,  
Agus spionnadh nan Gàél,

Nàile dhiolainn do bhàis,  
Dheanann ieòlach,  
Nàile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist nighearach, éibhinn,  
Dhunbhach, ghalanach, dheurach,  
Nis o rug ort am beum so,  
'S goirt r'a thulang ni 's éigin,  
Lintrad fear a tha 'n deigh air  
Mac-Dhomhnail.

Lintrad fear, &c.

Cha 'n é 'n Domhnall sin roimhe,  
Ach mae sin Dhomhnall eigh Iain,  
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,  
Urram féile ; rìgh flatha,  
Ceannard meagbreach gu caitheamh  
Na mòr-chuis,  
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,  
Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,  
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,

\* The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Sherriflinur.

Coinnlein c'éire gan losgadh,  
Sár Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,  
Ceòil duibh.  
Sár Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fidheall ga rùsgadh ;  
Buidheann thaitneach air ùrlar,  
Piob a 'sgala nan sionnsar,  
Fuaim talla r'a chùl sin,  
'G iomairt chleas air chrios cùil  
Nam fear òga.  
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fiuran,  
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,  
Bha gu macanta miùnte,  
Dh-fbàs gu h-aigeantach ùiseil,  
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chùirt,  
Cha be'n dòlum,  
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,  
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhàis ort,  
Aig eagal droch fhàisneachd,  
'N dùil gum faiceamus slàn thu,  
Mar a faic gun toir Gàelic,  
Ni's mò bhuam.  
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgith 's gu'n mi ullamh,  
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,  
Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille ;  
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,  
O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh  
Do leòn ort.  
O'n là, &c.

#### MARBH-RANN MIIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHARBHADH SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

Och! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,  
Thu bhi d' shineadh air t-ùiliinn,  
An taigh mòr Mhoirear Drumad,  
Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,  
Le failte 's le furan,  
Dh-fhios na dùthcha da'm buineadh,  
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,  
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhìol.  
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Dòmhnull nan Dòmhnull  
A's an Raonull a b' òige,  
S Mac-'Ie-Alastair Chnoideart,  
Fear na misniche moire,  
Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,

Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gòrraich,  
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan tòireachd,  
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra gu'n chì.  
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhòr mar a thachair,  
'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,  
T-fhuil mhòrgalach reachdar,  
Bhi air lòcadh a d' chraiceann,  
Gun seòl air a casgadh ;  
Bu tu righ nam fear feachda,  
A chum t-onoir is t-fbacal,  
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nìos.  
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonuill,  
Aig am biadh na cinn-fheadhna,  
Na fir ùr air dheagh fhoghlum,  
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,  
Ach airm agus aodach,  
Le 'n cuilbhéirean caola,  
Sheasadh fad air an aodann,  
Rinn iad sud is cha d'Thaod iad do dhìon.  
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mòr gàir ban do chinnidh,  
O'n a thòisich an iomairt,  
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',  
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh,  
'S i dortadh air mhire,  
Gu'n seol air a pileadh,  
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,  
'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an righ.  
'S mòr ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom puthar na hnaidhe,  
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,  
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,  
'Nuair a dh-ionntrain iad uath thu,  
Thug do mhuinntir gàir chruaidh asd ;  
Ach 's è òrdugh a thuair iad,  
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cradal,  
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.  
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,  
Cha robh leithid do thraighe,  
Ann am Breatunn r'a flaighinn ;  
Taigh mor fiughantach, flathail,  
'M bu mhòr sìgradh le h-aighear,  
Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghlaich,  
Rinn iad cuims' air do churtheamh,  
Ann an toiseach an latha dol sios.  
Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's bréideach,  
Eadar Uidhist is Sléibhte,  
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,  
Laidh smal air na spènraibh,

Agus sneachd air na gengaibh,  
Ghnuil eunlaith an t-shicéibhe,  
O'n là chual iad gun d' eng thu,  
A cheann uidhe nan cend bu mhòr pris.  
A cheann-uidhe nan cend, &c.

Gheibht' a d' bbaile ma fheasgar,  
Smùid mhòr, 's cha b' è 'n greadan ;  
Fir ùr agus fleasgaich,  
A' losga' fùdar le bedradhbh,  
Cùirn is cupaicbean breaca,  
Piosan òir air an dealtradh,  
'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,  
Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brigh.  
Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S ionadh cloigaid a's targaid,  
Agus claidheamh chinne airgeid,  
Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuin,  
Dhombsa b' aithne do sheanchas,  
Ge do b' pharsuinn ri leamhuiinn,  
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;  
Raonuill oig dean beairt ainmeil,  
O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuiinn mòrghniomh.  
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagán ciata,  
Gheibht' ad stàbuill ga'm biathadh ;  
Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,  
Bhiadh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,  
'S iad a' feitheambh ri fiadhach,  
Ann sna coireanaibh riabhach,  
B' è mo chreacha nach do liath thu,  
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarradh on righ.  
M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

## SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PHIOBA BHÓ THUS.

AODROMAN MUICE HÒ ! hò !  
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,  
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,  
Thainig o thùs na dilinn.  
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,  
Ga lionadh suas as gach phuic,  
Craiceann seana mbuilit na dhéigh sin,  
Re searbhadas agus ri dùrdail.  
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phiob,  
Ach seannsair agus aon liop,  
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,  
Da 'm b'-ainm an sumaire.  
Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,  
Do fhuaire as-innleachd innleachd,  
Agus chinnich na trì chroinn innt,  
Fear dhùi fada, leobhar, garbh,  
Ri dùrdan reambar ro shearbh.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,  
Agus a ghòthaich gu loma líir,  
Chraobh-sgoайл a chramaghail mar sin,  
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdail.

Piob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,  
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,  
Lan ronu's i labhar luircneach,  
Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlaib  
Piob Dhòmhnuill do cheòl na Cruinne,  
Crannaghail bhreuite 's breun roi' shluagh,  
Cathadh a miùn tre mala groaidh,  
Bo 'n tuil ghrainnde robaich ruaidh :  
Ball Dhòmhnuill is dös na pioba,  
Da bheist chursta 'chlaigeinn mhaoil,  
Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a ghathuinn  
Fuaim trùileach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheòl do bhí 'n ifrinne iochdrach,  
Faobnar phioban nan dös cruaidh,  
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,  
Liùgail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.  
Air fheasgar an arraich mìn,  
Mar gheum mairt caòile teachd gu tlus,  
Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,  
Mar bhr... tòine 'n di.... duibh.  
Chuir Vénus a bha seal an Ifrinne,  
Mar dhearbachd sgeul gu fir an Domhain,  
Gur h-e corranach bhan is piob ghleadhair,  
Da leannan ciuil eluas nan Deamhan.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Fàileadh a ch... dheth na mhàla

'S fàileadh a mhàla dheth 'n phiobair.

*Note.—The Author of this piece is Niall mòr Mac-Mhuirich.* We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the bards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle bed, at the back of the house near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the bards; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, enunciated from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pocky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with no ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed " Math thu fein a mhic, tha mi facinn nach bu thuras caillt' a thug thu dh' Lirrim;" i.e. " Well done my son, I see you errand to Ireland has not been lost."

## IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

## ORAN DO MIAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,  
 Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaicleit,  
 'N cuirt an leoghainn mhearsaich,  
 Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,  
 Ge smachdail, reachdail edmar' thu,  
 'S ro-anamanta neo morchuisseach,  
 Am beul o'm bla-d' thig argamaid,  
 'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart colas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,  
 Dh' ftag ime-cheisteach an comhmaidh sinn,  
 Gu'm b' fearr leinni thu bhi sealgaireachd,  
 Air talamh garbh na mor-thire,  
 Thu fcin's do bluidheann ainmeineach,  
 Na n éireadh farragradh fòpa-san,  
 Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,  
 Sluagh garbh-bluitheach, targ, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,  
 'S neo-clearbach an tús comb-stri i,  
 Tha chuis nd ar a dbearbhadh leibh,  
 Aig ro mhiad fearr dh'a's erodhalachd,  
 A liuthad òigeair barraideach,  
 A hhuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,  
 O Sheile għlas nan geala-bħradan,  
 Gu Inbhear għimxhaq Mor-thire.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' geilleachdaiun,  
 Do 'n trenn fhear ud mar uachdaran,  
 O'u 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,  
 Dunn fein gach treud dhiu' bħnachailleachd,  
 Am fiubbaidli gasda threnbħach sin,  
 Nach labhar beuirtean traillidh leo,  
 An laochraidiħ thaithneach għeur-lannach,  
 A thóid air ghleus gu fuathusach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,  
 Fir bheur' a reubadh chouainteanan,  
 Nach gabhadh sgreamb no deistinne,  
 Roimh fhrasan geur a crnaidh-shneachdha,  
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' eirich dhuibh,  
 An lathair feum no cruaidh-chuise,  
 Gu cnoideach, lotach, beumanach,  
 Gu fuiteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,  
 'S an inninn atta fuaithe riut,  
 Tha gràdh gach duine chi thu ort,  
 Cha 'n eòl dhombh thiu fear fuatha dhut,  
 Fear sgipidh, measail, firinneach,  
 Fear sithmalte, scàmh, suaireil thu,  
 Fear sunndach, mürneach, briodalach,  
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghniomh buathanta.

Fear borb rò-gharg do-chaisgt thu,  
 Na'n éireadh stri no tuasaid ort,  
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheirg ga miadachadh,  
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-thesgach,  
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fier bhras thu,  
 Mar thuinn vi tir a bualadh thu,  
 Mar bharr na lasrach fior-loigeach,  
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-àrmunn prìseil ud,  
 Mo sheobhag fior-ghlan uasal thu,  
 An onoir ghleidh do shiunsireachd,  
 'S e miad an gniomh a fhuaire dhaibh i,  
 Gu'n d' fhág iad daingheann sgríobht agad,  
 Fo lamh an righ le shuaicheantas,  
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhear coimheid dilis air,  
 'N uair dh-has an rioghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,  
 'S a fhionn-fhuil as 'n do bhuaneadh tu,  
 Mo Baonullach bras mìleant,  
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mhein-chruaghach thu,  
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhileas thu,  
 Cha 'n ann gu'n stri' theid gluasad ort,  
 Ar ceanna-lheirt 's ar sgiath dhidein thu,  
 'S ar claidheamh direach buan-sheasach.

Bu blàth ann àm na siochthaimh thu,  
 'S bu phriunusalach ma t-uaislean thu,  
 Air mbiad 's ge 'n cosg thu chìsin ris,  
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dith air tuathanach,  
 Do bhanntraighean 's do dhileachdain.  
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',  
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhicheadallach,  
 Gu 'n cumadh Criosda suas dhuinn thu.

## M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhladhna leuma d'ar milleadh,  
 Au coig-deng 's a mil' eile,  
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,  
 Chaillich sinn ùr-res ar finne,  
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beò,  
 'S gèur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgèul cruaidh 's mo chràdh eridhe,  
 Ar triath Raonullach dlitheach,  
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'  
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighinn,  
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' rithe na'm bòrd,  
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,  
 Air each eruidheach nach pilleadh,  
 Nach d' ghabh èuram no giorag,  
 An àm dubhlaichd 'n teine,  
 Mo sgèul geur bha do spiorad ro-inhor,  
 Mo sgèul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'  
 Muirneach, maenach, fior-ghlie,  
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tire,  
 Agus fasan gach rioghachd  
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeòil.  
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,  
 'S cian 's as fas a chaidh ainn ort,  
 Beul a labhradh neo-clearbach,  
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fir Alba,  
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlògh,  
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fiuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,  
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,  
 'N uair a dh eireadh an fhearg ort,  
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamh dearg oir,  
 Cha rùin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoch òig.  
 Cha rùin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghniomb,  
 Bu tu sgobhair na fàirge,  
 Rì là eàs 's i tighin gailbheach,  
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,  
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma bòrd.  
 'S tu gun dieobradh, &c.

'N àm siubhal a gharbhlaich.  
 Butu taghadh an t shealgair,  
 As do laimh bu mhèr m'earbsa,  
 Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,  
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shròin.  
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirnne dh' imich am fuathas,  
 An sgrìob so thaing o thutha oirnn,  
 Tha ar cibaill air fuasgladh,  
 Chaidh ar u-eirthire sguabdh,  
 A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu'n treoir.  
 A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chail sinn reulla nan dualamh,  
 Chaidh ar riaghait a gbluaasad,  
 Ar cairt-iuil air falbh uainne,  
 Bhrist ar stinir; mo cheud truaighe,  
 Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.  
 Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar lìinne gun mhàthair,  
 Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnàthait  
 Sinn-fobhruid aig ar nàmhaid,  
 Il-uile fear a' toirt tair dhuinn,  
 'S na coin luigeach gach là air ar tòir.  
 'S no coin luirg, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geomhradh,  
 An ruaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,  
 Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,  
 Nis mar cholainn gun cheann siu  
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn fàth,  
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gunnùis a b' àillidh ri sirreadh,  
 An t-shùil bu bhlaithe gu'n tioma,  
 An leoghannd ard air dheagh-oilean,  
 'Nach d' ehnir ùigh an' gniomh foileil,  
 Ach an rìoghalaich shoilleir gu'n leòin,  
 Ach an rìoghalaichd, &c.

'S oil leam càradh do chéile,  
 'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,  
 'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gradh,  
 Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheug thu,  
 Fhir a leanadh an fheisid mar bu chòir.  
 Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,  
 'S a sgolta mhuir na clàr réidh dhaibh,  
 Thug an triúr as an èigin  
 O bhi daghadh an creundhan;  
 A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig eucoir da'r còir.  
 A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

## M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH DHUHILAIRT.

IOMRAICH mo bheannachd,  
 Gu Bainn-tighearna Thamair,  
 Bean 's am beil barrachd,  
 De charantachd nàduir;

Chunaic misce gu dligbeil,  
 A suilean ri smithe,  
 'S i'g àireamh mar mhi-àdh,  
 Sior Iain da fágail:  
 Bha dòrainn a crídhe,  
 Cho moire ga ruighinn,  
 'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,  
 O dhearbh nìghean a màthar:  
 Gu cronachadh sgéula,  
 Bhiodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,  
 Thug Mairiread na féile,  
 Spòr gheur do'n fhear-dhàna.

Nach iongnadh ri cblàistin,  
 Gu'm heil mise o cheann fada,  
 Ann an turcadaich cadail,  
 Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach;  
 Tha eñidh air mo gbiùlan,  
 S mi leisg air a dùsgadh,  
 Air eagal le' bùrach,  
 Gun ùraich i'm bàs dhomh,  
 Gidheadh cha sgeul-rùine,  
 Ach sgeula 's mor cùram,  
 Sir Iain gu'n dùsgadh,  
 An dù chiste chlaraibh,  
 Be so an fhras chiùraidh,  
 A mhìll ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhlan:  
 Roinn ar dosgainn a chrùnadh,  
 Fhrois am flùr bhàrr a ghàraidh.

B'e féin ar crann dosrach  
 A chomhdaich le choltas  
 Gur á coilltichin solta  
 'N dh-phas toiseach a fhreamha  
 Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrionach,  
 Gun chrithearunn gu'n chrin-fhiodh,  
 Ach geugan ro phriseil,  
 Do dh-fhion-fhuil na Spáine,  
 Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,  
 'S aig seanachaidhean geura,  
 Air ar teachd o Ghathelus,  
 As an Euphaid a thàinig,  
 Sliochd mhilibhean treuna,  
 Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,  
 Mar bha fir na féile,  
 Agus Eirimon dàna.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,  
 Bha bhuaidh air bbur cordai,  
 A' dearbhadh 's a còmhdaeb,  
 Am pòr as an d' fhàs sibh,  
 Far an gabhadh sibh còmhnaidh,  
 Bu leibh ceannas na fòid sin,  
 Le iomadaidh còrach,  
 Agus moran a bhàrr air,  
 Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,  
 Mar mhairiste pòsda,  
 B'e n seanaileir còmhraig,  
 'N ciad Thòisich a's àrmainn.

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O'n shuidhich sibh liu-chairt,  
Bha db-àileachd 'nar n-ùrais,  
Gur h-iomarcach dùthaich,  
Bh'air an cùinneadh le pairt dhibh,  
Bha de dh-airde 'nar giubhsaich,  
'S nach tugadh càch pùic dhibh,  
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,  
Ar lubadh le tâire,  
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirbh,  
Gu'm bu chinne le crùn sibh,  
'S gu'm b'e dliugh bhur dùnthechais,  
Bhidh san iùil dheth 'm biadh iadsan,  
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,  
Na mbios 's na mhòr mhisean,  
Tha e nis gu truagh lionte,  
Daor tri-filté páighe.

Tha seann-fhacail eil ann,  
Tha cho fior 's mar a their iad,  
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,  
Bi'dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,  
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,  
Na dh-flabhbh o cheann fad orinn,  
Bhiadh ar dùil ri bhi' beartach,  
Na m biadh againn na dh-flàg sin,  
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,  
'S nach faic sinn ar buaanachd,  
" Cha léir math an fhuarain,  
Gus an uàir sin an traigh e,"  
Tha e nios na n'i soilleir,  
Da'r nàbuidhean commuinn,  
Gun do bhristeadh mar phronnaig,  
Gara'-droma nan Gàel.

Fear gasda gun chrine,  
Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,  
Cha bu tric a luchd mi-ruin,  
Ri n innseadh no'n àireamh,  
Bu chompanach rìgh thu,  
Am fear meannach mor fir-ghlie,  
Cha 'n fhaicte e fo dhiobradh,  
Ach am prisealachd stàta,  
Anu an cogadh luchd strithe,  
Chi robb masl' air ri imse,  
Ghleidh e onoir a shinnsríd,  
'S ann a mhiodaich e n-àrdachd,  
Cha robb e, cha b' fhiach leis,  
Bhi falbh fo bhrat filte,  
Eadar e bhiodh na mhìn-fhearr,  
Agus finidh a làithean.

Bha e mor ann a miadachd,  
Bha e mor gu bhi rioghail,

Bha e mor ann an gride,  
Ann an firinn 's an cairdeas,  
Bu mhòr e ri fhaidh,  
Bu mhòr air gach achd e,  
Bu mhòr e na phearsa,  
Na ghastachd 's na àilleachd,  
Bha e mor air son diulaoich,  
Bha e mor gu bhi sùgach,  
Bha e mor an dheagh ghiùlan,  
Ann an cuirteanan àrda,  
Bha e mor ann a misnich,  
Bha e mor ann an gliocas,  
Bha e mor gun cheist idir,  
'S sàr ghibhteannan nàdair.

Na m biadh e ri fhuasgladh,  
O n bhà a thug buaidh air,  
Gur a h-lomadh laoch cruadail,  
A ghluaiseadh 'na fhabhar,  
An t-ainm coithcheanta mor sin,  
Ri'n gaire Clann-Dòmhnuill,  
O thoiseach an còrdais,  
'S iad bu phòr da chìad màthair,  
Agus uaislean nan Leòdach,  
Thaobh fala agus feola,  
Mur lanaidh ùr phòsda,  
Leis 'm bu deonach bhi' gràdbach,  
Chunnacas mar phuthar,  
Au gruaidean air dubhadh,  
Mar gun deanadh làn phiuithar,  
Geur chumha ma brathair.

Cia ma 'n fàgáinn an dìochimhn',  
Dream eile da dhislean ?  
Bha na cinn bu mhò pris dhìu,  
Ro dhileas am páirt dhut,  
Fir ghasda gun chrine,  
Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,  
Mar bha'n eimheadh mor priscil,  
So shòlaich o Bhàncho,  
O thoiseach an dualchais,  
Cha robb smal air an cruadal,  
Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,  
So fhuair iad an dràsda,  
'S e n tabhar a lot sinn,  
Nach e gniomh a bha lochdach,  
Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,  
Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.

Na m b'aithne dhomh innse,  
Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,  
Ann am fala gun isle,  
'S ann an liomhoireachd chairdean,  
Le seanachas rì firinn,  
O thoiseach an linne,  
'S e fèin 's Iarla-Shi-Phort,  
Sliochd direachd da brathar,  
Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,  
Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,

E cho teann air a cheangal,  
 S nach e sgaradh a b'aill leo,  
 'S e leantainn o'n tim sin,  
 Gu'n mhioguinn gu'n mhì-ruin,  
 'S nach glusear le iunleachd,  
 Gu dilinn 's gu bràth e.  
  
 Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,  
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,  
**Dhut** Caiprin Chlann-ra'uill,  
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghàbhadh  
 Do chois-nàbhaidh taitneach,  
 'S do chompanach leapa,  
 N am marcachd a's astair,  
 'S 'nuair stadarbh am màrsal,  
 Dha thu ad t-fhianais air sileadh,  
 A chréuchdan, cho-mire,  
 Ri bras easraich pinne,  
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhàgail,  
 Agus uaislean a dhùthcha,  
 Ri caoidhearan túrsach,  
 'S an crìdh air a chiurradh,  
 Ma mhùirneinn nan Gaéil.  
  
 Thaobh dลigh' agus dualebas,  
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuailibh,  
 Mac-Néill o na cuaintaibh,  
 'S a dhaoin' uaisle gu'n thàire,  
 'Nuir a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,  
 'S ann da iunnsaigh a thigeadh,  
 Le iarrtas cho bige,  
 Ri Litir a làimhe,  
 Chunnaic cæch é cho soilleir,  
 Teachd le cabhlachain troua,  
 De luchd nan gath loma  
 Na choimhidh do dh-Aros,  
 'N uair a thachradh e riu,  
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,  
 Dheanadh fhioutan iad subhach,  
 'S bu bluidheach 'n àm thigail,  
  
 Mar choir bho na filaitheas,  
 Bha ranntaman mhath,  
 Mac Iomhnuim an t-Shrathach;  
 'S cha ghàbhadh e fath air:  
 Ann an aimsir na ruige,  
 'N mair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,  
 Ba ghasla an ceann slugha e,  
 'N mair a ghuaisesti leis àrmuinn:  
 Bha e-san 's an tim sin,  
 Gu'n mbiasla, gun mhi-chiliù,  
 Ann an fochar a shinnsridh,  
 Le gniomharadh dàna;  
 Nis o chaochail iad cleachadh,  
 As an àite bu cheart daibh,  
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,  
 Dhaibh ann an eath Mhàra.  
  
 Ach 's e raghainn a nì mi,  
 Bheir mi glòr so gn finid,

'S nach gliocas no criondachd,  
 Dhombh mbiad 's tha mi 'g raite,  
 Gur h-e Fionnachd san tim sibh,  
 Ann an àireamh no'n innseadh,  
 'N uair a bha sibh gu'n diobradh,  
 'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,  
 Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-lle,  
 Ge do b' fharsuin na crìochan,  
 Bha roinn do gach tìr dhin  
 Fo chis duibh a' pàigheadh,  
 Nis o thuit na stuc fionn-fhail,  
 Ris an abairt na righrean,  
 Tha na gengan bu dìls' dhaibh,  
 Air erionadh 'na'n aobher.  
  


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 O R A N  
 NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.  
  
 'S i so'n aimsir a dhearbhar  
 An targanach dhuinn,  
 'S bras meannach fir Alba  
 Fo 'n arnabhair air thùs:  
 'N uair dh' éireas gach treun-laoch  
 Nan éideadh glan iùr,  
 Le rùn feirg' agus gaigre  
 Gu seirbhis a chrùin.  
  
 Theid mathaibh na Gàeltachd  
 Gle shanntach sa chùis,  
 'S gur lionmhòr each seang-mhear  
 A dhamhsas le sunnd,  
 Bi'dh Sasunnaich cailte  
 Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,  
 Bi'dh na Frangaich nan campaibh  
 Gle theann air an eil.  
  
 'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Dòmhnuill  
 Na leoghaionn tha garg,  
 Na beo-bheithir, mhòr-leathunn,  
 Chonspunnaich, gharbh,  
 Luchd sheasamh na còrach  
 G'an òrdugh lamb-dhearg,  
 Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghòrach  
 Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.  
  
 Tha Rothaich a's Ròsaich,  
 Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,  
 Barraich an treas seòrsa,  
 Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;  
 Clann Donachaibh cha bhireng so  
 Gun eireadh libh 's gach àm,  
 Mar sin is clann Reabhair  
 Fir ghleusta, nach eisid gu'n bli amnt.  
  
 'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa  
 A thèid boildheach nam triall,  
 'S glan còmhdaich nan comhlainn  
 Luchd leonadh nam fiadh;

Iad fèin a's Clann-Phàrlain  
 Dream àrdanach, dian,  
 'S ann a b' ábhaist gan àireamh  
 Bhi 'm fàbhar Shiol-Chuimh.

Na Leòdaich am pòr glan  
 Cha b' fhòlach 'ur siol,  
 Dream rioghal gun fhòtus  
 Nan górsaid, 's nan sgiath,  
 Gur neartmhòr, ro-colach  
 'Ur n-oig-fhir, 's 'ur liath,  
 Gur e crudal 'ur dualchas  
 A dh' thuasgáil sibh riamh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chròit'hich  
 Fir ghe glan gu'n smoir,  
 Luchd nan euilbhеirean gleusla  
 Nam feumà nach diult :  
 Thig Niallaich th' air sàile  
 Air bhàreabha nan sùgh,  
 Le 'n cabhlach luath làn-mhòr  
 O Bhàghan nan tùr.

Clànn-Illean o'n Dreollaum  
 Theid sunndach sau rnaig,  
 Dream a chlosadh aineart,  
 Gun taing choisinn buaidh :  
 Dream rioghal do-chiosaicht,  
 Nach striochda do'n t-slnagh,  
 'S iomadh mile deas, direach,  
 Bheir iuntinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnich  
 'N am bhriseadh cheann,  
 Bi'dh enuachdan gan spuachdadha  
 Le cruaidh 'ur lann,  
 Dream nasal ro uaimhreach,  
 Bu dual bhi san Fhraing,  
 'S ann o Dhìarmad a shiochach  
 Pòr lionmhòr nach gann.

Tha Stiùbhartaich ùr ghlan  
 Nam fluarin gun ghiomh,  
 Fir shunndach nan lù-bleas  
 Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,  
 Nach gabh cùram roi mhuisseag  
 Cha b' fhiù leo bhi erion,  
 Cha bu shùgradh do dhù-ghall  
 Cuis a bhui dhibh.

Gur lionmhòr lamh theoma  
 Aig Eoghan Loch-iall,  
 Fir cholganda, bhorganda,  
 'S oirdheirce gniombh,  
 Iad mar thuilbeum air chorra-ghleus,  
 'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian  
 'S i mo dhùlse nam rùsgaibh  
 Nach diult sibh dol sios.

Clann-Mhuirich nach sòradh  
 A chonnspairn ud iad,  
 Dream fhuitteach gun nihòr-chùis  
 Ga'n còir a bhi fial,  
 Gur gaisgeil fior-sheolta,

A mòr thionail chiad,  
 Ni sibh spòltadh air feòlach  
 A stròiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Graundaitch mar b' ábhaist  
 Mu bhràidh nisge Spé,  
 Fir laidir ro-dhàicheil  
 Theid dùn anns an streup,  
 Nach iarr eairdeas no fàbhar  
 Air nàmhaid fo'n gheirein ;  
 'S i n-ur làmhach a dh' fhágas  
 Fuil bhlàth air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich aimmeil  
 Aig seanachaibh nan erioch,  
 Fir gharbha ro chalma,  
 'Ur fearg eha bu shi :  
 Tha Catanaich foirméil  
 Si 'n armachd am miann,  
 'An eath gairbheach le 'r n-armaibh  
 A dhearbh sibh 'ur gniombh,

Clann-Choimhich o thuath dhuinn  
 Luckd bhuaannachd gach cis ;  
 Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach  
 'Ur n-uaislean san stri :  
 Ger lionmhòr 'nr tuadh-cheataibh  
 Le 'n buailtibh de ni :  
 Thig slagh dùmhail gu'n chunnata  
 A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chuimhnich mi m' ionrall,  
 'S tèth iunutraichinn iad,  
 Fir chunnabhalach chunnait ,  
 Ni cuinse le 'n lamh,  
 Nach dean ionluas mu aona-chuis  
 Chionn iunntais gu bràth,  
 Gur muirneach ri 'n ionradh  
 Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhráï-bhàrr.

Thig Gòrdanaich, 's Greumaich,  
 Grad gleusd as gach tir ;  
 An cogadh righ Tearlach  
 Gum b' sheumail dha sibh ;  
 Griogaraich nan geur-lann  
 Dream speiseil nam piòr,  
 Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir  
 'Nuair dh' éighe sibh sios.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann  
 Theid trenn air chùl arm,  
 An Albainn 's an Eirinn  
 B' e 'ur beus a bhi gärg,

An àm dol a bhualadh  
B' e 'n cruidal 'ur calg,  
Bu ghuineach ur beutnau  
'N uair dh' éireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biadh gach curaidh treun-mhor  
Le cheile san àm,  
Iad air aon intinn dhùrich  
Gun fhiaradh, gun chàm,  
Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhearr,  
'S iad titheach air geall,  
Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dù-Ghalla,  
Thig cuis thar an ceann.

## C R O S D H A N A C H I D

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollaínn,  
'S coir dhuinn aithris,  
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt  
Ri gnàs Shasuinn,  
Ni 'm beil duin' nasal, no iosal,  
No fear fearainn,  
Leis nach àill, gu moran buinig,  
Ceird a bharrachd.  
Tha ceird ùr aig fear nan Druimnean,  
Th' air leinn tha cronail;  
B' àill leis fein a dhol an àite  
Mhaisteir Sgoile,  
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,  
Le gloir Laideann,  
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,  
A cheaird a bh'aige.

*Labhairt*—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shant an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhìannach se cheaird do bhì aig oide foghluim, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghluim fèin i. Oir 'nuair a ghabbadh an t-oide foghluim air a dhàltachan, 's ann a ghabbadh e air na leanabhan, ach 's ann a ghabbadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine àrsaidd mar an ceudna. 'Nuair ghabbadh an t-oide foghluim air a dhàltachan, 's ann a ghabbadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabbadh an sgoileirsantach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh—“Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thàmh, gur e fèin a's fearr lùmh air an stiùir,” ach cha mhò gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,  
Mar bu chòir dha,  
Gus am bi iad na'n daoin' àrsaidd  
Fo 'n làn theòsaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig  
Breath bu chlaoine,\*  
No nì rinn an ceann a b' aird',  
A' mìas 'ga dhioladh,  
Gabhail do chrios an aois àrsaidd,  
Air mìas sean-duin',  
'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gniomh sin  
Ciall do theangaidh,  
Ge be labhras ris an flear ud,  
Còir, no ea-coir,  
Gabhar air a ghoirt' de stràcaibh,  
Le crios fèlidh.

*Labhairt*—Agus b'fhiòr do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuaireadh riamh rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu mheasa na gabhail air na mìasan ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga thuigisn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fèin a fhuar am mìas am mor-ghleasadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ni bu mheasa, cha deanadh e idir ni b' thearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—“Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghùlin, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri nilean.”

A chuideachd da'm bu chòir bhi diambair,  
'S a ghnà 'm falach,  
Cha d'fhasadh da'n dion bho chunnart,  
Sion de dh' earradh,  
Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,  
An taigh gréusaich,  
Dubhairt nighean Shomhairle†  
Le rabhart, sa gnàs siombailt,  
'S coir gu'm beannaich sinu gu saibhean,  
Cuid gach Crioduidh.  
B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoineach,  
No luach gearrain,  
Gu'm biadh coltas do thriuir  
Gu turn aig Calum.‡

*Labhairt*—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhìnao, bheusach, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn deagh chneasta, chum gu'm biobh aig a fear fèin a leithid, sa bhiodh aig a nàbaidhean; 's nach suil gohinte, no lombais, a bl' aic air euid a coimhearsnaich. Mar bh' aig Gillebride Mac-an-t-Saor ann an Ruthaig, an Tìrithe, a mhòrt an eithir-fichaid cearc le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhòr nan cuig craunag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—“Sann de'n cheaird a chungaideh.”

Tha bith ùr an tir na Dreollaínn,  
A thog am Baron,  
Air gach aon flear a labhras buna-chainnt,  
Rusgadh feamain,  
Ma sgoileas air feadh gach tire,  
Am bith thog Tearlach,

\* See note, page 38.      † The shoemaker's wife.  
‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

'S teamn as nach fendadh ri h-aine,  
E-fein bhi pàighte.  
Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,  
Breitheamh sàr-mhath,  
Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,  
Ach glag mòr gaire.

**Zabhairt**—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Siorramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rng timechioll-ghearradh airson, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaintich do thachair ris. 'S ann uaithe sin a dubhradh, “An duine ni teine math deanadh e-féin a gharadh ris.

**Note**—The laird of Druimin kept an old schoolmaster in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The domine was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, “never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for.” But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *dreach* paver; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissimum verba* of the son of St Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his re-

tainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular licksipotle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, “Did you say to this gentleman,” pointing to the domine, “that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?” “Oh no, no, Sir,” said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, “most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always at your service*.” The poor domine was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the “fause loon;” but, ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flatteringunction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's foot-strop in the one hand, and lifting the domine's plumbeg with the other, he therewithal plied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily, that he had well nigh expended the “wrath” which he had so carefully been “nursing” for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether “the man of letters” might not have lost his “precious spunk,” if the shoemaker's better-half had not flown to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churlish husband's “better-half!” for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the “nether millstone.” And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

## AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurrich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. “*Cabar Féigh*” was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dornie, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

### ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHIACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICH.

Droch slainte'n Iarla thuathaich,  
A thriall an de thar chuainnean bhuan,  
Le sgioba laidir iusaganach,  
Nach pilleadh cùs na fuathas iad,  
Muir gàireach air gach guallainn dh'i;  
Air clar do lùinge luaithe,  
Gabh mi cead dihot is fhuair mi 'n t-òr.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,  
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolasan,  
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,  
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhuit,  
Buaidh làrach ri do shaoghail ort,  
Fhir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beò.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,  
Gu'n ehrnas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',  
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,  
Gu sunndach, bras, neo-eisleanach,  
Bhi fuasgladh paitteas eudaich dh'i,  
Ga bhereideadh air gach börd.

Gu'n innsinn gniomb do stiùireadair,  
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,  
'Dh' aithnicheadh fiamh a chulanaich,  
A chuireadh srian ri cursaireachd,  
Mu 'm bristeadh trìan a chuirnean oirr',  
A mbuchadh e fo sròin.

T-shear eolais laidir, fradharcach,  
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,  
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,  
Crann geadha 'na 'd lainbh adhairtaich,  
Mae Sainhail räg mhic-fraoire,  
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,  
Air darach naomh a ghluaiseadh tu,  
Fir bhuelle saoir a 'dh fhuaigheas i,  
Bith barrantas dhaoin' uaisle leat,  
Bith beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dñnt,  
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,  
Bith Dia ma 'n cuairt da' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuainn',  
Thu fén 's do choirneal Calamanach,  
Fhuair clù 'n cùirt na 'n Albannach,  
Gur h-iomadh turn a dhearbhadh leat,  
Be sùd an leoghunn ainnseil,  
Bu mhor seanachas air gach börd.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,  
'N deidh in mara Si-phortaich,  
Thu dhol gu fallain, firineach,  
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteantan,  
Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteaman,  
Aig fir 's aig muai's toil-inntuin orra,  
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-iomadh sruthan firinneach,  
Tha 'n liuntichean an t-Si-phortaich,  
Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,  
Le 'n connspeann fhearail innsgeineach,  
A Lochlainn thig na miltean,  
Air chuan-sgith gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneiceas na Sàileich leat,  
'S do chinneadh neartmhòr tâbhachdach,  
Bith mire, 's clùich, is gaireachdaich,

Sa'n ionnad ann an tàrladh sibh,  
Cha 'n ioghnadh thu bhi ardanach,  
Sa liuthad tion-fhuiil àluinn,  
A tha cardeach ga do phòr.

Bidh Tòrmod òg na shinbhal leat,  
Siol-Leoid nan rò-seol uidheamach,  
Fhir stòlta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,  
Bidh ol gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,  
Bidh fion is beoir le sùbhachas,  
Air piosaitbh bùidhe òir.

### M A R B H R A N N

DO DIP ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

FHUAIR mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,  
Air lainbh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,  
'S leoir a gheurad aon sa 'n leumsa,  
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,  
Nan tûrp meara, 's nan steud seanga,  
Nan gleus glana, 's centach sealladh,  
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clann Dòmhunill,  
Mu chreach Chnòideirt neart nan ròiseid,  
Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais 'n àm còmhraig,  
Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,  
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,  
Da 'm b' ainn Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd,  
Glae nan geal lann crnaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,  
O dh' fhalbh euilein, nan arm guineach,  
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,  
'N àm dha bhuelle bhualadh.

'S an rioghachd so fèin bu fhìlhail t-fhèum,  
'S bu sgathail bèum do chlàidheinm géir,  
Do shambailt fèin cha'n fhac o'n dh' èng thu,  
Ghaisgeich èuchdaich, bluaghach.

Ge b'e dhuisgeadh t-ain-iocdh,  
Bu dhùth dha carraig, 'n tuis tarruinn  
Rùsgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,  
Bruchdan fal air ghuaillean.

'S tu 'n Dòmnullach dian, connspuon nan triath,  
Morghalach fial, ro lòdraich nan clair,  
Leis an öilte fion, agus òr ga dhiol,  
Ann an altribh nan crioch sluaghail.

A shliochd righ Fionnaghail,  
Nan còrn geala-ghlac's nan sròl balla-bhreac,  
'M pòr nach cearbach, dol fo'n arnaibh,  
'N àm nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fhìr a dh-fhág thu,  
Duineil, bràithreil, cìnneil, càirdel,  
Gaoil bho nàmhaid, gràdh bho chàirdean,  
A shliochd nan àrmunn uasal.

## AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdàna*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

## MARBH RANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL AR bunadh gu Phàra,  
Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?  
Mac-Mhuirich,\* Mac-Fhearguis,  
Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,  
Fhriamhaich bun annan Alba,  
Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,  
Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beò.  
Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,  
Cha chnòdh bho'n uraidd o'n d' fhàs thu,  
Cha bhìà chuirte ma bhealltainn,  
Ach fàs duillich a's meanglain,  
A miar mullaiach so dh' fhág sinn,  
Cuir a Chriosd tuilleadh an àite na dh' fhalbh,  
Cuir a Chriosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,  
'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhàs oirnn,  
Gur ro cumhann leinn t-àrdach,  
'N eiste luthaidd na'n clàran,  
'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.  
'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geombraidh,  
Cha do bhris thu chlu shamhna,  
Misneach fear Innse-Gall thu,  
'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,  
Nach do chlisg thu roi' naimhdean,  
Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise,  
Fhir bu mheasail, &c.

Fhir bu riogaile cleachdad,  
'S tu bu blioganta faicinn,  
A dol sios am blàr machrach,  
Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,  
Chuid bu phriseile 'n eachdraidh,  
Luchd do mhi-ruin na'n caist ort,  
'S ann a dh' innse leo t-fhasan,  
'Nuair bu sgì leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feòil,  
'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,  
Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat làmhuinn,  
Bha thu buadhach 's gach àite,  
Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,  
Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhàrdaich,  
Cha dath uaine bu bhìà dhut,  
'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.  
'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

\* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,  
 'N àm nan crannan a bheumadh,  
 Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,  
 Bhiodh lann thana chruaidh, gheur ort,  
 'S tu fad là air an t-sheirm sin,  
 Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do dhòrn.  
 Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,  
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,  
 Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhlach,  
 Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,  
 Chuireadh umhal na spàirn ort,  
 Cha bhiodh futhil a tàrruinne,  
 'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,  
 Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n eòin.  
 Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chòmhnhart an càradh,  
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhrui,  
 Cinn stòrach o'n cheardaich,  
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,  
 Eadar smèòirn agus gàine,  
 Le neart còrcaich a Flàrnas,  
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,  
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheòin.  
 Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,  
 'Nuair a bhual a ghath bàis thu,  
 'S truagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,  
 Mar ghàir sheillein air làraich,  
 'N deigh a mealuman fhàgail,  
 No uain earraich gu'n mhàthair,  
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.  
 'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,  
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgair,  
 Uisge beatha nam feedan,  
 Aun am pìosan ga leigeil,  
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.  
 Sin a's clàrsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dbinne na iùr-ros,  
 Fear ar taighe 's ar crùin air,  
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uainn,  
 Liuthad latha ri chùnnatas,  
 Bh'aig maithibh do dhùitheach,  
 Miad an aighear 's a mùirne,  
 Bha mi tathaich do chuirte,  
 Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a dh'thalbh,  
 Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eòl dhomb innse na bh'aca,  
 Gu'm ba'n do mhiannan Shir Lachuinn,  
 Bhiodh 'g òl siona 'n taigh farsaùn,  
 Le muaidh rimheach neò-as-caoin,  
 Glòr bhinn agus macnais,  
 Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghìnà leibh bhi pòit.  
 Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,  
 Bhiodh chlàrsach ga creachadh,  
 Cha bhiodh ceòl inntre an tasgaidh,  
 Ach na meòir ga thoirt aiste,  
 Gu'n leòn làimhe gu'n laige,  
 Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu fòill.  
 Gus 'm bu mhianach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,  
 Iomairt thàileasg ma'n seach orr',  
 Fir fòirne ri tartar,  
 Toirm a's màthadh air chairtean,  
 Dolair spàinteach a's tastain,  
 Bhi' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lòrg.  
 Bhi ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,  
 Bhà gradh a's eagal mhic Dhé ort,  
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,  
 Bha aòigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,  
 Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,  
 Bhiodh na sgiobhtair ga'n lenbhadh,  
 Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhòrd,  
 Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bn' lionmhar ort frasachd,  
 Chum thu direach do d' mhacabh,  
 Do bhreid rimbeach gu'n srachdadhbh,  
 Cha do dhòbair ceann slait thu,  
 O'n s'e Criod a b' shear beairt dhùnt,  
 'Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgoïd.  
 'Sin an Tì a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlascas thu'n stiùir so,  
 Cha bu fhìlathas gun dùchas,  
 Dhut bhi' grathuinn air b-ùrnaigh,  
 Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',  
 Cuir an t-Athair aum tùs oirr',  
 Biadh a Mac na shear iuil oirr',  
 An Spiorad Naomha ga giùlan gu nòs.  
 An Naomha, &c.

## ORAN

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN  
TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN oig gu'n innsinn ort,  
Sgeul is binn ri àireamh,  
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,  
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhairge,  
Tha thu làn do dh' fhínealtachd,  
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seanchas,  
Gur mac Iain Ghairbh da ríreamb thu,  
An àm dol sios an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu,*  
*Mar treigeadh bòrd na bàs mi,*  
*Gu'n faic mi fo cheann bliadhna' thu,*  
*Mar glac am fiabhras àrd mi,*  
*A ghnàis sholta, 's am beul o'n sochdrach gáire,*  
*Do dhcuil gu'n stòir o'm binn thig glòir,*  
*O'n faighinn pòg a's fàilte.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-Illeain,  
Dh'fhas flathasach le cruidal,  
Sgoil e feedh gach tighearnais,  
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligheil t-uaisle,  
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgradh leis,  
Crùbadh ann an truailleachd,  
Ach rinn thu beirt bu clùtaiche,  
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

'S e na chuir mi dh'eòlas ort,  
Dh' fhág an ceò ma m' shuilean,  
Aig a mhìad sa fhuair mi dhet,  
Gu'n leig mi ruig an tòs ort,  
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,  
A lùb nan eas-chiabh ùr-ghlan,  
Gu'n b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,  
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthach.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,  
Picean dait' a lùbadh,  
'N t-iubhair nuadh ga lagh gn chluais,  
'M beathas bhuart bu shiùblach,  
Ceir a's ròssaid dhù fo t-òrdaig,  
Ite an eòin gu h-ùr-ghlan,  
Mu chul an fhéidh m'a'n gearr e leum,  
Bhidh fhuil na leine bruite.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

Sid na h-airm a ghlaicinn dut,  
A dhol air sruid an fhùdar:  
Culbhair a ghleis shníamhainach,  
A bheul o'n cùinteach cuimse,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,  
'N laimh a churaidh clùtaich,  
'S a'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeannad,  
Air ghaoirdean deas nan hù-chleas,  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

Mo ghaoil a'm fear caiteanach,  
A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,  
Leis an eireadh na brataichean,  
A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,  
'N àm dùsgadh as an cadal daibh,  
Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr,  
'S thigl thu steach an teachdairreachd,  
S an ceart air bhachd an guiale.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,  
'N robb smuais a's cruas a's cairdeas,  
Eadar ruta Chuirteirnis,  
Gu Dubh-airt thanu a Garbh-lead,  
Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,  
Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach,  
Dhearbhainn fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,  
Fir gheusta bho Blura'-chàrnraig.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,  
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,  
Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,  
A bhrratc leòghannat' lädir,  
Chìte sid gu follaiseach,  
Fir fhoimnidh ann an Aros,  
Na fir úra nach diùltadh,  
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid,  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,  
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr,  
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glama,  
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,  
Nan cuilbhorean caol acuinneach,  
Aig gaisgich nan gniomh gailbheach,  
A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,  
'N uair dh' eireadh srad bho theanachair.  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

Bratach aig Clann-Dòmhnuill,  
'N a'm biodh ad choir gu'm b' fheairde,  
Dh' fhas gu seasmach, cruidalach,  
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad na'n armadh,  
Ann an gliccas firinneach,  
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,  
Sìd an dream bha innsgineach,  
Ri 'n innsheadh nach robb leanabail,  
*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.*

## LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon, the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Laehlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pup called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacay favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to deflower the farmer's daughter, little Coireal sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

## LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBUPHAISG ort a mhulaid,  
 Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd nam  
 'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,  
 S an óidhche fada, fuar,  
 Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cumtais orin,  
 A lunn thu air mo shuain,  
 Bheir mise greis an dràsda dhut  
 Air àireamb na tha bb'uat.

Latha' siubhal sléibhe dhomh  
 'S mi falbh leam féin gu dlù,  
 A chuideachd anns an astar sin  
 Air gunna glaic a's eù,  
 Guin thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann  
 A' gal gu fann chion iùil:  
 Air leam gur h-iad a b'aillidh dreach  
 A cbunnacas riamh le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'ioghnadh leam mar thàrladh dhaibh  
 Am fàsach fad air chìl,  
 Coimeas luchd an agħaidhean  
 Gu'n tagħa de cheam iùil,  
 Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh  
 Gu'n d'fhiaraich mi :—"Co sùd?"  
 'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi  
 A'm briathraibh mine ciùin.

" Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiùghantas,  
 'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-aïnn,  
 Clann nan uaislean cùramach,  
 A choisinn cliu's gach ball,  
 'Nuaир phàigh an fhéile cis d'an Eug  
 'S a chaidh i-féin air chall,  
 'Na thiomnadh dh'bhang ar n-athair sinn  
 Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

" Tòrmad fial an t-shùgraidh,  
 Nach d'fhàs m'a chuinneadh cruidh,  
 A bha gu fearail fiùghantach,  
 'S a chum a dhùthchhas suas;  
 'S ann air a bha ar taghaich,  
 O'n thugadh Iain bh'uainn,  
 'S beag m'fhamrad ris na feumaich  
 O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh!

" Bha'n duin' ud ro fhìlathasach,  
 'S e mathasach le ceil,  
 Bha e gu fial fiùghantach,  
 'S a għiulan math 'ga reir;  
 Ge farsuinn eadar Arcamh,  
 Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhòid:  
 Cha d' fhuaras riamb oid-altrum ann,  
 Cho pait' ri teach Mhic-Leòid.

" Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain  
 A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thùr,  
 Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuibheara,  
 Le furbailt a's le miùrn:  
 Gu'n għlaċ e sinn le acarachd  
 Mar dhaltachao 'nar triùir,  
 A 's thogadh e gach neach againn  
 Gu macant' air a għlùn.

" Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-àrach,  
 Aig Mac-Leòid a bha san Dùn,  
 Greis eile gle shaibheir  
 Aig a bħarrha bha'n Dun-Tuilm :—  
 Sin 'nuair labhair fiùghantas  
 Dalt 'iż-żejil Dhomħnuill għuirm :—  
 " Bu tric leat a bhi sūgradh rinn,  
 'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuinn cuirm.

" N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airneulach  
 'S biadh maidne dhol air bord,  
 Għiebha għixx ni riaghħalteach,  
 Bu mbiannach leat ga d' chöir ;  
 Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,  
 Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mòr ;  
 Bu cleachdadħ air dhithead dhut  
 Glaini' fħionna mar ri ċeol.

" Am fear a bh' air a Chomraich  
 Bu shall soillear dhuinn a bhàs  
 Ann an cuiśibh diulanais,  
 Cha b' iùdmħail e' meaġġ chāħix  
 Lamh sgapaidh oħri, a's airgeid e  
 Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,  
 A's mħior-naicheadħ na clärsarean  
 Nach e bu tātire lamh.\*

\* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Cailean Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Applecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity of silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties,

"Thug sinn ruraig gu'n sòradh  
 Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,  
 Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, teò-chridheach,  
 S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,  
 Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannais aig'  
 Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;  
 Cha chuirt' as geall a chailleadh e  
 Ge d' fhalaich oirn e'n uaigh!

"O'n rimu an uaigh 'ür glasadh orm,  
 'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shùil;  
 'S cumbach, cianail, craiteach, mi,  
 'S neo-ardanach mo shùrd,  
 'S mi cuimhneachadh nam braithrean sin  
 A b'aillidh dreach a's gnùis,  
 Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh rium  
 Aig Coinneach anns a' Chùil.

"Ailpeanaich mhath chiar-dhuibh,  
 'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,  
 D'an tigeadh àirm gu sgiamhach  
 Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,  
 Bu lamb a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,  
 Gu'n dial bu bhiatach math,  
 'S a nise bho na thriall thu bh'uainn,  
 Cha'n iarrair sinn a staigh.

"Bu chuimir glan do chalpannan,  
 Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thrui'm,  
 'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,  
 Mu'n cuairt an fliéile chruinn,  
 'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,  
 Sgiath laghach nam ball grinn,  
 Cha robh crón am fradharc ort,  
 'Thaobh t-agbaidh 's cùl do chinn.

"Nam togail màil do dhùthbhannan,  
 'S ga'n dhùthachadh riut fèin;  
 Bhì'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan  
 'S 'nar triuir gu'n mì bì'dhmaid réidh,  
 Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shamhna dhut,  
 No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,  
 Cha mhò thug öich air tuathanach,  
 Bu mhò do thruas ri fheum."

Bha'u duin' ud na charaид dhomh,  
 'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheiuin,  
 Mas can càch gur masgall e,  
 Leig tharais e na thím;  
 Do bhàis a dh-flàig mi muladach,  
 'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tir,  
 Cha b'ioghna' mi ga t-iondrann,  
 Ann am cunnatais thoirt 's an t-shuim.

his master asked Cormac:—"Cred i'n lamh bo fhile do shuar tu'n Albain?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied:—"Lamh dheas fhir na Comraich"—The right hand of Applecross.—"Cred i'n ath te?" which was the next?—"Lamh chàth fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin  
 'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,  
 'S amhnil gheibh mi bhuinig ann,  
 Bhi taghaich air luirg fhuaire,  
 An taobb a chaidh iad tharais,  
 'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaign,  
 Dh'eug Iannraig priunsa Shasuinn;  
 'S cha dùisg e gu là-luain!

*Note.*—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unfrequently the guest and companion of the best gentry in the Highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,\* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repudiated from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unhandsome treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Caledons*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberty*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *scanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Tri-an Fionn na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

### O R A N

DO NIGHEAN FIR GHEAMBAIL.

Moch sa' mhadainn mi 's lan airtneil,  
 Tha mi 'g achdain m' iunndrainn,  
 An aite cadail air mo leabaidd,  
 Carachadh sa tiunntadh.  
 Na 'm faighinn ead, gun rachaim grad,  
 Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamb,  
 A dh' fhiros an àit' am fiosrach càch,  
 Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

\* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

'S ge fad air chuaire, mi 's tamull bh'uam,  
An aisling bhuam so dhùisg mi ;  
Thu bhi agam, ann am glacaibh,  
Bhean bho 'n tachd-mhor sùigradh.  
A dhainean buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,  
Ann an ionad dùtheba,  
O choim a chiall ! gu 'm be mo mhiann,  
Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh théid mi 'n uair a dheireas,  
Mi gu h-eatrom sunndach ;  
Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn,  
Bi'dh mo chridhe sùgach  
Mo mbiann bhi 'n ceart-nair air bheag cadasil  
Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;  
Mo dhuil gun chleith, le dùrachd mhath,  
Gur h-e mo bheatha teamh ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidh falt,  
'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neionein ;  
Tha éideall grinn, mu dhead do chinne,  
'S do beul bho 'm binn thig òran.  
Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,  
'S do mheall-shnil, mhùn ga seòladh ;  
S i'n t-sheiret tha t-eudainn ghears gu eug mi,  
Mar toir cléir dhomh còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, òigh na féile,  
Ghears mi fòiu gu an-lamh ;  
Fhuair thu 'n isod buaidh bbo Dhiarmad,\*  
Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.  
Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,  
Mianach fir 'n am sealstain ;  
Do chiou fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,  
'S e na eallach thróm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghùn am falach,  
Seang chorpa, fallain, sunndach ;  
Slios mar eala, cneas mar chanach,  
Bho cheann tamull m' iul ort.  
Bho bharr do chiun, gu sàil do bhuinn ;  
'S tu dhamhsadh grinn air ùrlar ;  
Bhi ga t-aireamh 's gn'n tu lathair,  
Ghears gu lär mo shùigradh.

Mo shùigradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,  
Oigh nan ciabhs glan faineach ;  
T-aon bhroilleanach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,  
'S nasal an t-ion ban-righ.  
Tha seire, a's beusan, tachd, a's ceutaidh,  
Mar ri chéile fas riut ;  
Do ghaol gach lò so rinn mo leòn,  
Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aireamh, trian de t-àilleachd,  
Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi ;

\* Bha 'm "Bad-seire" ann an gruaidean Dhiarmaid.

Ceillidh, cliutach, bensach, muirneach,  
Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidh ort.  
Bi'dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunnatais, siu,  
Dha 'n dìult thia caoimhneas ;  
Bi'dh slaint' as ùr, le failte chailidh,  
Aig fear ni lub san roimh ort.

## S G I A N D U B H

AN SPROGAN CHAIM.

Du' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,  
Na 'm fanadh sibh gu fòill,  
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,  
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleòis ;  
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,  
Air cuirm aig Lachunn òg :  
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,  
Le a caisein-uchd' bha mòr.

Bu mhath a chuirm a bh'an', an sin,  
'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;  
'N fhearr ud d'inne chunnaic i,  
A dhi-mol i gu leir ;  
Ach fhuair mi fhin bloidh biodaig ann  
Nach tig an là ni feum,  
A's stiallaire mor feòsaig oirr',  
Mur flear d'a seòrsa fhein.

¶ Mas oil leibh an athais ud,  
Gu 'n robh i agabb riamh ;  
Loimidean a's óghnaichean,  
An cònuidh dhubhbh bu bhiadh ;  
Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,  
Tuilleadh a's coig ciad ;  
'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,  
Cho gharbhe ri tore-fiadh.

Chuir an tir so 'n duileachd mi,  
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;  
Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,  
Roimh 'n dòs a bh'air 'a barr ;  
Bha sgonn do mhaide seilich innit ;  
Bu gheinneanta riun fas ;  
Ehireadh saor neo chronail aisde,  
Crosg da'n loinid bhàin.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuiinn bairlinn,  
An trath so mach sa 'n tìr,  
Chuir e na soachd barranntais,  
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phì ;  
Ghabhail gu caol Arcaig leo,  
Mu 'n ghabh i tàmh sa 'n tìr,  
'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coimse dh' i,  
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhùth.

Cha'n ion-mholaidh ghráth-bhat sin,  
 Thug thu steach thar chaol,  
 Au t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,  
 'Sa b' ole lean air mo thaobh ;  
 'S maирg sliasaid air am facas i,  
 A bhiodag phaiteach mhaol ;  
 B' iomlaideach air bhórdaiibh i,  
 Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaol.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,  
 A b' ole leam air mo chliath',  
 'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,  
 Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,  
 Bha maide reamhar geinneach innit'  
 'S car na h-ambach fiar  
 Cha ghearradh i sgiath euleige,  
 Le buille no le riacb.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarradh breathanais,  
 Cha'd' fhuar mi leithid riabh ;  
 Sin nuair thuirt an Sàileanach,  
 ('Nuair chàirich e rium biasd ;  
 Mathalt do chuire Mhòr-thirich,  
 Da'm beil an roibein liath ;  
 Duireall dubh gun fhaobhar,  
 'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

"Bu mhath sa bhruthainn chaorainn i,  
 'Sa'n caonnag nam fear mór ;  
 'S e Fionn thug dh'i an latha sin,  
 An t-ath-bualadh na dhòrn ;  
 Thug e na brath-mhionnan sin,  
 Nach dh' fhag i duine beò ;  
 'S nach robb neach ga'n beanadh i,  
 Nach gearradh i' gu'bhroig."

Thuirt mi fhìn cha'n fhior dhut sin,  
 'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois ;  
 Coid a chuinmhe 's faid' agad,  
 On stad i gu bhi mol ;  
 Chaidh mi air mo ghlùn d' i,  
 Mu'n do rùisg i rium a taobh ; \*  
 'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisid,  
 Gus'n tug Mac-Talla glaodh.

Bi cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,  
 Bhí'n eitsein mhòrair-Gall : †  
 'S fbuair i urram còcraigeadh,  
 Thar moran de na bh' ann ;  
 Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,  
 Mu'n deach e chòmhraigheann,  
 'S b' fhoirmmeal anns a chogadh i,  
 Sgian dubh an sprògain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,  
 'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,  
 Mac-Aoidh an tìs feachda leo,  
 'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath ;  
 'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Sàileach,  
 'S a thairnear ridhe suas ;

\* Pulling it out of the sheath.      † Lord Caithness.

'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoiseid air,  
 Bho smeig gu mhaodail sios.

*Note.*—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of Lachunn Òg, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomlaid bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in: and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. Hairy M'Rae. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

#### CURAM NAM BAN TRAICHEAN.

##### LUINNEAG.

*Hàg hoireann hò-rò hira-bho,*  
*Bi'dh càram air na bantraichean,*  
*Hàg hoireann hò-rò hira-bho,*  
*Bi'dh càram air na bantraichean.*

*Bi'dh càram air na mnathan òga,*  
*'S mòran air na bantraichean,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh càram tim an Earraich orra,*  
*Gu'n bi'n t-aran gann aca,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh càram mor a's eagal oirra,*  
*Theagambh nach bi clann aca,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair hhios cach gu cuirealdach,*  
*Bi'dh iads a cumh'an t-shean-duine,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',*  
*Silidh iad mar alltanach,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,*  
*Air euanal liath nam bantraichean,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh dealg a'm bun an fleamain ac,*  
*'S breamanach a dhambhas iad,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Ged bhidhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,*  
*Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te dhubbh,*  
*Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Note.*—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

## AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clàrsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis\*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Britheamh Leòghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcolm was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory

\* The Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed themselves of the facts.

Of Mr Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the manses of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—"Feill nan Crann," which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—"Ciod e tha dhith air Ruairidh?" "Mhuire! tha a chrann—chaill e san luath e," was the reply—"Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;" continued Mrs M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost *implement*!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamòr* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

*An Clàrsair Dall* was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled, "*Creach nan Ciadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deplored the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piecee of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of *I*, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

## A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHIE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n ráidhie,\*  
 Ge d' bhà mi leam fhìn,  
 Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,  
 A thainig am ghaioith,  
 Dh-fhiaraich cia mar bhà mi,  
 Na'm báil leam dhol sios,  
 An Tota-mòr so fhàgail,  
 Nach b' àite dhomb e,  
 'S oilleir dhuinne thar chach uile,  
 Nach robb duin' a's tir,  
 A chumadh fear mar chàch mi,  
 Mar b' ábhaist dhombh bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,  
 Mi'n dearmad aig càch,  
 Thaínig e na m' chòdhail,  
 On b' còl dha mo ghnàs,  
 Thug e leis air sgòid mi,  
 Gu seomar a mbnà,  
 Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,  
 'S na sòr oirn' a làn,  
 Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,  
 'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,  
 'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd eòlais,  
 Na m boidh a phòca làn.

Labbair a bhean choir sin,  
 Gu banail eolach glic,  
 Fhaic thu 'n t-uam gu'n mhàthair,  
 An clàrsair gu'n chruit,  
 An leabhar gu'n leubhair,  
 'S e bhens a bhi druit,  
 S'an dorlach gu'n fhuasgladh,  
 A suaineach a bhruiic,  
 Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh  
 Ghlaime so thoirt dhut,  
 'S gu'n òlamaid a dhà dhùi'  
 Air slàinte an fhir bhric. †

An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,  
 'S a 'g iomagann do ghnà,  
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,  
 Gach puing mar atà,

Ge h-eibhinn leam r'a chluinntinn,  
 An saoibh a bhidh slàn,  
 Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,  
 Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnàs,  
 Fàth mo ghearrain a bhi falamb,  
 'S mi tamull o d' laimb,  
 "S faide 'n fhead nò t-eigbeach,  
 'S an fhéusag air fàs."

Ge d' fhuiligeach gach mi 's feudar,  
 'S neo-éibhinn le m' rùn,  
 Thusa bhidh 'n clar-sgithe,  
 'S mi 'n tir air do chùl,  
 Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,  
 Gu ròibeineach dlù,  
 'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,  
 A ghnà ann san Dùn,  
 Fhir bhric bhallach, meall na bharail,  
 'M fear a thuirt o thus—  
 "S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,  
 Na 's cén bho bheachd sùl."

Ge d' thà mise an dràsda  
 Da m' àrach fad uat,  
 Sloinnidh mi mo phàirt,  
 Ris gach nàbaidh m'an cuairt,  
 Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' fhendas mi,  
 Spréidh A chuir snas,  
 Biodh sid fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,  
 Nach sàraich am fuachd,  
 Ri là gaillonn an àrd bheannabh,  
 'S iad nach gearain uair,  
 'S tric an siubhal sealbhach,  
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasda bheòghant\*,  
 Aig Eòghann Loch-iall,  
 Nach seachnadh an tòireachd,  
 'N àm tògbhail nan triath,  
 Rachadh iad gu'n sòradh,  
 An còdhail nan ciad,  
 'S math am fulang dòrainn,  
 'S tha cròdhachd nan gniomh,  
 Fir ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,  
 Nach d'fhuair masladh riamb,  
 Mhathas mo chuid dhòmh sa,  
 'S mi 'n dòchas gur fior.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,  
 'S oirdheirce gniomh,  
 Luch shiubhal a gharblaich,  
 'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,

\* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

† John Breac Macleod.

Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oilbbeum,  
Mar falbhadh iad sliabh,  
Cha dean iad a bheag ormsa,  
'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,  
Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh s'i fo'n comraic,  
'B'e an comunn mo mhiann,  
Buachailean mo threud,  
'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhàrtainn,\*  
Gu tòbhachdach treun,  
Raghainn air an naimhdeas,  
An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,  
Cha bluin iad ri fàil-bheairt,  
Mo lamhsa nach spéis,  
"Far an is' an gàradh,  
Cha ghnà leo a leum,"  
Na fir ghasda gu'n bhi meata,  
'S iad nach seachainn strécup,  
Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spàirne,  
Ann 's gach àite dha 'n téid.

Clann-a-Phì † ri' n seanachas,  
'S neo-leanabaidh na seòid,  
Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac  
A dhearbhadh an gleoís,  
'S iad nach seachadh fuathas,  
'N àm bhualadh nan sròn,  
Ge b' chuireadh fearg Orr'  
Cha b' pharmadach dhò,  
'N àm tarrainn nan lann tana,  
Caisgear carraid leò,  
"Buille 'n corp cha bhuaill" iad,  
Tha uaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-Ille-Mhaoil mhùinte,  
Bha clùi orra riamh,  
Buidhean tha do-cheannsait,  
Is ceannsgalach triall,  
Ri faicinn an naimhdean,  
'S neo-sgàthach an triath,  
B' annsa leibh ruraig shunndach,  
No tionntadh le fiamh,  
Laochraidiùl guineach nan arm fuileach,  
'S maidg ri 'n bluin sibh riamb,  
Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,  
'S ur cairdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla còmhlainn,  
Nach conn-lapach gleus,  
Luchd nam feudan dubh-ghorm,  
Nach diùltadh ri feum,  
'N àm na grайдh dhùsgadh,  
Gu 'n dubhladh blur feum,  
Bha fios aig Mac-an-Tòisich,  
Nach sòradh iad ceum,

\* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Locharkaig men, followers of Lochiel.

Dol na choinnidh sa'n là shoilleir,  
'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,  
B' annsa dol da bhualadh,  
No buaile 'n fir théud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chìs-mhoir,  
Da ríreadh a th' ann,  
Nach leigeadh le mùiseag,  
An cuis thar an ceann,  
Misneach cha do threig sibh,  
'N streup chlanna Ghall,  
Cha bu dual daibh mò-stà'  
No mì-thùrachd ghann,  
Na fir churanta fhuar urram,  
Re h-àm iomairt lann,  
O minig luchd an aobhair,  
Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,  
Bha fuaite ri'r gné,  
Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,  
An uaisle 'n ar cléith,  
Gu creachadh cha do għluais sibh,  
Cha chuala mi e,  
B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,  
Thoirt uam le m' thoil fèin,  
Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,  
'S mi na m' airc mu'm spréidh,  
'S mi gu'n eagal tuaigndih,  
'S mo bhuaile fo' r möin.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,  
Connspunnach, cruaidh,  
Chumadh ri luchd aimhreit,  
A chonnspaid ud suas,  
Na 'm tharrainn gu sanntach,  
An lann as an truaill,  
Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,  
San àm ud bhi bhuaibh,  
Biadh ceum cridheil air reang tri-eas,  
Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,  
Aig bùidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,  
Nach teamn mo chuid bhuan.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,  
An Ceann-tàile so thall,  
Fir ghasda neo sgàthach,  
Ga'm b'abbaisd bhi teamn,  
Ri faicinn a nàmhaid,  
Nach failinnach greann,  
Is tric a fluair buaidh làrach,  
Le abbachd an lann,  
Nearn a chlaide be air raghainn,  
Nach dh-fhàs fatast fann,  
Coille 's i gu'n chrionach,  
Gur liounmhòr a cluinn.

'S iad marcaich na Mòidhe,  
Fir chròd nam buadh,  
'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,  
Nach sòradh an duais,  
Clann-Choinnich nan rò-seol,  
Na'n cròdh' mhilean sluaidh,  
Na beathraichean beòdha,  
Ga còir a bhi cruidh,  
Dream gu'n laige ri am troide  
Ceann a chabhrach suas,  
Aig luchd na gorm lann nàimhdeach,  
Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

*Note.*—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tora-Mor*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

## O R A N

DO DH-LAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

THA mòran, mòran mulaid  
Au deigh tuiueachadh am chòm,  
Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,  
Bho nach facas Iain donn;  
Na'n cluinninn ged nach facienn,  
Fear do phearsa thigh'nn dò 'n fhonn,  
Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phrámh 's m' airsneul,  
Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamb trom.

*Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,*  
*'S na hò-rò challan h-i;*  
*Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,*  
*'S na hò-rò challan h-i;*  
*Challan hì ho hù-rà bhò;*  
*'S na hò-rò challan hì;*  
*Gur fada bho na tráthan sin,*  
*Nach robh mo ghràdh san tir.*

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eisdeadh sibh,  
Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,  
'S mi caoidh an nasail bheadaraich,  
Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;  
Cha robh eon ri thaotainn ort,  
Ach thu bhi faoilidh ann,  
Bho 'n fhuar mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu,  
'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Thug mi ionnsaidd fhada,  
As do dheigh 's mi 'n cladach cruidh,  
Thug mi ionnsaidd bhearraideach,  
'S a chàmhnaich Di-luain;  
Cha d'fhuaras an t-òg aigeantach,  
Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,  
'S cha 'n fhaodainn a mbisg àicheadh,  
'S do dheoch-slainte dol m' an cuairt.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Thug mi ionnsaidd sgaireal,  
As do dheigh an cladach doirbh,  
Ged nach tug mi capull leam,  
Na agair mi na lorg;  
Gu 'n robb mo choiseachd adhaiseach,  
'S an Rathad a bhi dorch,  
Le breisleach mhic-nan-cliatthan,\*  
'S do lamh fhial ga dhioladh orm.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Fhir so tha mi g' ionradh ort,  
Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' nam,  
Sròn ardanach an fhlìughantais,  
Cha b' fhiù leat a bhi crion;  
Na'n cluinninn fèin 's gu 'n tigeadh tu,  
Fhir chridhe dhios nan crioch,  
Gu'n olaim do dheoch-slainte,  
Ga do phàighinn i, de dh' fhion.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhaintach,  
'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,  
A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairce,  
Gaoil na'm ban, 's nan gruagach òg;  
'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,  
A bha deighéil air do phoig,  
Le 'm b' ait bhi cumadtadh spreidhe dhut,  
'S a deas-lamh fèin le deòin.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,  
Ri t-amharc bha thu caoin,  
Saighdear foimnidh, flathail,  
Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;  
Euchdach, treubhach, urramach,  
Bha 'n curaigh glan gu'n ghaoid,  
Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,  
Air nach faighte an tiotal claoan.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Saighdear fearail, fuasgalteach,  
Fear crualalach, gu'n mheang,  
Ceann-feadhna air thù na brataich e,  
Ga taisbeanadh san Fhraing;  
Thig airm air reir a phearsa,  
Air an laoch bu sgaireal greann,  
'N uair dh' eireadh airde lasrach ort,  
'S maing a' chasadadh riut san àm.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

\* An t-uisc-beatha.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,  
 De'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,  
 'S e fulangach bho bharra-dheis,  
 Gu'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;  
 Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,  
 Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,  
 Lann air dhreach na daolaig',  
 'S i air taebh deas-laimh mo rùin.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dat,  
 'S tu'n deigh an retreut,  
 As paidhir dhag nach diúltadh,  
 Agus fùdar gorm da reir;  
 Do ghunna'n deigh a falmachadh,  
 'S tu marbhach air an treud,  
 Aun san laimh nach greagara,  
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,  
 Th'aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,  
 Cha ghiorra leam an oidhche,  
 Bhi ga chuijmheachadh's gach am:  
 Dh' fhaoitichinn na'm faicinn thu,  
 Tigh'nm seachad ann sa ghleann,  
 Cha ghabhinn fein bonn faiteachais,  
 Ge d' ghlacadh tu mo gheall.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Corr agus trà ráidhean,  
 Tha thu'd chadal sàmhach bh'uain,  
 Gu'n t-fhaicinn bho na dh'fhàg thu sinn,  
 'S ar eridhe ghnàth fo ghrainim;  
 A nis bho'n chuir thu cùl riunn,  
 'Sa laidh smàrnnein air do ghruaiddh,  
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,  
 Tha Tòrmòd mar bu dual.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

'S e Tòrmòd òg mo shubhachas,  
 Air thuidheachas shiòl Leòid,  
 Ma's mac an àit'an athar thu,  
 Thig fathast gu bhi mòr;  
 Ann san Dùn gu flatheit,  
 'N robh do chinneadh roi beò,  
 Mac-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,  
 Le aighear thréig mi bròn.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid riut,  
 B'i sud an fhoirm fhuil għlan,  
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,  
 B'i'n ard-fhuil naibbreach mhear;  
 'S ogha'n Eoin gun trouilleadh,  
 Thug snairees air gach neach,  
 Mac an flair nach b'fhuathach leam,  
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.  
*Their mi ho-ro, &c.*

### CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.\*

Tha muld, tha mulad,  
 Lion mulad ro mhòr mi,  
 'S ge d' is eigin domh thulang,  
 Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;  
 Thromaich sac air mo għiulan,  
 Le dùmhlaðas dòrainn,  
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhna orm,  
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,  
 Dh' fhàg mi breoite gu'n fhiabhrs,  
 A dh'fhògair mo shlainte,  
 'S teare mo bhrathair's na criochan;  
 Agam glaodh an loin bhrónaich,  
 'N deigh a h-eoin's i'ga iargainn,  
 Dh' fhàlbh gach sòlas a b' àbhaist,  
 'S dh' fhuirich càilein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich càilein a m' fhiacail,  
 So i bhliadhna' a thug ear dhomh,  
 Dh' fhag puthar fo m' leine,  
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,  
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheudar,  
 Cha ré domh bhi fallain,  
 Fhuair mi dinneir là Càisge,  
 'S cha b' fheairde mo ghoini i.

Cha b' fheairde mo ghoini i,  
 Ge do bha mi mu'n chò roinn,  
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,  
 Gu'n bhual an t-earrach so bròg orm;  
 Mi mu'm māighsteir glè mhath,  
 'S fid a leus orm nach beò e,  
 Ge do racha mi seachad,  
 Cha'n fhaigh mi facial dheth chòmhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facial dheth chòmhra,  
 Chleachd mi mòran deth fhaotainn,  
 'N dingh dh' fhaodas mi ràite,  
 Gur uan gu'n mhàthair san treud mi,  
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhi túrsach,  
 Gu'n bhrath furtachd as eugais,  
 'S o'n a chaochail e àbhaist,  
 'S teare a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn.

'S teare a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn,  
 Cha bheus domh bhi subhach,  
 Għabb mi tlachd ann bi túrsach,  
 Chuir mi ḫiġġ ann bi dubbħach,  
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,  
 Chuir an cuimbe mo phutar,  
 Nis o'n fhuair an uaigh e-san,  
 Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

\* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Chaidh an eisead mo bbruthaich,  
 'S mi fo chumha da direadh,  
 Dol an truinead 's an àirde,  
 An diugh a thainig mo dhìobhail :  
 Dh' fhalbh mo lairbeichean éibhinn,  
 O'n a thréig sibh Clàr-sgithe,  
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh  
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,  
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigheas,  
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,  
 'S mnaí chaoianteach nan luath-bhos,  
 'S iad a' co-stri r'a chòile,  
 Ceol gun éibhneas seachd tRNAIGHE !  
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,  
 M' au chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,  
 A luathaich orm tioma,  
 Dh' fhág to m' osaich fuil bhràite,  
 A' sior-dhùrladh air m' innigh,  
 'S fhaida seachduin na bliadhna,  
 O'n a tbriall sibh thair limne,  
 Le friamhach na fialachd,  
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhlileadh,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhlileadh,  
 Dh' fhág mi spionadh nan anfhanan,  
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,  
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.  
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,  
 Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-imcheist ;  
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,  
 Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmайд.

Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmайд,  
 Ghabh mi tearadh o'n treud sin,  
 Far an robh mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,  
 'An toiseach aimseir mo chéitein,  
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,  
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain  
 Chaill mi 'n ùr-ghibht, a chreach mi,  
 Ann an seachduin na Céusda.

Ann an seachduin na Céusda,  
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,  
 Chaill mi iuchair na h-éudail,  
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,  
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',  
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mbisneach ;  
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' àirnean,  
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,  
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slàn deth,  
 Se fear tinn a chinn-ghalair,  
 A nín' gearan bochd cràiteach,

'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,  
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nàbaidh,  
 'S cha mho db' fhairach e thinneas  
 Leis 'n do mbilleadh a shlainte.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaint-s',  
 'S ann a tharmaich dhòmh m' easlaint,  
 Gu'n d' chuir ainsir na Càisge,  
 Mi gu bràth fo throm airsneal,  
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhág thu,  
 Rud 'an àite na bh' aca,  
 Ach mis agus Mairi,  
 A chuir a bràthair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhràthair 'an tasgaidh,  
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fior sud,  
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acain,  
 Mar tha mhae na mhaol-ciàrain,  
 Agus ise bochd brònach,  
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,  
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,  
 Leis 'n do bhuaineadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mbàiri,  
 Mar tha thu fo chumha,  
 Nach faic thu do Bhràthair,  
 Mar a b' àbhaist gu subhach,  
 An sean-fhacal gnàthaichte,  
 An diugh 's fior e mar thubbairt :—  
 " Cha robb meoghaill ga miad,  
 Nach robb na deigh galach, dubhach."

Nach robb na deigh galach, dubhach,  
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,  
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a bràthair  
 Ach gheibh bean àluinn leth-leapach,  
 Thainig ár air an dùthaich,  
 Dia a dhùbladh an carta,  
 'S ga cumail air uachdar,  
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,  
 'N déigh a għlasadh le gruagaich,  
 Lan saibhris is sonais,  
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,  
 Lean cuīs 's na bi leanbail,  
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,  
 Cum an coimeas ruit féin iad,  
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainim Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,  
 Tartacb, toirbeartach, teannta,  
 Do shi-seanair o'n tainig,  
 Cha b'ion do nàmhaid dol teann air,  
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,  
 Cha b'e roghainn bu taire,  
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,  
 Cha b'e'u gainneanach fàs e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,  
 A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mì-chliu,  
 Cha b' e 'n coilleanach gaun e,  
 Ach an ceannsgalach mileant'  
 Ma 's tua roinn suas,  
 Au ceathramh Rauiridh, na dearmad,  
 Lean ri siunsireachd t-aiteam,  
 'S n'a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,  
 'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrògan,  
 Na biadh daoin' ann am barail,  
 Ge d' tha car aig an öig ort,  
 Bidh gu fiùghantach smachdail,  
 Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leòdach,  
 "Na faic frid an sùil bridean,"  
 Cha chùis dion do Mhae-Leòid e.

Cha chùis dion do Mhae-Leòid,  
 A bhi dòlum 's rud aige,  
 Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,  
 'S biadh mòr-chuis na t-aigheadh,  
 Ach ma leigeas tu dhòt e,  
 Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,  
 'G ràdh gur crann shlatag chròn thu,  
 'N àit' a ghniomharaich bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,  
 Fo bhlà onarach àluinn,  
 Ann an lios nan crann éuchdach,  
 Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,  
 Lean an dùthchas bu chathair,  
 A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,  
 Na bidh ad chrionaich gu'n duilleigh,  
 Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

## ORAN MOR MHIIC - LE O I D.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

Miàd a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall,  
 Dh' flag treoghaid mo chléibh gu goirt  
 Aig na riuu mi ad dheighidh,  
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thríall gu port.  
 'S ann bhà mis' air do thoir,  
 'S mi meas robh còir agam ort;  
 A dheagh mhic an athar mo ghráidh,  
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdh, 's m' ole.

Chaidh a chnibble mu'n coair,  
 Gu'n do thiunndaidh gu fuachd am blàthas,  
 Naile chuna' mi uair,  
 Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh.

Far biadh taghaich nan duan,  
 Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chàs ;  
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuaing,  
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fàs.

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dùn,  
 'N am sgàrrachdann duinn r' ar triath ;  
 'S ann a thachair e riùm,  
 Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.  
 Labhar e-san air thus—  
 " Math mo bharail gur tu ma's fior,  
 Chunna' mise fo' mhuiuir,  
 Roi'n viridh an Dùn nan eliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tûr,  
 ' Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,  
 Ann an teaghlaich an fhion',  
 'Stu g-aithris air gnionn mo lamh :  
 "S math mo bharail gur mi,  
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhi mo thàmh ;  
 G-eisdeachd brosluim gach ceòil,  
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,  
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil ;  
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as lèir,  
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu féin air chùl.  
 A reir do chomais air sceul,  
 O'n's fear comuinna mi-féin a's tu ;  
 'M beil do mhuiintearas buan,  
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn ?

" Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,  
 Anns an talla 'm biadh fuaim a cheòil ;  
 'S ionad taghaich nan eliar,  
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.  
 Gu'n mbhire, gu'n mhuiuir,  
 Gu'n iomracha dlù nan còrn ;  
 Gun chùirm, gu'n phailteas ri dàimh,  
 Gu'n mhacnas, gu'n mhàran beoil.

" 'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair  
 'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiegh ;  
 Far bu mhuiireach am bêus,  
 'N am eromadh do'n ghréin san t-sruth.  
 Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,  
 'S iad gu h-òranach, ceolmor, clùth ;  
 Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,  
 Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth."

" 'N am eiridh gu moch,  
 Ann san teaghlaich, gu'n spròc, gu'n ghruaim ;  
 Chluinte gleadarraighe nan dòs,  
 'S an cùile na' cois on t-snaini ;  
 'N uair a ghabhadh i làn,  
 'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fluair ;  
 Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,  
 'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dionach, luath."

“ Bhiodh a rianadair fén,  
Cuir an ire gur h-e bhiodh ann ;  
'S e g-eiridh na measg,  
'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.  
Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,  
Cha tuaigneadh e sinn gu teann ;  
Chuireadh tagradh am chluais,  
Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuar a chuit' i na tàmh,  
Le furtachd na fardaich fén;  
Dhomh-sa b' fhurasda ràdh,  
Gu'm bu churaideach gáir nan téud.  
Le h-iomairt dha làmh,  
A cuir a binneas do chàch an còill ;  
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,  
A moghunn lughar le luasan mheur.

“ Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,  
N am teasa na gréin tra nòin ;  
Fit chneatain ri clàir,  
'S mnai' freagairt a ghàr cuir leo.  
Da chomhairleach ghearr,  
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'ard an gloir ;  
'S gu'm bu thitheadh an guin,  
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil.”

“ Gheibhte fleasgaich gu'n ghrain,  
Na do thalla gu'n sgráig, gu'n fhuath ;  
Mnai' thionna 'n fhuilt réidh,  
Cuir boineis an cíll le fuaim.  
Le ceileireachd beoil,  
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaire ;  
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,  
Ri cuir meo-ghair a mheòir nan cluais.

“ Thoir teachdaireachd bhuam,  
Le deatam, gu Ruaridh òg ;  
Agus innis dha fén,  
Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.  
E bhi'g amhare na dheigh,  
Air an lain\* a dh-éug, s' nach beò ;  
Ge bu shaibhir a chliù,  
Cha'n fhàgadh e 'n Dùn gu'n cheòl.”

*Note.*—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mor Mhic-Leòid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. “ Yes,” was his reply, “ and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it.”

\* John Breac M'Leod was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed

## C U M H I A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.\*

DH-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,  
Dhòrchaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,  
Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,  
'S gu'n mo chainneal a' gabbhal,  
Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n ùir orr.

Bàs an Eoin so ma dheireadh,  
Rinn ar leònadh gu soillear,  
Sa chùir ar sòlas an gainnead,  
Dhùisg e bròn an Eoin eile,  
Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiùlain.

Co chunnaic no chuala,  
Sgeul 's trúime sa 's truaidhe ?  
Na'm beum guineach so bhuail oirnu,  
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaime sinn,  
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhùthcha.

Se siol Leòid an siol dochair,  
Siol gu'n sòlas, gu'n sochair,  
Siol a bhroin a's na bochain,  
Siol gu'n cheòl a's gu'n bhoslium,  
Au siol dorainneach 's goirt a rùg sgiùrs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgith an clàr ro sgith,  
Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,  
Clàr gu'n eibhneas lanu osnaidh,  
Clàr nan deur air na rosraigibh,  
An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tòursach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,  
Na seana chneidhean ga 'n àrach,  
Na 'n ùr chnàmhain an dràsta,  
Sgrìob gach latha gar fàsgadh,  
Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spuill dhinn.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,  
Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,  
Nach “ fearr e ri chlàistinn  
An t-ole cràiteach na fhaicinn,”  
'S claoen a dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thùs e.

with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

\* Mr John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

## AM PIOMAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Cruimmein. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Iain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Cruimmein reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Iain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the conglutinous touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—"Tha mheòirean as dcighe na sgait!" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to any thing of the kind.

One of the Mac-Cruimmeins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or winking with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Caogach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Caogach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phàdruiig Chaógaich*"—thus nobly re-

nouneing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorraraig, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury : the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "Lasan Phàdraig Chaogaich" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—"Chaidh an fhòghluim os-ccann Mhic-Cruinein." i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Cruimmein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which every where flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cailleach a Mhuillear*," and "*Cailleach Liath Rasaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was Angus, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity ; and he passed the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of Reay and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of Tong, of the demise of his patron, Lord Reay, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of Sir Alexander McDonald of Slate, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardic-piper soon experienced the verification of the adage—new kings, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John said—" My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise"—" Go back to your master," replied *Iain Dall* warmly, " and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his *ears*, and not to blow music *up* in his a——!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the year 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

## BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tÙr  
 'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,  
 Geug shonna, sholta gheibh clù,  
 'Ni buannachd dùthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,  
 Dha 'm buadhach mùirn agus ceòl  
 Ogha Choinnich nan rùn reidh,  
 'S Bharoin Shrath-Spé nam bò.

O Iarla Shì-phort an tòs  
 Dhìuchd an òigh is taitneich bëus  
 'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a ris.  
 A fhreasdaleadh an righ na fheum.

'S bithidh Granndaich uime nach tìm,  
 Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.  
 O Spé a' b' ionadaich linne,  
 A 's feidh air firichean àrd,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fainn,  
 Thainig ann òigh is glaine crè,  
 Gruidh choreair, agus rosg mall,  
 Mala chaol, cham, 's eul réidh,

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chailc,  
 'S a corp sneachaiddh air dheagh dhealbh,  
 Maoth leanabh le gibtean saor,  
 Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar eala nan srùth,  
 'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,  
 Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan téud,  
 No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,  
 'S bu bhuaichaill' i air do-bhèus  
 Cainneal sholais seadh do theach,  
 A frithdealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-féin t-ùr bhean òg,  
 A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan còrn fial  
 Le toil chairdean as gach tir,  
 Gu meal thu i's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,  
 Gu meal sibh uail, agus mùirn,  
 Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an eòin,  
 'S mo bheannachd féin diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,  
 Th'aig an òigh is glainne slios,  
 'S beannachd dha'n tì a thug leis,  
 Rogha nam bän an gnè, sa meas.

## DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNUIL SHLEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thigheann dhachaigh a Lunnainn do chaisteal Armadail sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhain-tighearn' òg mhaiseach a bhi mårbh a straig, air chinn da thigheann. Tharladh dha na phlobaire dhall a bhi staigh aig an àm, agus sheinne 'n dàn a leanas na dhàil, a neadhadh dha gu'n chàll iomadh trèun a's flatn an ceud ghràdh, d'a b'eigin tadheoigh sòlas a ghlaicadh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-àm,  
 O chrich nan Gall gu do thir,  
 Dùthchas tha ri slios a chuan  
 'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n righ.

Do bheatha gu do thir fén,  
 'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnail nan scùd saor,  
 'S àit le maithibh Iunse-Gall,  
 Do ghuasad a nall thar chaol.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,  
 Gu'n bhuanneich thu mar bu choir  
 Trotairnis uil' agus Sléibhte,  
 Uidhist nan eun a's nan ròn.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,  
 Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,  
 'S tu sliochd nan rìrean o shean,  
 Dha'n robh miagh fàinear air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm bëus,  
 Na ghabh rium fein diù' o thùs,  
 Creinn-iubhair le brataichean sròil,  
 Loingeas air chòrs a's ròs-iùil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamh-dhearg,  
 Ga'n cuir suas an ainn an righ,  
 Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,  
 'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na'n tìrladh dhuibh' bhi air léirg,  
Fo mhicirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bùn  
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,  
Chuireadh sibh *ratreat* air cùch.

Gu h-àrmach, armailteach, òg,  
Neo-chearbach an tòis nan ruag,  
'S gach àite 'n cròmadh an ceann,  
Bu leo na bhiodh ann, 'sa luach. \*

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mòr  
'S b'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull a mhac,  
B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull eile ris,  
Chumadh fo chis na slòigh ceart.

B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull nan trì Dòm'ull  
'S ge b'òg e, bu mhòr a chliù,  
Bh'fìdh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,  
A'g èiridh leis anns gach cùis.

B'eòl domh Sir Seumas na ruin,  
T-athair-sa mhic-chliùtaich féin,  
'S tus a nis an siathamh glùm  
Dhordaich Rìgh nan dùl na'n déigh.

Na'n tuiteadh m' acis cho fad a mach,  
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thùm—  
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glùm,  
'Thainig air an Dùn ri' m' linn.

'S cha'n iongadh dhomh-sa bhi erion,  
A's mo chiabag a bhi liath  
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mòr  
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's òir riamb.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' àraeb clùth,  
Thuigeadh iad uam gùth nam meur,  
'S tha iadsa sàbhailt an dingh,  
Annas a bhruth am b'eil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fùireach sa'n àr,  
'S mi cuir a bhàilair mar bha riamb,  
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n déigh,  
Mar Oisian an déigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliù,  
Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnull nan ruin réidh,  
'S ged dh'imirnat t-ùr bhean òg  
Na biodh ort-sa bròn na déigh.

'Sa liughad òigh thaitneach gun di,  
Tha eadar Clàr-sgrìth a's Mon-rès  
'S ma' iùha thaobb Areamb a chàin  
Deas a's tuath, thall sa Liòs.

Agus iad uil' ort an déigh  
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an euid,  
Oighean taitneach nam beul biunn,  
Nam mèur grinn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaili righ Bhreatainn, a's ba bhòul,  
A leabaidh féin leug a ghaoil  
'S o na tharladh sud na chàr,  
B'eigiu dha bhi seal gu'n minnae.

Mae-righ Sorcha\* sgiath nan àrm  
Gur h-e b'aimm dha Maighre horb,  
Chaili e gheada-bhean mar ghùm,  
'S dh thurich e-féin na deigh beò!

Chaili righ na h-Easpailt a bhean,  
An ainm ri ghual nigh'n righ Greig,  
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,  
'S dh'imirich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saeghal-so na chèò,  
'S gur doigh dha bhi dol mu'n cuairt;  
Bidh'maid stibhach annamh féin  
'S beannachd leis gach ni chaidh uainn.

\* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,\* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting them-selves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whilst fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most handsome. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty, telling him that her name was "Fíne-Sòis," i.e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for sometime, as the partner of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape; and, having sailed forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's *curach* afloat, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance.

\* The island of Sorcha is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—Dr Smith.

## CUMHÁ CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mi'n diugh a' fágail na tire,  
 'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,  
 'S e dh'fhág gun airgeid mo phòca,  
 Ceann mo stóir bhi fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig bráige 'n alltain riabhaich,  
 A' g iarraidh gu bealach na fèatha,  
 Far am bi danbh dearg na croice,  
 Mu Fhéill-an-ròid a dol san dàmhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir'-an-easain,  
 Far a tric a sgapadh fùdar,  
 Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,  
 Cuir mac-na-h-eilidh gu dhùbhlàn.

Coire gu'n easbuidh gu'n iomrall,  
 'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,  
 Cha n'eil uair a ni mi t-iomradh,  
 Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chràdh.

Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the *right hand*," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his *left*; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Fáine-Solais* to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Fáine-Solais* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maïd of Craca, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled "*Cath Mhaighe mhòir mleac righ Sorcha*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

Là do Fhinn le beagan sluaigh  
 Aig Eas-ruadh nan cùpba mall,  
 Chunnacas a' sedadh leis an lear  
 Curach ceò agus bean ann.

'S b'e sin curach bu mhath gleus  
 A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,  
 Clos cha d' rimmeadh leis no tâmb  
 Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mnâ,  
 B' ionann dealradh dh'i's dn'n ghréin,  
 'S a h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,  
 Le fluch-o-snaich trom a cléibh.

Is sheas sion uil' air an raon,  
 Na flathcean caoin a's mi fèin;  
 A bhean a thainig thar lear,  
 Bha sinn gu leir roimpe scimh.

"S mo chomhraich ort ma 's tu Fiann,"  
 ("S e labhair ruim an maise mnâ")  
 "S i d' ghnùis do'n àrnach a ghrian,  
 'S i do sgàth ceann-uighe na baigh."

'S a gheung na maise fo dhriùchd bròin,  
 'S e labhair gu fòil mi fhéin,  
 Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhion,  
 Bidiù ar eis nach tiom d'an reir.

"S e sin mise Coir'-an-easan,  
 Tha mi m' sheasaich mar a b'abbait,  
 Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhearr ealaichd,  
 Cluinneamaid annas do hùimhe."

An àill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòil dut,  
 'S mi m' shuidhe mar cheò air bealach,  
 Gu'n spéis aig duine tha beò dhion,  
 O'n chàidh an Còirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thùrsa, 's mo thruaighe!  
 Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ire,  
 Mhuinnitir a chumadh rium uaisle,  
 Bhi'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,  
 Gur h-e doran sud air m' intinn,  
 'S cuid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,  
 Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

"Measar leam gur tu mae Ruairidh,  
 Chunna mi mar ris a chòirneal,  
 'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha  
 Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheòmar.

"Tòrachd a ta orns' air muir,  
 Laoch is mòr guin air mo lorg,  
 Mac righ Sorcha sgiath nan arm,  
 Triath d'an ainn am Maighre boib."

'S glacain do chomraich a bhean,  
 Ro aon fhearr a th'air do thi;  
 'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighe bhuitib,  
 Bidiù tu am bruth Fhinn aig sith.

Tha talia nan creag aig laimh,  
 Aite tâimh clanna nam fonn,  
 Far am faigh an t-anrrach bâigh,  
 A thig thar bhàrca nan tonn.

"Siu chumacas a tighinn' mar stend  
 Laoch a bha mheadh thar gach fear,  
 A' caithreamh na fairge gu diann  
 An taobh ciand' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiùil,  
 Lu mhire 'n t-iùil na cobhar struth;  
 "Thig a mharachan nan stend staudach  
 Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha chlaidhe trom tñirteil nach gann  
 Gu teamn air a shlios gu réidh,  
 Sgiath dhrimmeach dhubb a leis,  
 'S e 'g ionairt chleas air a clé.

Thug Goll mae Morna 'n urchair gheur,  
 As air an treun do thigle c sleagh;  
 B' i 'n urchair bu truime beum,  
 D'a sgéid do rinn si da bhlòidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goil  
 Ebeireadh losga lòn 's gach cat,  
 'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh  
 A dh' amhare comhrag nam flath.

Sin thilig Oscar le làn-fleirg  
 A chraosach dhearc le laimh chil,  
 Do mbaradh leis bean an fhìr  
 'S mor an cion do rinneadh li.

Thiodhlacéadh leinn aig an Eas,  
 Fáine-Solais bu għlau líth,  
 'S chuir sinn ait barraibh a meoir,  
 Fain oir mar onair gin righ.

“ Bu lion’ar de mhaitbean na h-Eireann,  
Thigeadh gu m’ réidhleán le h-ealaíd,  
Sheinnead Ruairídh dall dhomh failte,  
Bhiodh Mac-Aoidh ‘s a cháirdean mar ris.”

O’n tha thus’ a’ caoith nan àrmunn,  
Leis am b’ abhaist bhi ga d’ thaghall,  
Gu’n seinn mi calaidh gu’n duais dut,  
Ge fada bhuam’ s mi gu’n fhradhare.

‘S lionmhór caochla teachd sa’n t-saoghal,  
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,  
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut failte,  
Seinnear an trà so dhut cumha.

“ S e sin ceòl is binne thruaighe,  
Chualas o lium Mhic-Aoidh Dhòmhnuill,  
‘S fada mhaires e am chluasan,  
Am fuaim a bh’ aig tabhunn do mheòirean.

“ Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-làrach,  
Ann’s gach àite ’n dean thu seasaidh,  
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionach,  
Sa ghrian a’ teannadh ri feasgar.”

‘S grianach t-ursainn féin a choire,  
‘S gun fhéidh a’ tearnadadh gu d’ bhaile,  
‘Siomadh neach da m’ b’ fhiach do mholadh,  
Do chliath chorragh, bhiadhchar, bhainneach.

Do chiob, do bhorran, do mhilteach,  
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,  
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dònach,  
‘S fasgach do chuile’s gur fiarach.

Tha t-éideadh uil’ air dhreach a chanach,  
Cirein do mhullaich cha chrannaich,  
Far’m bi’ na féidh gu torrach,  
‘G eiridh farumach ma t-fhireach.

Sleamhuinn shios-thad do shliochd àraich,  
Gu’n an gärt no’n càl mu t-íosal,  
Mannagach, màghach, adhach, tearnach,  
Graídheach, craiceach, fradharc frithe.

Néoineineach, gucagach, mealach,  
Lònanach, lusanach, imeach,  
‘S bòrcach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,  
Gu’n fluachd ri doinionn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,  
Min-leacach gorm-shiúlbhach, gleannach,  
Biadhchar, riabhach, riásach, luideach,  
Le ‘n diolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

‘S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,  
Bialaire t-uise ge ma t-innsibh,  
Miodar, màghach, enochdach cäthair,  
Gu breac blath-mhor an uchd mìn-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmanach, àluinn,  
Lochach, lachach, dösach, crai-ghia’ch,  
Gadharach, faghaideach, braídheach,  
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nàmhaid.

Bùireineach, dubharach, bruachach,  
Fradharach, croichd-cheannach, ullach,  
Feòirneanach uisge nam fuaran,  
Grad ghaisgeant’ air ghàsgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, fùileanta, biorach,  
Spang-sbronach, eangladhrach, corrach,  
‘S an ammoch is meanbh-luath sìreadh,  
Air mhire a’ direadh sa Chòire.

‘S mhadaim ag èiridh le’r miol-choin,  
Gu mùirneach, maiseach, gasda, gniomhach,  
Lubach, leaceach, glaeach, sgiamhach,  
Cracach, cabrach, enagach, fiambach,

‘N am da’n ghréin dol air a h-uilinn,  
Gu fuitteach, reubach, glensda, gunnach,  
Snapach, àrmach, calgach, ullamh,  
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

‘N am dhuinn bhi’ tearnadadh gu d’ réidhleán,  
Tinnteach, cainteach, cainneach, céireach,  
Fionach, còrnach, ceòlar, teudach,  
Ordail, eòlach, ‘g òl le réite

Sguiridh mi nis’ dhiot a Choire,  
O’n tha mi toilicht’ dheth do seanachas,  
Sguiridh mise shiubhal t-aonaich,  
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh’Alba

Ach ‘s e mo dhùrachd dhut a Choire,  
O’n’s mòr mo dhùil rì dol tharad,  
O’n tha siun tuisleach sa mhonadh,  
Bi’dh’mid a’ teannadh gu baile.

## ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

ALEXANDER McDONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurchan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacifier; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr McDonald removed with them to Eilean-Fionain, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr McDonald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But

our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclination—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.\* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiante, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examinators were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

\* "He was married to Jane McDonald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of Mòrag."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1829.*

† Duncan McKenzie, Kilchoan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1823, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr McDonald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song :" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was first in council ; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent ; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible!" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined : could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Donald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword ; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion : he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England ; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial schoolmaster and elder ; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says :—

“ Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,  
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phòpa.”

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,\* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and concealed

\* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving :—*Colla bân* M<sup>c</sup>Donald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows :—“ My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they

themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man!'" Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.\* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death.

will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake ; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness ; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning ; which Angus dared him on his peril to do ; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, " You called me 'little fellow' on the opposite side of the water ; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called 'little fellow' on this side ? Take advice : Never call any man *little* till you have proved him ; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

\* He composed a number of songs after this : and one of them, entitled "*Iomraich Alasdair á Eigneig do dh' Inver-aoidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr Harrison as follows :—

—————  
" Am fear  
Dheanadh as-caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,  
Mu'u cluinneadh a chluais tri chasadid." \*

On the other hand, he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts*, *hobgoblins*, and *venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known ; but he appears to have lived some time in Morror, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

\* For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr Reid, in his book, “*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*,” seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his “*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*,” published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his “*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*.” “He has in his ‘*Birlinn*,’” says Mr Reid, “presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language.” He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. “*Alt-an t-Siucair*” is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His “*Oran an t-Samhraidh*,” or “*Ode to Summer*,” in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Gleneribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His “*Ode to Winter*” is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardmamurehan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But

after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm,—and he was not wanting in either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The “Lion’s Eulogy” breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of “*Waulking o’ the Fauld*,” beginning “*A chomuinn rioghail rùnaich*.” The song entitled “*Am Breacan Uallach*” is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS to be destroyed. Dr. M’Eaheen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr McDonald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, “The Dairy Maid,” and “The Sugar Brook.” But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the “BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY.”

#### MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHIAELACH.

*Gur h-i’s crioch àraid*  
*Do gach caimhit fo’n ghréin,*  
*Gu ar smaointean fhásadh*  
*A phàirteachadh r'a chéil;*  
*Ar n’ iumtinean a rùsgadh,*  
*Agus rùm ar crì,*  
*Le ’r gniombh, ’s le ’r giùdm,*  
*Sùrd chuir air ar dith,*  
*’S gu laoidh ar beoil*  
*A dh’iobradh Dhaia nan dùl,*  
*’S e h-ard chriòch mhòr,*  
*Go bi toirt dosan clùi.*  
*’S e’n duine fèin,*  
*’S aon cheatair reusant ann,*  
*Gu’n tug toil Dé dh'a,*  
*Gibht le hleul bhi caimhit:*  
*Gu’n chun e so,*  
*O’n-uile bhruid gu léir;*  
*O ghibht mhòr phriseil-s’*  
*Dhealbh na ionmhaidh fèin!*  
*Nu’m beirte balbh e,*  
*’S a theanga marbh na cheann,*  
*B’i n largein shearbh e,*  
*B’ fearearr bhi marbh no ann.*

*’S ge h-iomadh cànan,*  
*O linne Blabel fluair*  
*A’slíochd sm Adhamh,*  
*’S i Ghàelic a thug buaidh,*  
*Do’n labhradh dhàicheil,*  
*An t-urrain árd gun tuairms’,*  
*Gun mheang, gun fhàiliun,*  
*Is urrain eich a huagh.*  
*Bha Ghàelic, ullamh,*  
*Na glòir fior ghuineach cruaidh,*  
*Air seadh a clruinne*  
*Ma’n thuiliuch an Tuil-ruadh,*  
*Mhair i fös,*  
*’S cha tèid a glòir air chall*  
*Dh’ain-deoin gò,*  
*A’s mi-run mhòr nan Gall,*  
*’S i labhair Alba,*  
*’S Galla-bhodaiche fùin :*  
*Ar flaithe, ar priumnsai,*  
*’S ar diùcannan gun éis.*  
*An taigh-comhair’ an righ,*  
*’Nuair shuidheadh air beinn’ a chluist,*  
*’S i Ghàelic liobhta,*  
*’Dh’ fluasgladh snaim gach eùis.*

'S i labhair Calum  
Allail ! a chinn-mhòir,  
Gach mith, a's maith,  
Bha 'n Alba beag a's mòr.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gàéil,  
Neo-chleirich, a's cléir  
Gach fear a's bean,  
A għluuiseadh teang' am béal.  
'S i labhair Adhamh,  
Ann a Pàrrais fén,  
'S bu shiubħlach Gàélig  
O bheul āluuñ Eubh'.  
Och tha bhuiñ ann !  
'S uireasach gann fo dhìth,  
Glór gach teanga  
A labħras cainnt seach i.  
Tha Laideann coimhliont,  
Toirteach, teann ní's leoir ;  
Ach sgħaqar thărriell e  
Do'n Ghàélig chöir.  
Sa'n Athen mhoir,  
Bha Għreugnis còr na tigm,  
Ach b'ion d' i h-ordag  
Chuir fo h-ðor ehriġ grinn.  
'S ge minn, slim, boidheach,  
Cuirteil, rò bhog lobh,  
An Fhraingeis l-ġoġiħi,  
Am pālis mòr gach rīgħ ;  
Ma thagħas cækħ orr',  
Pairet d'an aibnbhej'h fín,  
'S ro bheag a dh' fhàgas  
Iad de dh-aghħ na cré.

'S i 'n aon chànan  
Am beul nam bard 's nan éisg,  
'S fearr gu cāineadh,  
O linn Babel fén.  
'S i's fearr gu moladh  
'S a's torruunaiche glens,  
Gu rann no laoidh,  
A tharruinn gaoth tro' bheul.  
'S i's fearr gu comhairl,  
'S gu gnodħach chuir gu feum,  
Na aon teang' Eòrpach,  
Dhu' aim-deoin bōsd nan Greug.  
'S i's fearr gu rosg,  
'S air chosabh a chuir dħuun ;  
'S ri eruaidh uċhd cosgair,  
Bħrosnachadħ an t-slaugh,  
Ma chionneamħi bär,  
'S i 's tħabbachdaq bheir buaidh,  
Gu tört a bhàis  
Do 'n eucoiñ dħi tieil, chruaidh,  
Cainnt laidir, ruuħteach,  
Is neo-liotach fuaim ;  
'S i seadħail, sliċċdmhor,  
Brisg-ghloireach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i wasad,  
'S cha mhò dh'iarras bhuath' ;  
O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,  
Lan do chiadħam buaidh !  
Tha i-féin daonnan,  
Saibhir, maoineach, slàun ;  
A taigħeana taisge.  
Dh'fhaclan gasda län.  
A chànan, sgapach,  
Thapaidh, bhlasda, għriġġ !  
Thig le tartar,  
Neartmhor, o beul cinn.  
An labhairt shiolmhor,  
Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.  
Sultmhor, brighor,  
Fhīr-ghlan, chaoiħiħ nach truall !  
B' i' n teanga mhilis,  
Bbinn-fhaclach 's an dàn ;  
Gu spreigil, tioram,  
Ioraltach, 's i län  
A chànan cheolmhor,  
Shòghmhor, 's glòrmhor blas,  
A labhair mòr-shliex,  
Scòta 's Ghieel ġħlais.  
'S air reiñ Mhic-Comb,  
An t-ūghdar mòr ri luaiġħ !  
'S i's freuħbax oħr,  
'S ciad Għrämair gloir gach sluaigh !

## M O L A D II M O R A I G.

AIR FONN—"Piobaireachd."

*Urlar.*

'S trnagh gun mi 's a' choiill  
'N uair bha Mòrag ann,  
Thilgeamaid na croiñn  
Co bu bhöich' agaġġin ?  
Ingħeñ a chħul duinn,  
Air am beil a loinn,  
Bhi'maid air ar broiñn  
Feadh na ròsan ;  
Bħreugamaid sinu-fhìn,  
Mireag air ar blion,  
A buuñ shobħrach minn bħu  
Nan cōsagan ;  
Theannamaid ri strì  
'S thagħħlamaid sau fhrith  
'S chailleamaid siuñ fħin  
Feadh nan sròuengħan.

Sułi mar ghōrm-dheare driuċi  
Ann an ceo-mħadainn ;  
Deiġr' is għi' na d' għnū  
Mar bħla oħrseidin.

Shuas cho mìn ri plùr :  
 Shios garbh mo chulaidh-chìùl ;  
 Grian nam planad cùrs,  
 A measg òigheannan ;  
 Reulla għlan gun smūir  
 Measg nan rionnag-iùil ;  
 Sgathan mais' air flura  
 Na bòichid thu ;  
 Ailleagan glan ur,  
 A dhallas ruisg gn'n cul ;  
 Ma's ann de chriaghlaich thù  
 'S aobhar mòr-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gnù de thùr  
 O m' aois òige dhomb,  
 Nir facas creutair dhiù,  
 Ba cho glòrmhoire ;  
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,  
 'S a gruaidh air dbreach nan caor ;  
 Ach caochtaidbeach mar ghaoith,  
 'S i ro òranach ;  
 Bha Pegi fad an aois,  
 Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol ;  
 Bha Marsaili fir aodruin,  
 Làn neònachais ;  
 Bha Lili taitin rium,  
 Mar be a ruisg bhi fionn ;  
 Ach cha ba shà buirn-ionnlaid,  
 Do'n Mhòraig-s' iad.

*Siubhal.*

O ! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,  
 Uil' iad ach Mòrag ;  
 Ribhinn dbeas chulach  
 Gun uireasbuidh foghlum ;  
 Cha'n fhaighear a siunnait,  
 Air mhaise no bhunait,  
 No'm beusan neo-chumant,  
 Am Muile no'n Leoghas.  
 Gu geannuidh, deas furanach,  
 Duineil gun mhòr-chuis ;  
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,  
 O mullach gu brogan ;  
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,  
 'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach ;  
 Go bròdalach, cuireideach,  
 Urramach, seòltach.

O guili-gag ! guili-gag !  
 Guili-gag Mòrag !  
 Aice ta chulaidh  
 Cu cuireadh nan òigear ;  
 E' én t-aighear 'sa sulas,  
 Bhi sinte ri t-ulaidh,  
 Seach daonnan bhi fuireach  
 Ri munaran pòsaidh.  
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh  
 Le buaireadh na feola ;  
 Le aislingeann Connain  
 Na colla d' am leonadh ;

'Nuair chidh mi ma m' choinneamb,  
 A ciocan le coinnneil,  
 Théid m'aigheadh air bhoile,  
 'S na theine dearg sólais.  
 O fair-a-gan ! fair-a-gan !  
 Fair-a-gan ! Mòrag !  
 Aice ta chroiteag  
 Is toite san Eorpa ;  
 A ciocan geal criostoil,  
 Na faice' tu stoit' iad,  
 Gu'n tairrneadh gu beag-nair',  
 Ceann-eaglais na Ròinhe,  
 Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,  
 Mar lili nan lòintean ;  
 'Nuair dheana tu'n dinneadh  
 Gu'n cùineadh tu deonach ;  
 An deirgead, an grùinead ;  
 Am minead, 's an teinead ;  
 Gu'm b'ásainn chur spionaiddh,  
 Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

*Urlar.*

Thogamaid ar fonn,  
 Ann an òg-mhadainn ;  
 'S Phàbus' dath na'n tonn,  
 Air fiamh örensin ;  
 Fa'r eċċil cha bhiodh conn,  
 Ar sga' dhoir' a's thom,  
 Sinu air daradh trom  
 Le'r euid gòr-aileis ;  
 Direach mar gu'm biodh  
 Maoiseach's boc a frith,  
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dion  
 Timcheall òganan ;  
 Chailleamaid ar eli  
 A' gaireachdaich liun-flùn,  
 Le bras mhacnas dian sin  
 Na h-ògalachd.

*Siubhal.*

O dastram ! dastram !  
 Dastram, Mòrag !  
 Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,  
 Leac-ruiteach ròsach ;  
 A gruaidean air lasadh,  
 Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,  
 'S a deud mar an sneachda,  
 Cruinn-shnait' an dìù òrdugh.  
 Ri *Bheus* cho tlachdmhor,  
 An taitneachdainn fleo'lor ;  
 Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,  
 Cho' snasmhor 's cho còrr r'i ;  
 'S e thionnsgan dhomh caitheamh,  
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,  
 A bhallaq għirinn lagħach,  
 Chuir na għażiex-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo għlasaib,  
 Cruaidh phaisgħe le pōsadh,

Dh'ioibrainn eridhe mo phearsa,  
Air an altair so Mòrag,  
Gu'n liubbrainn gun airsnen,  
Ag stòlaibh a căs e ;  
'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhiom,  
Cha b' fhada sin beò mi.  
O 'n t-urram ! an t-urram !  
An t-urram ! do Mhòraig !  
Cha mhor nach do chuir i ;  
M'fhnil uil' as a h-òrdugh ;  
Gu'n d'rng orradh ceum-tuislidh,  
Fo ionachd mo chuislean,  
Le teas agus murtachd,  
O mboch-thra Di-dòmhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan eailin,  
Làu lainnir gun cheò ort ;  
Fior chomhnart gun charraid,  
Gun arral, gun bheòlam ;  
Cho mìn ri cloidh-eala,  
'S cho geal ris a ghaillionn ;  
Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,  
Thug barrachd air mòran.  
'S tu ban-righ nan ainnir,  
Cha sgallais an comhradh ;  
Ard foinidh na d' gallan,  
Gun bhailleart, gun mhùr-chuis ;  
Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallaibh,  
Gu h-innsigneach athlanbh ;  
Caoin, meachair, farasd,  
Gun fharam, gun ròpal.

*Urlar.*

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgoait'  
As na còrdanhsa,  
Thug mi tuille gaoil  
A's bu choir dhomh dhut ;  
Gu 'n tig fa dbhuin taom,  
Gn droch ghuionbh bhios claoen,  
Cuireadh e cruidh-shuciuin  
Air o'n ghòraich sin :  
Aeb thug i so mo chiall,  
Uile bhuam gu trian ;  
Cha'n fhaca mi riabh  
Siunnait Mòraig-sa,  
Ghoid i bhuaam mo chri,  
'S shlad i bhuaam mo chli,  
'S eunridh i 'san chill,  
Fo na fòdaibh mi.

*Siubhal.*

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh  
De'n chunnaic mi d' sheòrs thu,  
Le d' bhlroilleach geal-thuraid,  
Nam mullaichean bòidheach ;  
Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh' thuras,  
Na ui mionaid uat fuireach,  
Ge d' tha buarach na dunach

D'am chumail o d' phòsadhd,  
Do bheul mar an t-sirist,  
'S e milis ri phògadh,  
Cho dearg ri *bnermillian*,  
Mar bhileagan ròsan :  
Gu'n d'rinne thu mo mhilleadh,  
Le d' *Chupid* d'am bhioradh,  
'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,  
A rinn ciorràm fa m' chòta.

Tha mi lan mulaid,  
O'n chunnaig mi Mòrag,  
Cho trom ri clach-mhùlinn,  
Air lunnan d'a seòladh :  
Mac-samhail na cruinneig,  
Cha'n eil aons a chruinne ;  
Mo chri air a ghuin leat,  
O'n chunna' mi t-òr-chul  
Na shlamagan bachallach,  
Casrlach, còrnach ;  
Gu faineagach, cleachdagach,  
Dreach-lubach, glòrmhor ;  
Na reulagan eacrlach ;  
Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,  
Le fedar san fhasan  
Grian-lasda, ciabòt òr-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach ;  
Mar chaineal do phògan ;  
Ri *Pheonix* cho aineamh ;  
'S glan lainnir do ch'ita :  
Gu mùlrinnneach banaill,  
Gun àrdan gun stannart ;  
'S i corr ann an ceanal,  
Gun ainnis gun fhòtus.  
Na faigte mo leannan  
'S a mhath-shleagh di-dònaich,  
B'i coltas an aingeal,  
Na h-earradh's na comhradh ;  
A pearsa gun talach  
Air a gibtean tha barrachd ;  
A'u, Tì dh' fhág thu gun aineamh,  
A rinn do thalamh rud bòidheach.

*Urlar.*

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan feolar,  
Mamon bi'dh 'g ar claoanadh  
Le ghoisnicheu ;  
A cholurnan bheir oir'n gaol  
Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,  
Air striopachas, air eraos,  
Agus stròthalachd :  
Aeb cha do chreid mi riabh  
Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,  
Aou te bha cho ciatach  
Ri Mòraig-sa ;  
A subhailecean 's a ciall,  
Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia,  
Leagh an erì am chliamh  
Le cuiid òrrachan.

*Sinbhal.*

Ar comhairle na ceilidh orm.  
 Ciod eile their no ni mi ?  
 Ma'n ribhinn bu teare c'eileireadh,  
 A sheinneadh air an flideig :  
 Cha'n fhaighearr à lethid eile so,  
 Air tir-mor no 'n eileanan ;  
 Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail,  
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,  
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach  
 Mar ceileir so air Sine,  
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,  
 'S mo cherenion ga'm dhiobhail ;  
 Cha'n eil do bhíarn a Seile sid,  
 No shneachd an Cruachan eitideach  
 Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach  
 Do'n teine tb'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach  
 Au fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag,  
 Rinn m'aigneadh damhsa' headarach,  
 'S e freagra dha le sòlus :  
 Sèanmh ùrlar, sochraich, leadarra  
 A puirt, 's a meoir a breabadaich ;  
 Be' sid an òr-fhead garra,  
 Do bheus nan creaga' mòra,  
 Ochòin ! am feadar baill-eughach,  
 Cruaidh sgal-eughach, glan ecolmher,  
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,  
 Ri min-dhionachd, bog rò-chaoin ;  
 A màrsal comhnuar staideil sin,  
 'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseannachd ;  
 Fior chruinluath, brig, spalpara,  
 Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pris, is stuit, a's spraichealachd,  
 Am ghuais 'n uair bheachdaich guamag,  
 A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,  
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan ;  
 A suain-cheol, sithe mir-anach ;  
 Mear stoirmel, pongail, mionaideach ;  
 Na b' fhoirmelle nach sireamaid,  
 Air mhìrid ri h-uichd tuasaid.  
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,  
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt uaimbrich !  
 'S na h-uilt bu lùghmhor cròmainean  
 Air thollaibh a chroinn bhuadbaich !  
 Gun slaod-naheirich, gun roinnaireachd,  
 Brisg, tioram, sochdair, colaireachd ;  
 Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinnean,  
 Na craplù, loinneil, guanach !

*Urlar.*

Chasgamaid ar n-iòt  
 Le glan fhion an sin,  
 'S bhualamaid gu dian  
 Air gloir shiomhulta :  
 Tuille cha bhiodh ann,  
 Gus an tigeadh am,

A bhi cluich air dàm,  
 Air na tioidhan sin :  
 Dh'olaimid ar dràm,  
 Dh'fhògradh uaim gun taing,  
 Gach ni chuireadh maill  
 Air bhi miog-chuisneach ;  
 Maighdean nan ciabhs fann,  
 Sbriamhanach nan clann :  
 Mala chaol, dhonn, chan,  
 Channach, fhinealta.

*An crunleath.*

Mo cheann tha Ean de sheilleancibh  
 O dheilich mi ri d'bhríodal ;  
 Mo shrùn tha stoipt' à dh'-clòr  
 Na deil, le teine dimbis ;  
 Mo shuilean tha cho deireasach,  
 Nach faid mi gnè gun *telescop*,  
 'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,  
 'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.  
 Dh'fhalbh mo chendfaidh còrporra  
 Gu docharach le bruadar,  
 'N nair shaol mi fortan thor chait domh,  
 'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig :  
 Air dùsgadh as a chaithream siu  
 Cha d'fhuair mi aich aon thaileas d'i,  
 An ionad na maoin bearraideach  
 A mheal mi gu seachd uaireau.

Ach, ciod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,  
 Ach carachadh rinn cluanaig :  
 'S co so, o thus, bha Mòrag ann,  
 Ach Sine an òr-fhult chuachaich ;  
 'Nuair thùr i gu'n do lagach mi,  
 'S gu feumainn rag chuir staleaidh ann,  
 Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,  
 Rinn ernaidh fior rag de m lunidhe.  
 Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,  
 'S cho inneachdach ma'n cuairt d'i,  
 Nach faodainn fhìn thaobh sì-mhàltachd,  
 Gun dlighe erion theirt nam dhù i ;  
 Gu'n thiunndaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i ;  
 'S gu'n shaol mi gu'n b'i Mòrag i ;  
 Gu'n d'aisig mi mo phogan dù,  
 'S cha robh d'a coir dad ualpe.

*Note.—*This is one of the finest productions of the Keltic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured, and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Mòrag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became jealous of her rival. The laird had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "Mì-mholadh." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the

most hyperbolical praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His *Mimhodadh Mòraig\** is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works* of 1839.

## ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONN—"Through the wood, laddie."

As déis dhomh dùsgadh 's a' mhadainn,  
 'S an dealt air a chùill,  
 Ann a madainn ro shoillear,  
 Ann a lagan beag doilleir,  
 Gu'n eulas am feadan  
 Gu leadurra seinn ;  
 'S mac-talla nan creagan  
 D'a fhreagairt bròn bhinn.\*

Bi'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,  
 Urail dosrach nan càrn,  
 Ri maoth-bhlàs drìuchd cèitean,  
 Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh gréine,  
 Brùchadh barrach tro gheuan,  
 'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhàigh :  
 Am mios breac-laoghach, buailteach ;  
 Bhainneach, bhuaghach, gu dàir !

Bi'dh gach doire dlù uaignidh  
 'S trusgan uain' ump a' fua ;  
 Bi'dh an snothach a dìreadh  
 As gach friamhach a's isle,  
 Tro 'na cuislinnean sniomhain,  
 Gu miadachadh blà ;  
 Cuach, a's sméòrach 's an fleasgar,  
 Seinn a leadain 'n am bárr.

\* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in "Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany." That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once; and that M'Donald may have seen the "Miscellany," and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that *he must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once "It is not." But we subjoin the lines from the "Miscellany," that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

" As early I wak'd,  
 On the first of sweet May,  
 Beneath a steep mountain,  
 Beside a clear fountain,  
 I heard a grave lute  
 Soft melody play,  
 Whilst the echo resounded  
 The dolorous lay."

A mios breac-uigheach, braonach,  
 Creamhach, maoth-sosach, idh !  
 Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,  
 Air gach àite d'a dhuaichneachd ;  
 A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,  
 O gheur-ghruaim nam beann i. rd ;  
 'S aig meud eagail roi *Phabas*,  
 Theid's na speuraibh 'na smál.

A mios lusanach, mealach,  
 Feurach, faileanach, blàth ;  
 'S e gu gucagach, duilleach,  
 Luachrach, ditheanach, Jurach,  
 Beachach, seilleanach, dearach,  
 Ciurach, dealltach, trom, thà ;  
 'S i mar chuirneanan daimein,  
 Bhràtach bhoisgeil air lär !

'S moch bhios *Phabas* ag òradh  
 Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann ;  
 'S bi'dh 'san uair sin le sòlas,  
 Gach eun binn-fhaclach hoidheach.  
 Ceumadh meur-builean céolar,  
 Feadh phres, ògan, a's ghleann ;  
 A chorruil chuirteach gun sgeandan,  
 Aig pòr is beadarraich greann !

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,  
 Co-fhreasgradh aon am,  
 Ni iad co'-sheirm, shéimh, fhallain,  
 Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,  
 A seinn gu lù-chleasach daigheann  
 A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann ;  
 'S iad fèin a beucail gu foirmel,  
 Le toirm nan òrgan gun mhéang.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid  
 Dol le suigeart do'n choill ;  
 Bi'dh an dreadhan gu balcant',  
 Foirmel, talcorra, bagant',  
 Sir chuir fàilt air a mhadainn,  
 Le rifeid mhaisich, bhnuig, bhinn ;  
 Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh  
 Air a ghéig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-sheadan *Ri har I*  
 A seinn na'n cuislinnin grinn,  
 Am bàrr nam bilicéan blàthor,  
 'S an dòs na lòn-dharag árda,  
 Bhiodh 's na glacagan fìsaich  
 As cubhraidh faile na'm fion ;  
 Le phuirt thriolanta shiuhbhach  
 Phronnair lùghor le dion.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,  
 'S a's ro ealanda roinn ;  
 Chuireadh m'inntinn gu beadradh,  
 Clia-lù t-sheadain ma'n eadradh,

'N am do'n chrodh bhi g'an leigeadh,  
An innis bheitir's a' choil ;  
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,  
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.  
  
Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhior-uisc',  
Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath ;  
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,  
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,  
Le shoilsean airgeid d'a earradh,  
'S min-bhreac lainnireach tuar ;  
'S e-féin gu crom-ghobach ulamh,  
Ceapadh chuireag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhaileach, ghrianach,  
Lònach, lianach, mo ghraidi,  
Bhainneach, fionn-mheagach, uachdrach,  
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,  
Ghruthach, shlamhanach, mhiosrach,  
Mhiodrach, mbiosganach làin,  
Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoineach,  
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làin àil !

O ! 's fior éibhinn r'a chluaintinn,  
Fann-gheum laoigh anns a chrò  
Gu h-ùral, min-bhallaich, àluinn ;  
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, faili,  
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,  
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,  
Gu mótagh, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,  
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bò !

A shòbhraction gheala-bhui' nam bruachag,  
Gur fanna-gheal, smuaghair, do ghnùis !  
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,  
Maoth-mhìn, baganta luineach ;  
Gur tu ròs is fearr cruaadal  
A ni glnasad a h-ùir ;  
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach  
'S c' ch ri falach an sùl.

'S càraidh fàileadh do mhùineil,  
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nam càrn !  
Na d' chruinn bhabaidean riabhach,  
Lèineach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiamach,  
Na d'thuim ghiobagach, dreach-mhìn,  
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird ;  
Timcheall thulmanan diambair  
Ma'm bi'm biadh-ianain a f.s.

'S gu'm bi froineisean boisgeil  
A thilgeas foineal ni's leoир,  
Ar gach lù-ghart de neoinnein,  
'S do'bharraibh sheamragan lòmhar ;  
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,  
De dh-fheada-coille nan còs,  
Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,  
A's tric an eilid d'an còir.

'Nis treigidh coileach á ghucag,  
'S caitean brucach nan eraobh,  
'S théid gu mullach nan slabh-chnoe,  
Le chire ghearr-ghobaich riabhach,  
'S bi'dh ga suiridh gu cuirteil  
Am pilein cil-gorma fraoch :  
'S ise freagra le túchan :—  
“ Pi-hù-hù tha thu faoin.”

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,  
'S na falluine dùi',  
Tha dubh a's geal air am miosgadh,  
Go ro oirdheire na t-itich ;  
Muineal lainnireach, sgipi,  
Uaine, slis-mhùn, 's tric crom !  
Gob na'n pongannan milis  
Nach faict' a sileadh nan ronn !

Sid an turaraich għlan, loinneal,  
A's ard coilleg air tom,  
'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seamh, cécatach  
Ann a feasgar bog cécataen ;  
Am bannal geal-sgirteach, uchd-ruadh ;  
Mala ruiteach, chaol, chrom ;  
'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earr-a-gheal,  
Għrian-dhearsgnaidh, dħruim-dhonn.

*Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry: but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black cock is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.*

## ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONN—“ Tweedside.”

THARRUINN grian righ nam planad 's nan rèull,  
Gu sign Chancer di-ciadaín gu beachd,  
A riaghlas cotbrom ma'n criochnaich e thriall,  
Da mhios-déng na bliadhna ma seach ;  
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di satuairn' na dhéig,  
A għriant-stad-shamraida, aon-déng, an là's fàid ;  
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chūrsa gu seimh,  
Gu seas-ghrian a għemħraida gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,  
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,  
Bi'dh gach là dol an gjorrat gu féum,  
'S gach oħdhche do réir dol am fad :  
Sruthaidh libħejan, a's coill, agus feur,  
Na fùs-bheodha crion-ēngaidh iad as ;  
Teiħidb snodhach gu friamħach nan crann,  
Sūgħidh glaogħan an sùgħ-bheath a steach.

Seachdaidh géugan glan cùbhraidh nan crann,  
Bha's an t-samhradh trom-strié-te le meas,  
Gu'n t'rr-leum an toradh gu lár,  
Gu'n sgriosair am bárr far gach lios.  
Guilidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,  
Sruthain chriostail nan gleann le trom spreachd,  
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluim,  
Deoch-shunnta nam maoiseach 's nam boe.

Laidhidh brón air an talamh gu lóir,  
Gu'n sognaithe na sléibhteann's na enue ;  
Grad dubhaidh eanu nachdar nam blár,  
Fál-rúisgte, 's iad faillineach bochd  
Na h-eoin bhuchallach' bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,  
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhōs,  
Gu'n téid a ghlás-ghuib ar am beul,  
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan test.

Squiridh bùirdisich sgiathach nan speur,  
D'an coileiribh grianach car greis,  
Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-árd,  
No f-asgaran chrabhach 's a' phreas ;  
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach còs,  
Gabhair fagsaich am frògamh nan ereng ;  
'S iad ag ionndraiu nan gathanan bláth,  
Eliodh ri dealaradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan r's  
Bharr mhìn-chioch nan òr-dhithéan beag,  
'S inghean gueagach lili nan F'n,  
Nam florán, 's gheal noinein nan eng ;  
Cha deoghlair le beathan nam bruach,  
Cròdhaidh fuarachd car euairt iad na sgeap ;  
'S cha mho chruiinicbeas seillein a mhàl,  
'S thar gheal-ùr-ros chroinn garaidh cha stread.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,  
O t-iarguinn gu fia-ghruind nan loch ;  
'S gu fan air an aigein dù-dhonn,  
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a'n nan slochd,  
Na brie tharra-ghealach, earrá-ghobhlach shliom,  
Leumadh meargant, ri usgráichean chop,  
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n támh,  
Meirbh, sàmhach, o thàmh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chás a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tám,  
'S d'ite lom chinn gach fireach, 's gach glae ;  
Gu'n d' obhrachai na sitheanan feoir,  
Bu lusanach, feoirneanach brat ;  
Thiorraich monaínean, 's ruadhlaich gach fonn ;  
Pheuchdhan fhairge 's ro thomh-ghreannach gart ;  
'S gu'n sgreitich an dìlahdach gach long,  
'S théid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Nónlaich paireean a's miadair gu bàs,  
Thuit gach fasach, 's gach àite to bhruid ;  
Chiaraich monadh nan iosal 's nan ard ;  
Theirig dathanan gràsmhor gach luig ;

Dh'fhalbh am failleadh, am musg, a's am sonn ;  
Dh'fhalbh am maise bharr lombair gach huig ;  
Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,  
Uisgeag, sméarach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganach, tair,  
D'am b'ola's d'am b'fhudar a mhil,  
B'i bhlath ghrian do bhalet's gach nair,  
Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil ;  
'S a mhadaim iuchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a ghnáis,  
Air bhuidhinnin dríuchdach nan dríl,  
B'fhior chùbhraidh 's gu'n b'eibhinn an smùid  
So dh'eireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam bruach ;  
Dh'fhalbh an ennasach le'n trom-lubadu siat,  
Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,  
Chuireadh bodha air a ghéig anns a bhuid.  
Dh'fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air chìl,  
Ma'm bi leanabha bi ciùcharan bochd ;  
'S gu'n pill a grian gu sign Thaurus nam buadh,  
'S treuu a bhuadhaicheas, fuachd, agus gert.

Thóid a ghrian air a thurus man enairst,  
Do thropic Chapricorn ghruaamach gun stàd,  
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanach, luath,  
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sàd ;  
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torann na dhéig,  
Thig gailloun, thig éireadh nach lag,  
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaimeachan cruaidh,  
'S na ghlás-kúgaibh, min, tuar-lieneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',  
Slaneachdach, cholgarra, stoirm-shionach bith ;  
Dhisleach,dhall-churach, chathach, bhlíoch, chruai,  
Bhiorach, bhuagharrá, 's tuach-ghaothach cith,  
Dheibhreach, lia-rotach, għibb-shleamħain għarbh,  
Chuireas sgħobairean fairge nan ruith ;  
Flimħach, fluntinmeach, għunejah, gun tlàs ;  
Cuiridh t-anail gach càiileachd air chritħ.

A mios cratanach, casadach, l'm,  
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-brochan dubh ;  
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdann a's dhonn,  
Bhriseach, stocċinmeach, chom-chochlach, thlingħ,  
Bhrġach, mhiotagħach, pheiteagħach bhànn,  
Imeach, aranach, chaisseach, gun gruth ;  
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-feoilis a' eil ;  
'S ma bħios blath nach deau tār air gné stuth.

A mios brotagħach, toiteanach sòigh  
Għionach, stróitħéal, fħior għeċċaq gu muie ;  
Liteach, lāghanach, chabaisteach chi' rr,  
Phoiteach, rīmasach, ruiceil, gu sult ;  
'S an taobh-nuigh ge do thugħi sinn ar e'm,  
Air an thidde għeur-tholltaħx gun tħus,  
'S fendar dram ḥol mar limmiegħad el-ċibb,  
A għrad fladas tein'-eibhinn 's an uhd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air euid mòr de'n Roinnecorp,  
O lagach sgéamh òrdha do theas,  
Do sholus bu shùlas ro mhòr,  
Ar fraghare a's ar lochraunn geal deas ;  
Ach 'nuar thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,  
'S à laimir 's gach rigbeachd gu'n cuir,  
'S buidh soillsean nan coirean's nam meall,  
'S riochdail fiamh nan br-inneall air a mbuir.

'S thèid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach ùr,  
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlù-dhuilllich chais,  
Le'n seol fèin a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt clù,  
Chiunn a *phlaneta*-s a chàrsadh air ais ;  
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns guch géig,  
An *dasaibh* éithinn air réidh-shlios nan slat,  
A toirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,  
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaie.

Cha bhi creutair fò chupan nan speur,  
'N sin nach tiuundaith ri'u speurad's ri'u dreach,  
'S gu'n toir *Phabas* le buadhau a bhlàis,  
Anam-fas daibh a's cùileachadain ceart  
Ni iad ais-éiridh choitcheann on naigh  
Far na miotaich am fuachd iad a steach,  
'S their iad :—*guileag-doro-hidola-hann*,  
*Dh-flathbh an geomhra* 's tha'n samhradh air teachd.

## ORAN NAM FINEACHIAN GAELOCH.

A chomuinn rioghail rùinich,  
Sàr ùmhlaichd thugaibh uaibh,  
Biodh 'ur ruisg gun smùirnean,  
'S gach cri gun treas gun lùb ann ;  
Deoch-shainte Sheumais Stiùbhairt,  
Gu muirneach euir ma'n cuairt !  
Ach ma ta giomh air bith 'n' ur stamaig,  
A chàileis naomb' na truaill.

Lion deoch-slainte Thearlaich  
A mheirlich ! stràic a chuach ;  
B'i sid an ioc-shlant' àluinn,  
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chàileachd  
Ge d'a bhiodh am bàs orm,  
Gun neart, gun àdh, gun tuar.  
A Righ nan dùl a chuir do chàblach,  
Oirn thar sùil' le luathas.

O ! tog do bhaideil àrda,  
Chaoil, dhionach, shàr-gheal mnadh,  
Ri d'crannai lb bì-dhearg, làdir,  
Gu taisdeal nan toun gàireach ;

Tha *Zelus* ag raitiu  
Gu'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,  
O'n aird an ear ; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,  
Gu mineachadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chàirdean  
Aig ro mhéad t-fhàrdail uainn ;  
Mar àlach mhaoth gun mhathair ;  
No beachainn breac a ghàraidh,  
Ag sionnach 'n déis a fàsachd',  
Air fàilinn feadh nam bruach.  
Aisig cabhagach le d' chabbalach,  
'S leighis plàidh do shluagh.

Tha na dèe ann an deagh rùn dut ;  
Greasort le sùrd neo-inharbh,  
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn du-ghorm,  
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,  
Ghleann-chìlaghach, cheann-gheal, shù-dhlù,  
Na mothar chul-ghlas, ghairbh ;  
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stoadh-thorthach,  
'S erom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tir cho-réidh dhut,  
Mar deann thu fèin a searg ;  
Doirtidh iad na'n ceudan,  
Nan laomabh tiugha, tréunna,  
A Breatunn a's à Eirinn,  
Ma d'standard breid-gheal dearg ;  
A ghasraidh sgaiteach, ghuineach, rioghail ;  
Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, ghang !

Thig do chinneadh fèin ort,  
Na treun-thir laomsgair gharbh,  
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh ;  
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh ;  
Na'n nathraichean grad-leunnach,  
A lotas geur le'n calg,  
Le'n gathan faobharach, riunn-bheurra  
Ni mor éuchd le'n arm.

'N àm bhrataichean làn-éideadh,  
Le dealas geur gun chealg,  
Thig Dùmhnullaich, nan deigh sin ;  
Cho dileas dut ri d'leine ;  
Mar choin air fasdad eile ;  
Air chath-chrith geur gu scalg ;  
'S mairg n'mhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,  
Long, leoghaunn, craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do chàmpa  
Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,  
An Diuc Earraghalaich mar cheann orr',  
Gu mòrghalach mear priomhsail ;  
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,  
B'e sid an tionsgnadhl searbh,  
Le lannan lotach, dù-ghorm, toirtell,  
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarbartach, glan, caiseamachd,  
Fior thartarach na'n ràine,  
Thig Cluainidh le chuid Pearsanach,  
Gu cuannda gleusda grad-bheirteach ;  
Le spaintichean teanu-bheirteach  
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann ;  
Bi'dh fuil d'a dùrtadh, 's smuials d'a spealtadh,  
Le seapaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,  
Nach meirbh am an hir,  
Clann' Illeoin \* nach meirgich  
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis ;  
Le'm brataichean 's suuadh féirg orra,  
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgàth ;  
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,  
'S builleach, allamh làmh !

Gun thig na fiùrain Leòdach ort,  
Mar sheochdain 's eoin fo spàig ;  
Na'n tñireamb lann-ghorm, thiunisncach ;  
Air chorra-gheles streup guu tiomachas ;  
An reiseamaid fior ionnalta,  
'S fath giorraig dol na dàil ;  
Am bi iomadh bòchdan fuitteach, feirmeit,  
Théid le stoirm gu bàs.

Thig curaidhnean Chlann-cham-shroin ort,  
Theid meanmnach sios na d' spàirn ;  
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaithreamach,  
'S neo-fhiamhach an am tarruineach ;  
An lainn ghlas mar lasair dealanaich,  
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh ;  
'S mar luthas na drèige, 's cruthas na crèige,  
Chluinntे sgread nan ènàmh.

Gur ciunteach dhuibh d'ar coimheachadh,  
Mac-Coiinnich mor Chinn-Tàile :  
Fir laidir, dhàna, choimhneala,  
Do'n fhior-chruaidh air a foinneachadh,  
Nach gabh fiamh no somultachd,  
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlàr ;  
'S iad gu nàrach, fuileach, foinnidh,  
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chàs.

Gur foirmeil, prisceil, ordail,  
Thig Tòisichean nan ràine,  
Am màrsail stàtoil, cùmhoard ;  
Gu piobach, bratach, srìbhneui ;  
Tha rioghalachd 's mòr-thuis,  
Gu'n sòradh anns' n dream ;  
Daoine laidir, neartmhòr, crèdhà,  
'S iad gun ghò, gun mhéang !

Thig Granndaidh gu ro thartarach,  
Neo shad-bheirteach do d' champ

Air phrioblosgadh gu cruidal,  
Gu snaidbeadh cheann, is chluas diu ;  
Cho nimheil ris na tigeribh  
Le feachdraidh dian-mheir, dàn',  
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,  
'S a bhreabadaich gu lär.

Thig a rìs na Frisealaich,  
Gu sgipi le neart garbh ;  
Na seòchdaibh fior-ghlan, togarrach,  
Le fuathas bhlàr nach bogaicheadr ;  
An còmhlan fearradha, cosgurach,  
'S maing neach do nochd iad fearg ;  
A spuir għlas aig dlùs an deirich  
Bi'dh nan éilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaisgeil, lasurra,  
Thig Lachnuaiach gun chàird ;  
Na saighdean dearga puiseanda ;  
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnsearach ;  
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsachte,  
Gun chunnatais ac' air ar ;  
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn pheileir,  
Teachd o theine chàich.

Gabbaidh plàirt do t-iorgaills,  
Clann-Iomhnuiñn's oirdheire cilidh ;  
Mar thuinn ri tir a sior-bhualadach ;  
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach ;  
Nan treudan luatha, fior-chonfach,  
Theoirt gríosaich air an ènàmh ;  
An dream chathach, Mhnileach, Shrathach,  
'S math gu sgathadh chnàmh.

'S mòr a bhio's ri corp-rusgadh,  
Na'n closaichean 's a bhlàr,  
Fithich anns a rocadaich  
Ag itealaich, 's a enocaireachd ;  
Cioscras air na cosgaraich,  
Ag bl's ag ith an sàth.  
Och's tòrsach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,  
Ochanach nan àr !

Bi'dh fuil is gaor d'a shùidreadh ann,  
Le lù-chleasan 'ur làmh ;  
Meagar cinn, a's dùirn dhùi ;  
Gearrarr üilt le smnaisridh ;  
Ciosnaichear am biùidh,  
D'an dù-losgadh, 's d'an ènàmh ;  
Crùnair le poimp Tearlach Stiùbhart ;  
'S Frederic Priouss fo shàil.

*Note.*—This address to the Highland clans is a stately spirit-stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Aireach Mhùile*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

\* Clann 'Illecan.

## O R A N.

AIR FONN—"Cille-chragaidh."

THA deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch,  
Sùrd air armaibh cùmhraig ;  
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid  
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach ;  
Chaidh ar seargadh le càm earraghloir  
Sluaigh fior chealgach Sbòrais,  
O's sgéul dearbhata thig thar fìrge,  
Neart ro gharbh d' ar fòirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,  
Toradh deal ar dòchais,  
Le mhilte fear, 's le armaibh geal,  
Prionns' ullamh, mear, 's e dò-chaisgt ;  
Mac Righ Seumas, Tearlach Siubhart,  
Oighre chrùin th'air fugar,  
Gu'n dean gach Breatainneach làn umhlachd,  
Air an glùn' d'a mhùrachd.

Ni na Ghàel bheodha, ghasda,  
Eiridh bhras le sròlamh ;  
Iad nan ciadan nim' ag iathadh,  
S coltas dian cuir gleois orr' ;  
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgiathach,  
Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,  
Mar chonfadhl leoghannaibh fiadhaich,  
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Dèanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,  
'S bithibh guineach, deònach ;  
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,  
An deantar fuil a dhòrtadh ;  
Och a dhuin' is liomhor curaiddh  
Is flor sturrail co-stòri,  
A leigir fear eile mar chuireann,  
Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Sebras !

'S ionadh neach a théid air ghaisge,  
Tha fior lag na dbòchus,  
Gus a nochdar standard brat-dhearg,  
An righ cheart-s' tha ìurne,  
Ge do bhiodh e na fhior ghealtair,  
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhróig e,  
Ceart cho gainge ris an lasair,  
A losgadh asbhuain eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,  
Gàel ghasda, chrodhá ;  
Gach aon bhratach sios do'n bhaiteal  
Le 'n gruaidh laisde rìsg-dearg ;  
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh ;  
Rioghail, beachd-bhorb, príseal ;  
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,  
Spàinnteach għlas nan dòrnaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,  
Srannraich bras ri mèr-ghaoith,  
An glachdaibh gaisgeich nan ceum staiteil,  
Is stuirtiel, sgaírtiel, *mòision* ;  
'S lann għorm sgaiteach, do shàr-shlaċan  
Geur gu srachdadh shròn' aige,  
Air bac eruachain an fir bhrataich,  
Gu cuir tais air fogaṛdh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,  
Treun-laoch spraiceal, doid-gheal ;  
Piob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,  
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn ;  
Caismeachd bħraġ bħinn, bħrodadħ aigne,  
Gu dian chasgħart slōigh leis ;  
Chuireadħ torman a phuirt bhaisgeil,  
Spioraid bħraġ n'ar p'raibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lugħor, bèumach,  
Sgriosach, geur, gu feolach,  
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reubach,  
Ann's na speur d' ar seoladħ ;  
Ssirbħiċiċidh gach ni gu leir libħ,  
Ach sibb-fein bhi deonach ;  
Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,  
Lugħor, eudrom, ceol-nħor.

Màrsailibh, gun fheall, gun airsneul,  
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach ;  
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,  
'S math gu casg na tħireachd :  
'Nuair a ruisgeas sibb na claisieħ  
Bi'dh smuġi bħreac feadh feidur libħ ;  
Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadu,  
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlaċan,  
Freagħa basgur sheaħnsair ;  
'Nuair a theid a ruaqi gun stad libħ  
Gur ro sad a chluuñtear,  
Feadraich bħu illean, sgoltadħ mhullach,  
Sios gu bun an rumpuill ;  
Ruaq orr' uile nar mboim tuile ;  
Chaoidh cha 'n urr' iad tiu ntadħ.

'S ionadh fear a dh' oladħ lioni,  
Slainte an righ-s' tha oirne,  
Spealġadhi għlaineachau aig griosaich,  
'S e kur beinn air Seòras ;  
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gniomh,  
Na cuig-ceed mile bħla ;  
'S fearr aon siola a dh'fhui'l s'an flirħ  
No galoin flion air bħorrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachd-daidħ sibb bhi ceart d'a,  
Eirdħ grad le 'r slōghaib ;  
Gu'n ur minnathan, clawn, no beirteas,  
Chuir stad-teachd 'n 'ur dħbiex ;

Ach gluasad intinnéach, luath, cinnteach,  
Rioghail, biont' de mhór-chuis ;  
Mar an rainneach a dol sios duibh,  
Sgriosadh dian luchd cléochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghrúamach, nimheil,  
Lán do mhíre cruidail ;  
'S misg dhearg chatha, gn bàrr rath Orr',  
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gráidhean ;  
Iad gun athadh sios le 'n cláidhean  
Rí sior sgáthadh chnuachdan ;  
Lotar dearganaich le 'r gathan,  
'S le'r fior chráthadh cruidhach.

'S beagan sluaigh, a 's tric thug buaidh,  
An iomairt chruaidh a chèmhraig ;  
Deanamaid gluasad gn'un dad uamhunn,  
'S na biobh fuathas oirne ;  
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,  
Mac Shùm nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gòrdon ;  
Le mhare-shlinagh is nuarrant gruaim,  
'S ruaim aimhi fhuar nam páramh.

### ORAN RIOGHAL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FONN—"Let us be jovial, fill our glasses."

BHODHMAIN subhach, 's blar deoch linn,  
Osnaich 'n ar fochar cha támh,  
Na smaointcheamaid ar bochdáinn,  
Fhad 's a bios an copan lán.

### LUINNEAG.

*Hò-rò air falldar-àraidh*  
*Ho air m'alldar-ràraidh rò,*  
*Hò-rò air m'alldar-raridh*  
*Fàlldar, ràlldar, ràraidh hò.*

Olamaid glainneachean lán',  
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn ;  
Cuireamaid da shlaint' an càraid,  
Tosda Thearlaich stràic a chuach.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ma ta stamae anns a chuidéachd,  
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,  
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,  
Mar an carran as an t-shiol.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta ;  
Aisig cás an còrn m'an cuairt ;  
Faicear cibhlinnéachd air lasadh,  
Le flor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Biodh ar eridhachan a damhsa,  
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,  
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,  
Dol do 'n chàmp a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

De'n dibh' bhrídhearn neartar bhlasda,  
'S milse no mil bheach gu pòit,  
Liou an soitheach siu amach dhniun,  
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stòp.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaiddh, tlachdmhor,  
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh ;  
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhilean,  
'S na mhilein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Sgoalaidh e ghrúaim far a mhnigein ;  
Ni e fiughantach fear crnaidh ;  
Ni e cruidalach fear gealtach,  
Gus an t'cid e feachd no 'n ruaig.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ni e cainnteach am fear tostach ;  
Ni e brosgulach fear dùr ;  
Ni e snireach am fear marach ;  
'S fàgaidh e dàn' am fear diùid.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ni e pògach am fear àilleant  
Nach fuiligeadh cailin 'na chòir ;  
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,  
Nach d' rinn riabh aon chàr d' an deoin.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Fagaidh e neo shauntach achrach ;  
Toinnidh se cás am fear sliom ;  
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn,  
'S ni e spreadhail am fear tiom.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,  
An sporan nan chripleach riabh,  
Bheir e furtachd dha á priosan,  
Le fuasgladh eruaidh-shnaim nan iùl.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ni e aoigheal am fear doichleach ;  
Ni e socharach fear teamn ;  
Ni e duin' nasal do'n bhalach ;  
Ni e fathrunach fear fann.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,  
'S faoisididh e rùn a chìr ;  
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,  
Gus an dearbh e chàil 'san stri.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;  
 Tiunndaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;  
 Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e  
 Le ghob biorach chriomas lom.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Thigeadh meaumna, 's falbhadh airsneul  
 Air chairstealan nainn do'n Ròimh ;  
 Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,  
 Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

'Nuar bheirear botul a stapul,  
 'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;  
 'S eibhinn a ghogail là earrach,  
 Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !

*Ho-ro, &c.*

'S milse no ceilearadh smèòraich,  
 Le luinneag ceolmhor air gèig,  
 Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;  
 Cratan 's bùiche fo 'na ghréin !  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

'S binne na luinneag eoin-bùcháinn,  
 Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,  
 Guileag do mhuiñeil a's giug ort ;  
 Cuisle-chiuil a dhùisgeadh fonn.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

'S binne no cluig-chbiuil an Ghlascho,  
 T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chòrn ;  
 Sid an fhàilt a ghleusadh m' aigne,  
 Mac-na-bràch a teachd le pòig.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Lion domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;  
 Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràm ;  
 'S math Ghàelic oírr' an creathann ;  
 An t-sligr' a chreach sinne a t' ann.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

'S binne no ceol coillich choille,  
 Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom,  
 Dùrdail a bhotal ri gainne ;  
 Crùnan loinntean thoileadh bonn !  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;  
 Falbhadh gainne ; 's paitl 'ur n-br ;  
 Na biodh spèuclair oirbh gu ganntar,  
 Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sròin.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh nile 'n ceart uair,  
 Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ròs,  
 'Nuaír a théid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,  
 Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tòis.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Gur dionnsaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhàileadh,  
 'S teas-ghradbach do shnàg tro' m' chliabh  
 Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mbionnaich ;  
 Gur ro mhioragach do thriall !

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Gur guagach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,  
 Bruicheal, neo-mhisgeach do thuar,  
 'N a d' shlabhraidean criostail a dòrtadh,  
 Ri binn-chronanaich am chluais.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Sgaoileamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :  
 A chleirich taisg a chaillis uat ;  
 Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's ciod 'ta dhì oirn ?  
 Thugamaid bàig' crion do 'n t-suain.  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,  
 Le t-ioc-shlaint agmhior lan bhuadh,  
 'S thoir dhùinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh  
 A bheir erith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

### ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FONN—“ *The Lass of Patie's Mill,* ”

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,  
 A' madainn chùbhraidih Chéit,  
 'S paideirean geal dlù chnap,  
 De 'n drìuchd ghorm air an fleur,  
 Bha richard 's robin, brù-dhearg  
 Ri seinn, 's fear dhiù na bhéus ;  
 'S goic moit air euthaig chùl-ghuirm,  
 'S gùg-gùg aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smèòrach cur na smùid dh'i  
 Air bacan cuil le' fén ;  
 An dreadhamn-donn gu sùrdail,  
 'S a rifeid chinil na bheul ;  
 Am breacan-beith' a's lùb air,  
 'S e 'gleusadh lùgh a theud ;  
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;  
 'S a cheare ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a gearradh shùrdag,  
 Ri plubraich dhlù le chéil',  
 Taobh-leumanaich mear le lù-chleas,  
 'S a bhùrn, le mùrn ri gréin ;  
 Ri ceapadh chuireag siùbhlaich,  
 Le 'n briseadh lùghor fén ;  
 Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-blàreac giùran ;  
 'S an lainnir-chuil mar lèig.

Mil-dheocha sheillein striamach,  
Le crónan's fiata srann,  
'N an dithibh baglach, riabhach,  
Ma d' bhíatháibh grianach chraann ;  
Sráibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,  
Fo shinean clochan t-fhéir,  
Gum theachd-an-tír no bhiadh ac',  
Ach fáileadh ciatach rbs.

Gur millis, brisg-gheal, bùrn-ghlan,  
Meall-chúirneanaeh, 's binn fuaín,  
Bras-shruthain Uillt-an-t-siúchair,  
Ri torman siubhlach luath ;  
Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n iùr-rbs'  
A cintinn dù ma bhruaich ;  
'S e toirt dhaibh bhnuadan súighor,  
Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,  
Gun deathach, ruaim, no céb,  
Bheir anam-fás, a's gluasaíd,  
D'a chluanagan ma bhòrd.  
Gaoir bheachainn bhui' s ruadha,  
Ri diogladh chluaran bir,  
'S céir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,  
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stòr.

Gur sólas an ceòl-cluaise,  
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chrò ;  
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanach  
Ki freagra' nualan bhò ;  
A bhanareach le buaraich,  
'S am buachaillé fa cair,  
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuallinn,  
Air cuaiach a thogas cròic.

Bi'dh leòrainn mheal' a lùbadh  
Nan srábh, 's brù air gach géig,  
Do mheasan milis cùbhraidih,  
Nan ùbhlan 's nam péur ;  
Na duilleagan a liugadh,  
A's fallas cùil diu fén ;  
'S clann bheag a' gabhail tuchaidh,  
D' an imlich dù le 'm béal.

B' e crónan t-easan srulaich.  
An dùrdail mbuirneach Mhàigh ;  
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgùm-gheal,  
Tingh, flàranach, dùl, thà ;  
Le d' mhantul do dhéalt ùr-mhìn,  
Mar dhùra cùil ma d' bhà ;  
S air calg gach feòirnein dùir-fhéir,  
Gorm neamhnuad dhriúehd a fas.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,  
De bhraon ni soills' air lùr ;  
A chapet's gasda foineal,  
Gum cho-fine ann a Whitehall ;

Ma d' bhearra gorm-lhreac coillteach,  
Ann chiuin a loinn le h-àl,  
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,  
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bi'dh guileag eala tùchan,  
'S eoin bhùchuinn am barr tho:na,  
Ag inbhearr Uillt-an-t-siúchair,  
Snamh lù-chleasach le fonn ;  
Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,  
Le muineil-chuiil, 's iad erom,  
Mar mhàla piob a's lùb air ;  
Céil tiambaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O ! 's grinn an obhair ghràbbail,  
Rinn nàdùr air do bhruaich,  
Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhì:sor,  
'S am buicein bhàn orr' shuas ;  
Gach saimeir, neoinean, 's màsag,  
Min-bhreachd air lár do chluain ;  
Mac réultan reòt an dearsadh,  
Na spangan aluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgàrlaid,  
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;  
'S craobhan bacheach, àrbhuidh,  
A faoisgeadh àrd ma d' cheann ;  
Bi'dh dearcan, 's suithean súighor,  
Trom lùbadh an lùin fén,  
Caoim, seachdai, blasadh, cubhraidih,  
A call an drùis ri gréin.

'S co lan mo lios ri Phàrrais,  
De gach enuas a 's fearr an coil ;  
Na réidhlich arbhar fasaidh,  
Bheir piseach àrd 's sgòinn ;  
Pór reachdmhor, mìnear, fasar,  
Nach einn gu fàs na laom ;  
'S co reamhar, luchdmhor caileachd,  
'S gu sgàin a ghràn o dhruin !

Do thachdar mar' a's tire,  
Bu theachd-an-tir leis fén ;  
Na 'n treudan féidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;  
'S na d' chladach 's miltean éisg ;  
Na d' thrèigh tha maorach liomhòr ;  
'S air t-uisge 's fior-bhras leus,  
Aig organachaibh rìmheach,  
Le morgha' fior-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-ùròil, sllochdor, cuanda,  
Greidh-each air t-fhuaran ghomr,  
Le 'n iotadh tarruinn suas riut,  
Le cluinnitinn nuall do thoirm ;  
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,  
'S minn-mheanbh-lhreac, cluas-dearg, lìg  
Ri h-ionad tradh gu h-uaigneach,  
'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lèn.

Gur dambach, adhach, laoghach,  
Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;  
Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,  
Do gharbhlich-chraobh 's do lom ;  
Gur h-áluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,  
Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,  
Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;  
Na d' mhointich sgoath-chearc dom.

B' e sid an sealladh éibhinn,  
Do bhrúachan glè-dhearg ròs,  
S iad daite le gath gréine,  
Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhun' tir ;  
B' iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,  
Cinn déideagan measg feoir,  
De bharraibh luibhean centach :  
S foirm bhinn aig téud gach eoin.

O lili righ nam flúran !  
Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,  
Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhin,  
S a chrùn geal, ùr mar ghréin ;  
Do'n uisge ud Alt-an-t-siucair,  
S e cubhraidh d'a o bhend  
Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,  
Mar reullan-iùil na spéur.

Do shealbhag ghlan 's do luachair  
A bùrcadh suas ma d' choir ;  
Do dhìthein lurach, luaineach,  
Mar thuairneagan de'n br' ;  
Do phreis làn neada cuachach,  
Cruinn, euirteagach, aig t-eoin ;  
Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,  
Na'n dös an nachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,  
De huingeas bréid-gheal, luath,  
Na'n sgàdronaibh seoil-bhréid-chrom,  
A bordadh geur ri d' chluais ,  
Nan giubhsaichibh beò ghleusda,  
'S an cainb gu lèir riù shuas ;  
'S Caol-Muile fuar d'a reubadh,  
Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhaillinn fhuair mi,  
O'n fhuaran 's blasda glèir,  
An caochan 's mòr buadhain,  
Ata fo thuath 's an Eòrp ;  
Lion ach am bòla suas deth,  
'S do bhranndaidh fhuair nì's còir ;  
Am puinse milis, guanach,  
A thairrneas sluagh gu céil !

Muim' altrom gach pòr nasal,  
Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,  
Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',  
Dh'thag math a buar, 's a feur ;

Fonn deas-oireach, fior uaibhreach,  
Na spèuclar buan do'n għrein ;  
Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,  
Cho luath ri each na leum !

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,  
Dh-flàg nàdor tarbhach iad ;  
Air a meinu gu'n toir iad arbar,  
'S tiugh, stàrbhanach ni fis ;  
Bi'dh dearrsanach shearr-fhiaclach,  
D' a lannadh sios am boinn,  
Le luinneagan binn nionag ;  
An ceol a 's misle, roinn !

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùthach,  
An Coir' is súghor fonn ;  
S e Coirean Uillt-an-t-siucair,  
An Coirean rùnach lom ;  
S ge lom, gur molach, ùrail,  
Bog miadar dlù a thom,  
M' bel mil is bainn' a brùchadh,  
S uisg' ruith air siùcar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,  
Meannach, uaigneach àigh ;  
An Coire gleannach, uaine,  
Bhliochdach, luath gu dàir ;  
An Coire coilleach, luachrach,  
An goir a chuach 's a Mhàrt ;  
An Coir' a faigh duin-usal,  
Biaist-dubh, a'sruadh 'na chàrn !

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm ;  
Toreach, faoilidh blàth ;  
An Coire ionach, naosgach,  
Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh ;  
Gu bainneach, bailceach, braonach,  
Breacach, laoghach, blàr ;  
An sultor mart, a's caora,  
'S a's torach laomsgair bàrr !

An Coire am bi na caoírich  
Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n àl ;  
Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,  
A 'n craicníbh maoth-gheal thà ;  
B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,  
Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard ;  
An Coire luideach, gaolach,  
'S e làn do mhaoinibh gràis !

An Coire lachach, dràach  
'M bi guilbneich 's tràigh-gheoidh òg ;  
An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,  
'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs ;  
S tim dhomh sgor d' an àireamh,  
An Coire 's fàsor pòr  
Gu h-innseach, doireach, blàrach,  
'S imeacach, càiseach bò !

*Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer*

morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Muil. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

## ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUTINNEAG.

*Agus hò Mhòrag, no ho-rò,*  
*'S no ho-rò-ghealladh.*

A MHÒRAG chiatach a chuil dualaich,  
 Gur h-è do luaigh a th' air m'aire.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S ma db' imich thu null thar chuain uainn',  
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S enimhnick thoir leat bannal ghruagach,  
 A luaigheas an clò ruadh gu dainghean.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhuala,  
 Ma salaich am buachar t-amart.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

De cha leiginn thu gu enalach;  
 Obair thrnaillidh sin nan caileag.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Gur h-i Mòrag ghrinn mo ghuamag,  
 Aig am beil an cuilean barr-fhionn.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S gaganaich, bachlagach, eunachach,  
 Ciabtag na gruagaiche glaine.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Do chùl penchdach sios na dhualaibb  
 Dhalladh e uaislean le hainmír;  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Sios na fheoirneinean ma d' ghuailean,  
 Leadan enachagach na h-aininr:  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Do chùl pèurlach, òr-bhui, luachach,  
 Tìmeall do chluasan na chlannaibh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

A, Mhòrag ! gu beil do chuailean  
 Ormsa na bbuaireadhb gu'n sgainnear.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,  
 Gu'm b' e mo rùin a bhi mar riut.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,  
 'S e'n t-èug a rùin nì ar sgaradh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,  
 'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eòlas,  
 Agus spailp de'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghal,  
 Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisg le d' ghaol mi ;  
 'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S a Mhòrag 'g am beil a ghruaideh chiatach :  
 'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Do shùil shuibhbear, shochdrach, mhòdhbar,  
 Mhireagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Dèud cailce shnasda na ribhinn,  
 Snaite mar dhisn' air a gearradh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Maighdean bhoideach, na 'm bòs eaoine,  
 'S iad cho maoth ri cloidh na h-eala.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

Ciochan leaganach nan gneag,  
 'S failleadh a mhusga d'a h-anail.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tachd dhiot,  
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Mannuinn.  
*Agus ho Mhorag, &c.*

'S ionadh gaisgeach do ghàel,  
Nach obadh le m' ghràdh-sa tarruinn :  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,  
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan *cannons* :  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan òrdaibh,  
Thoirt do chòrach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

'S ionadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,  
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Na faiceadh iad gnù do dhnuais ort,  
Dheanadh tarruinn suas ri d' charraid.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Mo chioun gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,  
Do Chaipín fén Mac-Te-Ailein :  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chàch riut,  
'S ni e fasd e, ach thig thairis :  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,  
'S an Arasaig dhù-ghorm a bharraich ;  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morror ;\*  
Reiseamaid chorrd Shiol-Ailein !  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

'N am Alasdair,† a's Mhontòrs',  
Gu'm bu bhòchdain iad air Ghallaibh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Gu'n d' thairich lá Inbher-Lòchaidh,  
Co bu stròicich ann le lannaibh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,‡ 's an Alt-Eireann,  
Dh-fhag iad Rèubalaich gu'n anam.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,  
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sléibhteach,  
Ge d'a tha e-fein na leanamh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Dh'èiridh leat a nall o'n Rùdha,  
Antrum lùl'-chleasach nan seang-each.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gàel gu leir riut,  
Ge b'e dh'eireadh leat no dh'thanadh.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Shuath, deich mile dhiu air clè dhnuibh,  
An cogadh rì Sènrlus nach maireann.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

'S ionadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,  
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Bha cùch diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,  
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

A rì ! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamb iad,  
'Nuair a thàrrneadh iad na lannan !  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

II-uile clò a luaigneach iad riamh dhuibh,  
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,  
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhunathan luigne,  
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.  
*Agus ho Mhorag*, &c.

*Note.*—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Mòrag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (*i.e.* soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words, to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Mòrag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

#### SMEORACH CHILOINN-RAONUILL.

##### LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,*  
*Holaibh o iriag hòro ì,*  
*Holaibh o oriag hòroll ò,*  
*Smeòrach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

*Gur h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,*  
*Au déis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,*  
*Sholar bidh do'm ianaibh benga,*  
*Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr gach bidein.*

*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

\* Mòr-Thir.    † Alasdair Mac Cholla.    ‡ Kilsyth.

Smeòrach mise do Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
Dream a dhìthicheadh, 's a leonadh,  
'S chuireadh mis' an riocd na smeòraich  
Gu bhi seinn, 'sa cuir ri eol daibh.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Sa chreig ghuirm a thogadh mise  
An sgireachd Chaisteil duibh nan clair  
Tir tha daonnaan a' cuir thairis  
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thiream,  
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,  
Moch, a' feasgar togar m'iolach,  
Seinn gu bileach, milis, mealach.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach,  
'S math eun fhaotainn á nead, uasal,  
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,  
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruairidh.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Cinneadh, glan gun smùr, gun smoden  
Gun smäl gun luaith ruaidh, no għrodan,  
'S iad gun għiomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,  
'S treum am buill' an tiugh nau trodan.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buineadh,  
A meribh meara na crudhach,  
'S daoimein iad gun spàr gun truailleadh,  
Nach gabb stùr, gnè, sinal, no ruadh-mheirg.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Cinneadh mor gun bhòsd gun sparan,  
Suairee, siobhalta, gun ràpal,  
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n càirdean,  
Fuitteach, faobharach, ri manħad.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Raonullach nan òr chrios tagħach,  
Nan lüireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,  
A thóid sios gu Gunnach, dagach,  
Nu fir għasda shunndach, chogach.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Sud na h-aon d-oine th'air m'aire,  
Nach dianadb air spùileadh eromadhb,  
Dhianadh auns an àraich gearradh  
Cinn ga'u sgaradhb, cuirp ga'm pronnadhb.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Ach mur tig mo righ-sa dhachaigh  
Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shlocaich,  
'S bithidh miu'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri bäsraich,  
Gu am faigb mi bäs le osnatch.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Ach ma thig mo phriunnsa thairis  
Cuirlear mis' an eliabhan lurach,  
'S bithidh mi canutaireachd gu buileach  
'S ann 'san árois ni mi fuireach.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Madainn chītean am barr gach badain  
Sgaoileadh ciùil o ghlaic mo għuibein,  
'S àluuñ mo chruiteach, 's mo għlagan,  
Stailceadb m-dha biuñn air stuibean.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Gur e mise cruit nan cuoan,  
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,  
'S mo chearex fċin gam' bheus air stocan,  
'S glan ar gloċen air gach stacau.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogad,  
'S mo chom tur uile làn beadraidi,  
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,  
'S mi air fàd gu damhs' air leagail.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,  
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,  
Sann orm fċin a bhiodh am frogan,  
Ceol ga thogail, 's bròn ga leagail.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,  
Le'n ġorganaiħħiż ordail mar riun,  
'S feadag għblau am beul għach collich,  
'S binn feed-ghuil air għeugaibh barāiħ.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'fheadan,  
Am madainn dhriūchd am barr gach badain,  
Sheinneadh na puiġt għiġi gu'n spreadan,  
'S ionbuuñn m'theadag feadħ għach lagain.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Togamaid deoħ-slainte na h-armailt,  
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n għarbilħlaix,  
Na fir għasda dheanadħ searr-bhuan  
Air feoil 's cnaimhean nan dearg chot.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Olamaid flieħuħad ar slūgħin,  
'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,  
'Slainte Sheumais suas le suigeart,  
Tosta Thearlaich sios le sogan.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Slaint' an teagħlaix rioghail innbeieħ,  
Olamaid gu sunndax, geħajnej,  
'S nigħejmaid ar sgornain għiōnaj  
Le dram milis, suileach, glaineach.

*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Cuireamaid sios feadh ar mionach  
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,  
Nan colg gasda, sgaiteach, biorach,  
'S ro mhór sgil air còmhrag lannach.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir thir,  
Ullaiream m'acair gu cala,  
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,  
'S an t-sainteil ud triath nan Garrach.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Lionaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,  
Slainte Raonuill òig o's deas i,  
Sguiribh dh'amhare thugaibh as i,  
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Stràc suas a ghlaíne chéudna,  
Cuihmhicheamaid slaint an t-Stéibhítich  
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,  
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Slaint Iarl Antrum s' tosta prisail,  
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlannaibh Milidh,  
Tha mo shile báthadh m'lataidh  
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lann mìselein.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,  
Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinne,  
Laoch treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,  
Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasuinu.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,  
Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,  
Laochraidaigh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraighe,  
Na suinn sheasmhach, shundach, mhaiseach.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Co nambaid sin riu sheasad,  
'S cruaidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh?  
Anns an ruraig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,  
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh shisean.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Greasam gu finid gun stopadh,  
Ach cha mhianam leam a bhi bacach,  
Puirt chiùil na smèdraich dosaich,  
Tostam flor sheobhac na Ceapaich.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,  
O chothann nam bradan earrach  
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pileadh,  
Cha bu ghioracach iad air bealach.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,  
Slainte Mhic Dhùghaill o'n Bharraich,  
Cridhe rioghail, reamhar, solais,  
Tha na bhoirileach shios am falach,  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Chuimhnicheam Iain Ciar a Lathuirl,  
Aig nach robh an stoidhle eumhann,  
Gheibh e müirn, a's onair fhathach,  
A's caitheadh drais mar as cubhaidh.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

Ciod am fath dhaibh bhi ga'r tagradh?  
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigeann,  
Sguiribh de'r boillich 's de'r splagain,  
'N rud tha agaün, 's Dia thug dhuinne.  
*Holaibh o iriag*, &c.

## ORAN DO PHIRIONNSA TEARLACH.

## LUINNEAG.

*O hì-ri-ri tha e tighinn,*  
*O hì-ri-ri, 'n righ tha uainn,*  
*Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'cileadh*  
*'S breacan-an-fhéilidh an cuach!*

'S EIBHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,  
Mae an righ dhlighich tha uainn,  
Slios mòr rioghail d'an tig i rmachd,  
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.  
*O hi-ri-ri*, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shàile,  
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille suanadh,  
Maraiche sunndach nan stéud-each,  
Rachadh gu h-eutrom sau ruraig.  
*O hi-ri-ri*, &c.

Samhult an fhaoillich a choltas,  
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,  
Lann thana 'na 'laimh gu cosgairt,  
Sgoltadh chorpa mar choire' air cluain.  
*O hi-ri-ri*, &c.

Tòrmam do phòba 's do bhrataich,  
Chuireadh spiorad bràs sau t-slugh,  
Dhùireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aigne,  
'S chuirt' air a phrasgan ruraig!  
*O hi-ri-ri*, &c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channain,  
Sgoileadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,  
Fhreagradh dha gach beinn a's beallach,  
'S bhodhradh a mbac-tall ar cluas!  
*O hi-ri-ri*, &c.

Gur maирg d'an éideadh san là sin,  
Còta granda 'u mhiadar ruadh,  
Ad bhlíeach dhùibh a's coc-àrd innit,  
Sgoilteas mar an chál ro'n chruaidh.

*Thug ho-o, &c.*

### ORAN EILE

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

#### LUINNEAG.

*Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,*  
*Thug o-ho-ro' n àill leibh,*  
*Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,*  
*Seinn o-ho-ro' n àill leibh.*

Moch 'sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh,  
'S mor mo shunnd 's mo cheol-gàire ;  
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,  
Thigh'n do dhùthaich Chlaunn-Rà'ill.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,  
Thig'n do dhùthaich Chlaunn-Rà'ill ;  
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,  
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,  
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich ;  
'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,  
Anns a ghruaidh is mor näire.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,  
Anns a ghruaidh is mor näire ;  
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,  
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,  
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur ;  
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisid,  
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n h-ite  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisid,  
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n h-ite ;  
'S na 'n càraicht' an crùin ort,  
Bu mhuiirneach do chairdean.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S na 'n càraicht a crùin ort,  
Bu mhuiirneach do chairdean ;  
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,  
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàel.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,  
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàel ;  
A's Clann-Dòmhnuill a chruadail,  
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

A's Clann-Dòmhnuill a chruadail,  
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh ;  
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,  
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdaир.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,  
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdaир ;  
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,  
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr'.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,  
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr ;  
'S bhiodh am fèileadh 'sa'n fhasan,  
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S bhiodh am fèileadh 'sa'n fhasan,  
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid ;  
Eile cuaiach air bhachd easgaid,  
Paidhir phioatal 's lann Spainnteach.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

Eile cuaiach air bhachd easgaid,  
Paidhir phioatal 's lann Spainnteach  
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,  
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,  
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh ;  
Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,  
Agus coreach m'a bhrighad !  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,  
Agus coreach m'a bhrighad ;  
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,  
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,  
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—  
Ach slan gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,  
Slan gu'n tig thosa Thearlaich.  
*Thug ho-o, &c.*

## FAILTE NA MOR-TIIR.

LUINNEAG.

*H-eitirin* airinn uirinn öth-h-o-rò,  
*H-eitirin* airinn h-ò-rò.

FAILT' ort fénin a mhòr-thir boidheach,  
 Ann an òg-mhios bhealainn.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Grian-thir òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,  
 'S froinidh ròs ri h-alltaibh.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,  
 Cha téid Earrach teann orr.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S ianach, lurach, slios a tulach,  
 'S duilleach 'mullach ebrann innit.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

A choill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,  
 'S i na culaidh-bainnse.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S bainneach, baileach, braonach glacach,  
 Bruachan tachdhrach, Ailcart.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Uisce fallain nan clach geala,  
 Na do bhaile Geamhraibh.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,  
 Seile għlas nan samħnan.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra għeal,  
 'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dħonus,  
 Gun dad conais dràndain.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Seirreach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,  
 Saor o blħraġ, 's o anntlachd.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa straithean,  
 'S ēibhinn dath a gleanntan.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tħemb mu fireach,  
 Ellid bhiorach, 's mang aic.

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Boe air daradh timcheall daraig,  
 'N dēigh a leannain cheann-deirg.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Searrach bhuiċin anns an ruicil,  
 'S e sior chruiteil dhamhsaidh.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadradh,  
 Ann an creagan teann air.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Coillich choille, 's iad ri colleig,  
 Ann an doire chranntail.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,  
 Glasrach, raouach, aibhneach.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,  
 A fuinn mħaoineach, leamhnach.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S cùbhraidih 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,  
 Ris a bħruħħa ann-teas,  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,  
 Au tir fhaolidh sheaunsa!

*H-eitirin*, &c.

Grian ag ċiridh 'għorad sléjhe,  
 'S beachan għeug ri srannraib.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogħla dhluaran,  
 'S mil ga buain le dranndan.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Breac le sūlas leum a bħuinne,  
 Ruidh nan cuileag greanntar.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Barr għaq-tolmain fo bħrat gorm-dheare,  
 Air għaq-borrachha alltain.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Lusan cùbhraidih mach a' brúchdadħ,  
 'S coid diuħi cùl-ghorm bainn-dearg.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S ceolar, ēibhinn, barr għaq-għejje,  
 'S au eðin fén a damhs' orr'.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

Croħb air dàir am barr an flħasaix,  
 N fl-ħeoर nach d'ħas gu crainntidh.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,  
 'S tè le cuaiċi gan teann-ruith.  
*H-eitirin*, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,  
Dol gu buaile's t-sàmhradh.

*H-eitirin, &c.*

'S òimhnach, nachdrach, blàthach, enuachdach,  
Lòn nam buachaill annta.

*H-eitirin, &c.*

'S ìmeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,  
An imirich shubhach, shlambach.

*H-eitirin, &c.*

Deoch gun tombas dol far comhair,  
Gun aon ghloثار gainntir.

*H-eitirin, &c.*

### I O R R A M C U A I N.

Gur neo-aoideilheil turas faoillich,  
Ge d' bhiadh na daoine tàbhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò,  
Ho-ri hi-rò na b' àile leat mì :  
Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò.*

An fhairge molach, bronmach, torrach,  
Giobhach, corrach, ràpalach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S cruaidh ri stiuireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,  
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,  
'S e ri bùirein báchdanach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

An cùlanach fòiu cha n e 's fasadh,  
Agus lasan àrdain air.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Teachd gu dlù' n deighe chéile,  
Agus geummaich dhàir orra.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

An fhairge phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,  
Agus acras araidh oirr'.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S maирg a choimeas muir ri mointieh,  
Ge d' bhiadh mor-shueachd stràchd orra.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Neoil a' gealadh oïdhche shalach,  
Gun aon chala sàbhailte.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealaich,  
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,  
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

" Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann roighinn,  
Croc-mhuir, friothar, bàsanach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

" Cum ceann caol a fiodha direach,  
Ri muir diolain, dàsunach."

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,  
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghabhaidh sùi.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S leag sinn a croinn a's a h-aodach,  
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine caileachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S chuir sinn amach eliathan rìghne,  
Is bu ghrinn an làch iad.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S shuidh orr' ochdnar, theoma, throma,  
A' sgoillteadh tonnan stàplainneach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Héig air chnagaibh, hùg air mhaidean,  
'S cogall bhac air t-àbhraianibh !

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Iad a mosgladh suas a chéile,  
'S masgadh trenn air sàil aca.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Sginean lochdrach ràmh a Lochlinium,  
'Bualadh bhoc air bhàrrlinnean.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Iad a' traogbadh suas na dile,  
Le neart fior gharg ghlìrdean.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,  
'S stoirm mu sion, da 'n sàrachadh.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Lasraichean srad theine-shinnuachain,  
Dearg o'n inmradh chàileachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Iad ag obair as an lèinteán,  
" Hùg a's théid 'da ràmh' aca."

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,  
Aun an elcith ràmh bràghda.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaiddh da réir sin,  
A ri ! bu treun a thàrrneadh e.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Donnacha Mac-Uaraig a luagh leo,  
'S b' fhada buan a spàlagan.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chilcith ac'  
Bualadh spéicean tàbhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,  
'N glachdaibh iarnaidd àrd-thonach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,  
'S fuirbhean da'n sàrachadh.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Lunnan mine, 's duirn da'n sìneadh,  
Seile sios air dhearnainean.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach,  
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuchdach.  
*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri bùirein,  
Le sior dhurachd sàr iomaraidh.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Slabbraids chuirneineach ri dùirdail,  
Shios bha stiur a fagail ann.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,  
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Na fir lugbhor an deigh an rùsgaidh,  
A' cur smùid dbeth an àlaichean.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Chaoiadh cha mhìticheadh a misneach,  
Na fir sgibidh th bhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Rìgh an eagail, *Neptun* ceigeach,  
Ri sior sgreadail—"bàthar sibh!"

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,  
'S cathadh cuain a stràcadh orr',

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'Ghuidh an sgioba geur na dùilin,  
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfadh dhaibh.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Smachdaich *Zelus* na spèuran,  
'S a bhuilg shéidibh àrd-ghaothach.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Gun d' rinn *Neptun* faighe lòmadh,  
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Sgaoil na neòil bha tònn-ghorm èiar-dhubh,  
'S shoilsich grian mar b' abhaist dh'i.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,  
'S ghlac iad eala sàbhailte.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,  
'S rinn iad eadal samhach orr'.

*Tha m' fhearann, &c.*

## A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUINNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,*  
*Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;*  
*Cailin deas donn a cruidh,*  
*Cuachag an f'hasaich.*

*A Bhanarach mhìogach,*  
*'S e do ghaol thug fo chis mi ;*  
*'S math thig lamhainnean sioda,*  
*Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.*

*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

*'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,*  
*An am bli bleathan na spreidhe :*  
*N'an smèòrach sa' chòitein,*  
*Am barr gòig an am fàs-choill.*

*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

*'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,*  
*A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;*  
*Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,*  
*Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhàrain.*

*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

*Ceol farasda fior-hinn,*  
*Fonnar, farumach, dionach :*  
*A sheinn an caillín donn miogach,*  
*A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann.*

*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S ge b' fhonnar an fhiodhall,  
 'S a tendan an rithidh ;  
 'S e bheireadb damhs air gach eridhe  
 Ceol nighin na h-airidh.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Tha deirg agus gile,  
 A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',  
 Beul min mar an t-shirist,  
 O'm milis thig gáire.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Deud snasda na ribhiu,  
 Suaite, cruinu, mar na disucan ;  
 Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,  
 'S ro mhìog-shuileach fàite.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,  
 Ann am madainn chiuin chéitein,  
 Na gathannan greine,  
 Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S ciatach mullan na gruagaich,  
 A' bleothann cruidh ghuallinn ;  
 A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,  
 'S bothar fhuaim aig a clàraibh.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,  
 Ga chrathadh mu cluasan ;  
 A' toirt muigh air seid iuachraich  
 An taigh buaile, an gleann fisaich.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

A' muineal geal boidheach,  
 Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,  
 A' dhath fén air gach seòrsa,  
 Chite dortadh tre bràghad.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Dà mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne,  
 Fo 'n dà ghàirdein bu ghile ;  
 N uair a shìnt iad gu h-innealt,  
 Gu sinean cruidh fhàsgadh.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,  
 Teachd do'n bhuaile mu ead-thra,  
 Séanadh sult-chorpach heitir,  
 'S buarach ghreasaid an àil aic'.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,  
 A' stealladh bainn' an euaich bleothainn ;  
 A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,  
 An gobhal na blàraig.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,  
 Cuach a's curru-an na bualad,  
 B'ao-coltaich do ghuasad  
 Ri guanag na sraide.  
*A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

## OR A N,

MAR GUM BANN EADAR AM PRIONNSA AGUS NA GAEIL

AIR FONN—"Good night an' joy be wi' you a."

## AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaisc air an t-saoghal,  
 'S carach baoghalach a dhàil ;  
 Cuibhl' an fhortain oirn air caochadh,  
 Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàch ;  
 Tha sinn a nis air ar sgoaileadh,  
 Air feadh għleann, a's fħraoħ-beann árd ;  
 Ach teamaildh sinn fos ar daoine,  
 'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mbath a mhuinnit għoħla, l-

'S għabhaidh Dia dħuinn daonnan cäs ;  
 Cuiribb dħieħus daingheann, failteach,  
 Annus an aon Tini dħuini stā :  
 'S buanaichib gu rigħeih, adhrach,  
 Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, bla ;  
 'S bi'b dileas do chach a chéile,  
 'S duinear suas ar crenċdan bālis

Ach 's feedar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uaiħ,  
 A Ghäelibh ejalma mo għriehi ;  
 Bu mhor m' earbsa' ìs ar fonaħ,  
 Ge do id' fħonadħ dħuinn 's an ár,  
 'S ionadħi ana-eothrom a choinnich  
 Sinn, 's an choiñnidh bha gun āġħ ;  
 Ach għabhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dħibb,  
 Uine bħeq : ach thig mi trāħ.

Leasaichidh mi fòs ar callsa,  
 Churaidħuean gun fheall, gun sgħat ;  
 A dhilse dhlioddha, riqħeih, threuna,  
 A dħeanadħi eueħhd ri uħqd nam blār,  
 'S cinnu a's colu īn chuir o chéile,  
 Siġġi, 's sibb-fén a sgaradha fäs ;  
 Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,  
 'S eniream fén r' ar creuċċdan plāsd.

## NA GAEIL

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar cèusadħ !  
 Air dhi-cċeille, sinn gun chàil ;  
 Tearlach Stiubhart Mac riqħ Séumas,  
 A bhi na eġġi anns gach cäs ;

Gur h-e sin a rinn ar lèireadh,  
Gur h-e's feudar dha gu'm fìg ;  
Sinn na dhèigh gun airm, gun eideadh,  
Fàlbh 'n ainm Dhé; ach thig a ghràidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dheigh,  
'S Dia do d' ghléigheadh anns gach ait' ;  
Muir a's tir a bhi cho réidh dhut :  
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os aird ;  
'S ge do sgar mio-fhortan deurach  
Sinn o chéile, 's cenn ro'n bhàs ;  
Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,  
Slùgh mo chéille thig gun chàird.

Chaili sinn ar stiùir, 's ar buill-bheairte ;  
Thugadh uainn ar n-acair-bàis ;  
Chaili sin ar compaisd 's ar cairtean,  
Ar renn-iuil 's ar beachd gach là ;  
Tha ar cuirp gun chinne, gun chasan,  
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stàth ;  
Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-astar,  
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

## AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu lír le Clann-Dòmhnuill,  
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chàs,  
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-thìr,  
Lean sibh deonach, rium gach trà ;  
'S ionadh beinn, a's muir, a's mointeach,  
A shiubhail sin aic chòrsa bàis ;  
Ach theasraig Dia sinn air fuar-fhòirneart,  
Nau con sròn-ghaooth 'bba ri 'r sàil.

Sibh a rinn fo-làimb na Trianaid,  
Mis' a dhion o mhì-ruin ch'ich' ;  
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhòr, lionmhòr,  
Chuir an liom feadh ghleann a' ìard.  
A mhìad 's a thaibhsan sibh d' ar dilseachd,  
'S coir nach dì-chuimhnich gu bràth ;  
A dharr, gur sibh is luithe shin rium,  
Toic air tir 's an talamh-ard.

## NA GAEIL.

Ochan ! ochan ! cruaidh an dearmad,  
Bhi 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhàs ;  
B'i 'n fhoir cùbhinnmeachd, 's am beirteas,  
Bhi d' a t-fhaicinn gach aon là ;  
B'ihd ar rüisg lan tìn a frasadh ;  
Ar èri lag-chùiseach gun chàil,  
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,  
Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

## AM PRIONNSA.

O ! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,  
'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,  
Bi'ihd sibh fas, maoineach, müirneach,  
N 'ur gàrd dùbailt' ma *Whitehall*,

'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,  
Ri bog chrùban feedh nan cùrn,  
Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caithream cùirte,  
Lasdail, lù-chleasach, lan àidh.

## A M B R E A C A N U A L L A C H.

## LUINNEAG.

*Hé 'n clò-dubh,*  
*Hò 'n clò-dubh,*  
*Hé 'n clò-dubh,*  
*B'fhearr am breacan.*

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,  
Ma m' ghuailean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,  
Na ged gheibhinn cùta,  
De 'n chlò is fearr thig á Sasuinn.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Mo laochan fein an t-éideadh,  
A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a għlasadh,  
Cuaicheanach an cílidh,  
Déis eiridh gu dol air astar.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,  
Gur buadbach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;  
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,  
Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu għasd' air faidh thu.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Fior chulaidh an t-saighdear,  
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;  
'S ciatach 's an *adbans* thu,  
Fo sħrantrach nam piob 's nam bratach.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Cha mbios anns an dol sìos thu,  
'Nuair sgriobar á duille claiseach ;  
Fior earradh na ruage,  
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan !

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,  
'N am eridh do 'n għrċiun air creachunn ;  
'S dh-fħalbhainn leat gu lodhar,  
Di-dòmhnaich a dol do'n chlachan.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

Laidhinn leat gu gearbail,  
'S mar earbaig gu 'm briōsgaġġ grad leat,  
Na b' ullamb air m' arnachd,  
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid għlagħach.

*He 'n clo-dubh, &c.*

'N am coilich a bhi dùrdan,  
Air stòean am madainn dhealta.  
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,  
Seach mòtan de thrustar cásraig.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Shiubhlann leat a phòsadadh,  
'S bharr feoirnein cha fhrosainn dealta ;  
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhòidheach,  
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,  
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t-fhasgath,  
Bho chathadh, a' bho chrion-chur,  
Gu 'n dionadh tu mi ri frasachd.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach  
A laideadh a sgiath air a breacadh ;  
'S claidheamh air chrios ciatach,  
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatain.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,  
Gu suibhlearra leat fa 'n asgail ;  
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a' ursaigh,  
No tuil-bheun gu 'm biodh air fasgath.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Bu mhath anns an oidhch' thu ;  
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;  
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat liu thu,  
Is prisile thig a Glascho.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

S' baganta grinn bòidheach,  
Air banais a's air mòd am breacan ;  
Suas an Éileadh-sguaibe,  
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhch' thu,  
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,  
Bu mhath am feachd 's au sith thu ;  
Cha righ am feár a chuir as dut.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so  
Faobhar nan Gàel tapaidh,  
Ach 's ann a chuir e géur orr',  
Ni's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn :  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Dh-flag e iad làn mi-ruin,  
Cho ciocrasach ri coin achrach ;  
Cha chaisg deoch an iotadh,  
Ge 's' fhion i, ach fior fhuil Shasuinn.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Ged' spion sibh an Crì asainn,  
'S ar broilleichean sios a shracadh,  
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,  
Gu bràth gus an téid ar tacadh !  
*He 'n clo-duhh, §c.*

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaithe,  
Teann, luate cho cruidh ri glasan ;  
'S uainn cha' n fhaodar fhuasgladh,  
Gu 'm buaninear am fear ud asainn.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Cleas na mnatha-siùbhla,  
'Gheibh tuiliinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;  
An ionad a bhi'n duimbh ris,  
Gun dùbhail d'a fear a lasan.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,  
Thiugh, luaithe, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,  
Ruitidh sinn cho luath,  
'S na 's buaine na fóidh a ghlásraidh.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nadar,  
A bhà sinn ro am an *acta* ;  
Am pearsannan 's au inntinn,  
'S 'n ar righealachd cha téid lagadh.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuiisl' ar sunnsridh,  
'S an innsginn a bha 'n an aigne,  
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,  
Bhi righeil.—O ! sin ar paidir !  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Mallachd air gach seòrsa,  
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-sa,  
Co dhìu bhiodh aca còmhach,  
No còmhruiste, lòm gu 'n chraiceann.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,  
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar :  
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,  
'S an tìrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamb-an-nachdar,  
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaig,  
An *donus* blàr ri bheò-sa,  
Ni tebladair tuilleadh tapaidh.  
*He 'n clo-dubh, §c.*

## TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FONN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlaich mhic Sheumais,  
 Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,  
 Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,  
 N am èubhachd 'bhi mòrsal,  
 'S cha b' ann leis a phàigh ud,  
 A tharmaich o 'n mhui.  
 Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan  
 Oirn éiridh mar b' mbhaist,  
 Leis an ailleagan chentach,  
 'Shliochd éifeachdach Bhiancho;  
 Mo ghràdh a ghruidh àluinn,  
 A dhearsadh orm stuit.  
 Thu 'g iomachd gu surdail,  
 Air tús a bhatailli,  
 Cha fhasann an driùchdha,  
 'S mi dlù air do shàilean;  
 Mi eadar an talamh  
 'S an t-adhar a seoladh,  
 Air iteig le aighear,  
 Misg-chath, agus shòlais;  
 'S caismeachd phìob' mòra,  
 Bras-shròiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghilbhormhor,  
 An t-sblais a b' airde!  
 G' ar lionadh do spionadh,  
 Air slinneinibh Thearlaich,  
 Gu 'n caladh tu àrdan  
 An cailleachd ar cuirp;  
 Do lathareachd mhùr-chuisceach,  
 Dh-fhògradh gach faillinn,  
 Gu 'n tiuntadh tu fèadar  
 Gach feola gu stàllinn,  
 'Nuair sheal'maid gu sumndach,  
 Air fabhra do rùisg.  
 Gu gnùis torrach de chruadal,  
 De dh' uaisle, 's de nhàire,  
 Nach taiscideal fuathas,  
 Ro' Inaideh do nàmhaid;  
 'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn  
 Do mhealladh, 's do thrèigsin,  
 Bhiodh an crùn air a spàpadh,  
 Le d' thapadh air Surlas,  
 A dh-aindeoin na b'cist'.  
 Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam tormain  
 Na 'n ùrghanan àluinn!  
 'S tein'-éibhinn a lasadh  
 Gu bras-gheal air sràidibh!  
 'S na croisibh ri h-àrd-ghaoir,  
 Mhòir Thearlaich ar Prionns!

Gach uinneag le foineal  
 A boisgeadh le dearsadh,  
 Le solus nan coillean,  
 'S deas mbaighdeann d'an smàladh;  
 'S gach ni mar a b' araidh,  
 'G enir fàilt' air le puimp!  
 Na eanoin ri bùirich,  
 'S iad a' stàradh an fhàilidh,  
 A' cuir erith air gach dùthaich  
 Le muiseag nan Gaél;  
 Agus sinne gu lu'-chleasach,  
 Müirneach lan àrdain,  
 Am marsail gu mihiunte,  
 Ard-shundach m' a shailean—  
 'S gann bha eudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,  
 Trì chairsteil a phuinnt!

## MO BHO BUG AN DRAM.

AIR FONN—"The bucket you want."

## LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò mo bhobug an dràm,*  
*Hò rì mo bhobug an dràm,*  
*Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,*  
*'S e chuireadh an sòdan na m' cheann.\**

FHEARABH tà'r suidhe ma 'n bhì rd,  
 Le 'r glaineachean cridheil n'-ar doru,  
 Na leanamaid ruithinn air òl,  
 Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bòl.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,  
 'Gan aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;  
 Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,  
 Am màrsal le ciogaitl tro' m' chliabh.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

\* The above chorus is not by Maedonald—it belongs to an old Uist song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha téid mi'n taigh-òd' tha sud thall,  
 Cha'n fhlaich an sinéabar a th' ann,  
 Ge d' olainn am buideal le strann,  
 Gu'n grulan mo cholainn mo cheann.  
*Ho rò mo, &c.*

Thuir cailleach cho liheasd' sa bh' ann,  
 'Nuair fhuar i blas air an dràm :—  
 'O! tairrnibh 'ur casan a chlann,  
 'S bheir mise mo char air an damhs!'  
*Ho rò mo, &c.*

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,  
 'N am eogaibh ri aodainn nan ruag,  
 Gun olamaid sgайл dhiot gu luath,  
 Ma sguidseannaid slacain a truaill'.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

'S tu dh' fhangadh sinn tapaidh sau thoir,  
 'N am tarriuin nan glas-lann ri stròin,  
 'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,  
 'S à truaill, bheirt a mach claidhe mòr.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

Ge tu mo leannan glan ùr,  
 Cha phòg mi gu dilinn thu 'n cùil ;  
 Ach phògann, a's dheodhlainn thu rùin,  
 Nuair thig thu 's Jacobus na d' ghnùis :

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,  
 Ainn Sheumais a chuir air do cheannu ;  
 'S e thogadh an sògan fo m' chainnt,  
 'S a dh-fhangadh gu blasda mo dhràm.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

Fadamaid teine beag shòis,  
 Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grios,  
 A gharas ar claireann 's ar crì',  
 'Sa dh-fhogras ar n'aireal, 's ar sgòs.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

Gur tu mo ghlaingeag ghlan lom,  
 Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn ;  
 Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,  
 Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' chòm.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phòg,  
 Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shròin,  
 Gur cubhraidi leam fannal do bheoil,  
 No tùis agus mìre na h-Eòrp.

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

O aisig a ghlaine do phòg !  
 Cuir speirid n' ar teangaидh gu céil ;  
 An ioc-shlainte bheannaithe chòir,  
 A leasaicheas enáman a's feoil !

*Ho ro mo, &c.*

### M A R B H R A N N

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHARBHADD LE ABHAG.

'S tìrsach mo sgeul ri lauidh,  
 'S gnà chàich gha d' chaoidh,  
 Ma bhàis an fhìr bu leanabail' tuar,  
 'S dà mheanbh ga chaoidh.

'S oil leam blàs a Choluim chaoimh,  
 Nach b' anagach gnàs,  
 A thuiteam le madadh d'a 'm bèus,  
 Dòran'nan càrn.  
 'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian ;  
 Mo chàridh nach beò,  
 Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,  
 Ge bu mheirbh do threibh ;  
 B' fheumail' do Noah na cèch,  
 'N am bhàreadh nan stuadh,  
 Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' à,  
 'Nuair thràigh an cuan ;  
 A dh' idreachdaim do dh-fhalbh an tuil,  
 Litir gach fear ;  
 Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir  
 Deagh Noah thar lear ;  
 Ach chàidh Dùghall air seacharan cuain,  
 'S eba do phill e riamb ;  
 Ach phill Colum le iteagach luath,  
 'S a fhreagra na bhial.  
 Air thùs, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn  
 An seasadh e ann,  
 Gus do thiormaich dile nan tonn,  
 Thar mullach nam beann ;  
 'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,  
 Gu'u thiomraig a bhailc,  
 'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n  
 Agus fuasgladh na 'n airc, [teirc,  
 Le neart cha spùilte do nead,  
 Ge do thigte dha d' shladh ;  
 Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,  
 Ann an dainghnichibh rag ;  
 Bha do mhodh siolaich air leath bho chàch,  
 Cha togradh tu suas,  
 Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,  
 'S a cuir eagar 'n a cluas,  
 Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no spréidh,  
 No feisid am biadh sùgh,  
 Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bhèul ;  
 'S ag èl a bhùin ;  
 Aodach, no anart, sioda, no sròl,  
 Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm biuth ;  
 Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,  
 Air nach dràidheadh an drìuchd ;  
 Cha do ghabh thu riachd paiddir no creud,  
 A ghuind nan dùl ;  
 Giheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am pèin  
 O chaidh tu 'null,  
 Cha 'n e gun chiste uo anart  
 Bhi comhdach do chrè,  
 Fo lic anns an ùir,  
 Tha misse ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,  
 Ach do thuitean le cù.

*Note.*—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

## M O L A D H

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH

Ge beag orts' an Caim-beulach dubh,  
Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;  
Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gris-fhiomh,  
Gràdh mo chrì-s' an Caim-beulach dubh.

Ge h-aïnnisgeach air an t-seòrs' thu,  
Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phùrsa,  
Chuirinn moran fios do 'n dù-bheirt,  
'N an dubh dhùibhntibh fhòtusach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chrùth,  
A fhuair oilbheim do 'n shear gheal-dhubh,  
Do 'n dream oirdheire 's foimelle ful ;  
'S dùilich tolga chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.

'S tric le madraidh bhi ri dealunn,  
An òidhche reòt' ris a' ghealaich ;  
B' ionann sin, 's eiseachd t-ealaichd,  
Air clù geal a Chaim-beulaich dhubh.

'S cù mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnuis,  
Caineadh uasail gun mhodh, gun tlus ?  
Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinlich a lus ;  
Ma t-aoir bhacaich tachdam thu bhrui.  
Sgiùrsaidh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marsh thu ;  
Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;  
A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, a gharbhlaich,  
'Sioma gharbh-mhart db' theann thu le d' chuire.

Do'n t-siol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;  
Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirce dubh,  
Ach por prisell, 's ro sgoilteach cur,  
Feadh gach rioghachd air tìr, 's air muir.  
Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,  
Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,  
Ciòd man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;  
Curaidh ullambh, 's cuireideach fuli.

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,  
Cruaidh 'g a fechainn air beulamh trùp ;  
S' math 's is gleus' iad gu bualadh phluic,  
'N am retrèata dh' éibheach le stuit.

Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,  
Ach do dh' fhion-fhùil ard Mhic-Cailein ;  
Teughlach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;  
'S buadhach caithream ri uchd an truid !

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,  
Ma t-aoir chiotaich, mhiosguinnich churt ;  
Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuit,  
Bi'dh a bhiodag rideadh do chuirp.  
Claigeann gun eanacbainn, gun mheadrach,  
Sa foadaidh na h-iolaireau neadadh ;  
Cia mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgiodar,  
Għluasad idir an ionad puit ?

Eisg bhochd, clearbaich, seargaidh mi tur,  
Do theanga chealgach a clearbaire dhuibh,  
Rinn an t-searbhadh gun chair' a muigh ;  
Asad dh' earbiun "cealgaireachd cruidh."  
Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhiodh fearg air  
Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuih' an t-searbhadh ;  
Ach òg faighidneach gun arra-ghloir ;  
Lan do dh' fearra-ghniomh, dhearbh e le ghui.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth ;  
Cràg a chobhair gu màgradh gruth ;  
Leòbas odhar a ghlaimeadh suth,  
Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.  
Cha bu bheudagan gu sābaid  
Ach fior leogann stolda, staideil,  
Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach ;  
Ach fior ghaisgeach ; 's am blàr 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a għlas-ghuib ;  
Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip  
Air sou ascaoin chealgach do bhuis ;  
B' fhearr gu 'in bithinn-sa fasagħ dħut.  
Ge do bhiodh tu caineadh ghàel,  
Annas gach siorramachd a dh' airinn,  
Seachainn muinntir Earrá-ghàel,  
'S gun a Cheulraidi fabbarach dħut.

'S maирg a dh' èireadh ri siol an tuire,  
Gasraidi ghleūsda nach èaradh eluich ;  
Cha bu bhéus dhaibh bhi ris a mhurt,  
Ach cath treùn, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.  
Ge beag ort-sa mile cuairt e,  
'S ioma sonn aigeanntach ullach,  
Eadar Asainn, 's Cluain-nan luath-long,  
A 's trom luagh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na sedċa, 's ro bheòchail cur,  
An ceann rò-bhinn nam bachalag dubh ;  
Cha b' i "fròg-shuil, rògair' a chruidh" ;  
Fior fhamh seoid air còr ann an sult  
'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,  
Ge thubhuit iad "peirceall caol riut" ;  
Cha b' ionann as sligeas-gaoisneach,  
'S fiasag-p\*\*-laoligh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh  
Chum a Chaim-beulach dhubh éisgeadh,  
Tuitidh tusa mar a bhéisteag,  
'N a t-ionad féin am buachar mairt.

Thusa bħreinen, magaran eac ;  
E-san għlè-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;  
Thus a dhéistin 's muig ort air ät,  
Mar bu bhéus do dhòran no chàt.

Aodann craineig, fħarr-aodann tuire ;  
Com a chnaimh-fhl'ch, 's nadur na minn ;  
Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's fäileadh a bħruic ;  
Spàgan clàrach ; sailean nan cùsp'.

De dh' oirlíchean aoiridh bárdail,  
Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' sháih thu ;  
'S feannam do leathar a thráill dhiot,  
Chioun gu'n cháin'thu'n Caim-beulach dubh.

Cha 'n fhearr sgipi thus' ach fior għluk ;  
'S heairt gun teagħam bi' dh tu fo bħruid ;  
T-iasaq failidh, t-fholt, a's do ruisg ;  
Tuwidh t-fhlaċon 's falibhaid du thuigis',  
'S coltaħx nach b' aithme dhut mise,  
'Nuar a bha mi so gun flios dut ;  
Na 'm b' eol, cha għlacadu tu mħisneach,  
Ròne riobadħ as an fhearr dhunħ.

*Note*—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbuie. For this M'Lean's *āireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist—with-out any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen :—

" An Caim-beulach dubh ā Cinn-tiie,  
Iar-oħġ' mhortair 's ogħba 'mheirlich ;  
Am Braid-Alban fħuaar ē ārach.  
Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a ċhrudi.  
" S obħar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubb,  
" S oħnej, fiadhaħ, amħarc sa' ċhruth ;  
" S lahdan iħiġ-ghlas, dubb ġha'n fliax e ;  
" S fear gu'n mħiaddan an Caim-beulach dubbi !  
  
" Cuiream tuath e, euiream deas e,  
Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e ;  
Cuiream flos gu bārd għach fearainn,  
Gus an caill e 'n eraieeann na shrutu."  
" S obħar, ciar, &c.

### MOLADII AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR FONN—"Cabar Feidh."

FAULT' an leogħainn chreuchdaich,  
Is eugħsamħiil spracalachd,  
'Nuar dheireadħ do chinn-fheadna,  
Bu mheagħrach am brataichean,  
'Nuar chruinnicheadħ għach dream dhin,  
Gu ceannsgalach tartareħ,  
Bliodh pronnadħ agus calldach,  
Air naimħdean a thachrabd ribb ;  
Iad gu h-oħirdheire air bharr corr-ghleu,  
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,  
'S ard an stoirm air mhieġ-chouħbaidh,  
" S laiñ nan dors ri spealta'reachd,  
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,  
A' gearradh cheann is chorpnun;

'S chu sluagh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,  
Le'n lann bheireadħ fosadħi orr.

Dùisg a leogħainn euchdaich,  
'S dean ēriġiġ gu farumach,  
Air brat ball-dearġ, breid-geħal,  
'S fraoħ sleibhe mar bħaran air ;  
Teg suas do cheannu gu h-eatrom,  
'S na speuraibb gu caithreaseach,  
'S théid mi-fhinn cho géire,  
" Sa dh'fheendas mi d' arabhaig ;  
Tugam snas do mholaħħi prieil,  
'S do cheannu rigħiell farasda,  
Cha'n eil ceann no corp san rigħeacheħ,  
An eruaidh-ghniomħi thug barrachd ort,  
An ceann cruaħħa arđi sgħajnejha  
Maiseach, fior-dheas, arranta,  
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uċċed an fħuathais,  
Ri h-ġam luuħ t-fħuatha tarroju u ri.

Co b'urrainn tħix no dì-bleahed,  
Gu diliżiż a bħaralacha ?  
No shamħlaiceadħ riut mi-ċċiū,  
A rīgħ nan ceannu barrasach ;  
A chreutair għasda, rinxhej,  
" S għarg fior-dheas do tharruunse,  
Air brat glan de'n t-sioda,  
Ri min-ċhrau ċaol gallanach ;  
E ri plapraħiċi ri crann-brataiħ,  
A' staille chās gu h-eangarra ;  
Is cōmħlawn għasda lan do ghaisge,  
Teanailt bras gu leanailt ris,  
Fearġ gu casgħart 'nan gnūiś dhaite,  
Fraoħ a's fras gu fearachas ;  
Bhi'di sgħios a's lannadħi sios,  
Air luuħt mi-ruin a bħeħadha riut.

Cha robb garta gleojs,  
Air an t-seorsa o'n ghineadħ tu,  
An dream rathail mhorr-chūiseach ;  
Chōmħragħach, īomaireach ;  
Bu għunnach, dagħi, dr-ġiataħħach,  
Għiरseideach, nimhejj iad ;  
Bu domħain farsuunu creuħdach,  
Cueidh euchħadħ am firionnach ;  
Iad gu sūrdail losga' fūdair,  
Toirt as simu bħo lasraicean ;  
Na fir irra, għeala, lúghar.  
A għearru smuajis a's aisiċċiean ;  
Lannan dū-ghorm, geura, eūl-tingħi,  
" N glaie nam flur an aigeantach,  
A' sgħolta chorġ a slos gu'n rumpaill,  
Sūrd le sunnd air straccaireachd.

" S folumi, fearail, laidir,  
Cnanda, dàkheil, cimmeadil,  
Sliexha nan Collaidd l-imb-dhearg,  
" S iad lan do dh' ard spiorad anu.  
Cho dian ri lasair clir-ħ-dheirg,  
" S gaoth Mhajr a' euir spiċċiġi in-

Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhàillin,  
 'Nar cailleachd ge d' shirear sibh ;  
 Na fir chogach theid 's na trodaibh,  
 Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach ;  
 Nach iarr brosna' ri h-àm cosgraibh,  
 A phronna chorp a's mhionáicean,  
 A' sgatha cheann, a's lamb, a's chas, diubh,  
 Ann san toit le mire-chath,  
 Na fir bhèurra, threin, fhéarrdh,  
 Gheur, armach, fhineadail !

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,  
 Nan réidh-chuillbheir acuinmeach,  
 Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,  
 Ri h-àm feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,  
 Madaidh ri àird gheusta,  
 Gu beuma nan sradagan,  
 A' comas dearg ri chéile,  
 A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.  
 Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,  
 Teachd o'r teine tartarach,  
 A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,  
 Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.  
 Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,  
 A gearra smùis is ainsnichean,  
 Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumhach,  
 'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Dòmhnuill tha mi 'g ráite,  
 'N sìr chinneadh urramach,  
 'S tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh,  
 Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach ;  
 Iad fearra, tapuidh, dàna,  
 Cho làn de nimh-ghuineadeach,  
 Ri nathraichean an t-sléibhe,  
 Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.  
 Iad gu sitheach, glensta, cos-luath,  
 Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,  
 Cruas na eraige, Juathas na draige,  
 Chluinnt fead am buillinnean ;  
 Na fir dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,  
 Fhoinnidh, làidir, nranda,  
 Cho targ ri tuil-mhaom sléibhe,  
 No falaisg gheur nam munainean !

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,  
 Nach diobair gu'n acarachd,  
 Gluais suas gu spòrsail righeil,  
 Ro d' mhilinibh gaisgeanda ;  
 'S iad mire geal na eruadhach,  
 Gun truaille, gun ghaiseadh annt',  
 'S bocain a chuir ruaiq iad,  
 Bheir buaidh le 'n slagh bras-bhuiilleach.  
 'S ioma fleasgach cùl-bhui dòid-gheal,  
 Is garbh dorn is slinneinean,  
 A dh' éreas leat an tùs na co'-stri,  
 A ni comhrag min-bhualteach,

Iad gn bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,  
 Saitheach, stròiceach, iomairteach,  
 A' dol a sios an àm na teughbail,  
 'S lèoghunn bëuc air mhire aca.

A leòghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,  
 'Bheil crualdair tuineacha,  
 Is tric a dhearbh an eruaidh chùis,  
 'S na buan ruagaibh cumasgach,  
 'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,  
 Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach ;  
 Chite conadh ruaimleach,  
 'An gruaidean na h-uile fir,  
 'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,  
 'Nuair bhiodh deise tarruim orr,  
 Cha toir eagal nàmhaid eag annt,  
 'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh,  
 S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,  
 'S fiadh nach peasg, de'n darach iad :  
 S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur nàmhaid,  
 'S na blàraibh buaidh-chaithreamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa fairneart,  
 Gu d' leon o chrìch aineolaich,  
 Coigrich le rùn dò'-bheit,  
 Gu d' chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :  
 'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,  
 'S lainn liobhta 'm beirta dhaingheann ann,  
 A thairneadh suas ri d' shioda,  
 Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.  
 Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,  
 Ro fhois tholladh phearsunnan ;  
 Nach biodh sommt dhol air cholluin,  
 'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeanan.  
 Crùn-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,  
 Air piob loinneich thartaraich,  
 A chuireadh anam ann sna mairbh,  
 A dhol gu farr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Dòmhnuill dh' èireadh,  
 Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaiibh,  
 B'i sid a choille cheutach,  
 A b' eugsamhul 's bu cheannardaich.  
 'Nuair thairrneadh iad ri chéile  
 Gach treubh dhiu gu fearachail,  
 'S maирg a spiola feasag  
 Nan leoghann, ga ghréannachadh,  
 Bhiodh cinn is dùrn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,  
 Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd,  
 Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri srùladh,  
 Feadh nan lùb 's nan camhanan.  
 Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,  
 Cuir smùidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,  
 Is eaoibhrean cruaidh a's rànaich,  
 'S an àraich gu gearanach.

C' ait am beil san righeachd,  
 Am fear-ghniomh thug barrachd oirbh ?

Nam brosnachte chum stri sibh,  
A mhilidhnean barraideach ;  
Na tuirin sgaireil priseil,  
De'n fhior-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh :  
D'am b' abhaist a bhi dileas,  
'S nach diobradh na ghealladh iad,  
Gaothair chatha theid mar shagheid,  
Sios le'n claidheal anaich.  
Nach toir atha gun dad athais,  
Gus an sgath iad bealach romp ;  
Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,  
'S orra pathadh falanach ;  
Chluintear fead ar claidhean,  
Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mile an Alba,  
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,  
Sliochd Ghaeil ghlaibh a Scota  
Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.  
Gun tig iad le run cruadail,  
'S gum fuaign iad gu bunaiteach,  
Ri teanchair ghairg an leoghainn,  
'S ri spogaibh dearg fuileachdach.  
Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbuidh,  
Trom fheachd seasmhach eunnbhalach,  
De laochraidi dhaise, shunndach, threisil,  
Théid neo-leisg 's an ionairt sgleo.  
Cha'n fhacas riamh na suinn 'nan geiltibh  
Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan ;  
Teichidh iad o'r stróiceadh,  
'S o'r sroilaibh breac, duilleagach.

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### BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO  
SGIOBA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannacha Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,  
A cheud lu do chaidh air siuil,  
E-fein, 's a threin fir ga caitheamh,  
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chaich ;  
Gu'm beannacha an Co-dhia naomb,  
An iunrais anail nan speur,  
Gu'n sguabta garbhach na mara,  
G'ar tarruinn gu cala reidh.  
Athair a chruathaich an fhairge !  
'S gach gaoth a sheideas as gach iard,  
Beannacha ar caol-bhare 's ar gaisgich,  
'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slan.  
A Muic beannacha fein ar n-achdair  
Ar siuil, ar beirtein, 's ar stiuir,  
'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar crannaibh,  
'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iuil.

Beannacha ar rachdan 's ar slat,  
Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir  
Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,  
'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.  
An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,  
Seoladh è'n t-iuil a bhios ceart ;  
'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghréin,  
Tilgeamaid sinn fén fo bheachd.

### Beannuchadh nan Ardm.

Gu'm beannacha Dia ar claidhean,  
'S ar lannan spainteach, geur għlas,  
'S ar lùirichean troma mäilleach,  
Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais ;  
Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar għarsaid,  
'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach ;  
Beannacha għach armachd gu h-ionlan,  
Th' air ar n-ionchar 's ar crios-għuilev,  
Ar bogħannan foinealach iubhair,  
'Għabhadh l-ghaqra ri uchd tuasid ;  
'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadhb,  
Ann am balgħan a bħruieq ġħruamaich,  
Beannacha ar biodag, 's ar daga ;  
'S ar n-ēlie gasd ann an cuaiċeana,  
'S għażiex cath agus cōmhriga,  
Tha'm bärċ Mhic-Dhōmnuill san uair so.  
Na birod simplidheachd oirbh no taise,  
Gu'n dol air ghaisse le crudal,  
Fad 's a mħaireas ceithir bùrdi,  
No bħios cārad shutħ dh'i fuaithe ;  
'M fad 's a shuġħas i fo 'r casan,  
Na dh'fħaineas enaq dħi an uachdar,  
A db-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibb,  
Na meataichead gart a chuan sibb ;  
Ma ni sibb cothacha ceart,  
'S nach mothaiċ an fhaireg sibb dibli,  
Gun islich a h-ldan 's-a beachd,  
'S gar cothacha sgaireil gu'n strīochd i.  
Do chéile comħraig air tir,  
M' ar faic i thu ciuntin tais,  
'S dàch i bhogħachad 's an stri,  
No chiġintiñ idir ni's brais ;  
'S amħul sin a ta mħuir mħor,  
Coisinnidh le colg 's le sūr,  
'S gun umħlaib i dhut fa dħeoigh,  
Mar a dh' ordaidh Rīgħ nan dül.

### Brosnachadh ionraidi gu ionad seolaidd.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubb-hdealbhach,  
An aite seblaidd,  
Sāthaibh a mach cleathan rīgħnej,  
Liath-lom cōmhnard ;  
Ràmban mìn-lunacha dealbhach,  
Socair, entrom,  
A ni 'n t-ionradh toirteil, calma,  
Bos-luath, caoir-għeal ;

Chuireas an fhairge 'na sradaibh,  
Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,  
'Na teine-siunnacbain a' lasadh,  
Mar fhras cibblean ;  
Le buillean gaillbeacha, tarbhach,  
Nan cleth troma,  
A bheir air bochd-thuinн thonnaich,  
Lot le'n cromadh,  
Le sgonan nan ràmh geal, tana,  
Bual a chelluinn,  
Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,  
Gharblach, thomach.  
O ! sinibh 's tärrnibh, agus lùbaibh,  
Ann sua bacaiibh !  
Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiùbhsaich,  
Le lùs ghlac-gheal.  
Na fuirbhean troma, treuna,  
A' laidhe suas orr,  
Le'n gaoideanaibh doideach, feitheach,  
Gaoisneach, enuachdach,  
'Thogas 's a' leagas le chéile,  
Fo aon ghuasad,  
A gathan liath-reamhar, réithe,  
Fo bhàrr stuadhan ;  
Iurhuilich garbh 'an tùs cléithe,  
'G eubbach suas orr ;  
Iorrann dhùisgeas an speurad,  
Ann sua guaillean ;  
'Sparras a Bhìrlinn le scéitrich,  
Tro gach fuar-ghleann ;  
Sgoltadh na böchd-thuinn a' beucaich,  
Le sàimh chruaidh-chruinn,  
Dh-iomaineas beantainean beisdeil,  
Ro dà ghuallainn.  
Hùgan ! air cuan, nuallan gáireach,  
Heig air chnagaibh !  
Farum le bras-ghaoir na báirlinn,  
Ris na maídibh ;  
Ràimb gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',  
Air bhos gach fuirbi ;  
Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,  
'S cop gheal iomradh,  
'Chreanaicheadas gach bòrd dheth darach,  
Bigh a's iarann ;  
'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplannin,  
Chnap ri sliasaid ;  
Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,  
Dugharra, dàicheil,  
'Sparras a chaol-bhare le giubhsaich,  
'N aodaun àibheis,  
Nach pillear le fricgh nan tonn dù-ghorm,  
Le lùghs ghàirdein ;  
Sud an sgioba neartmhor, shùrdail,  
Air chùl álaich,  
Phronnas na cuairteagan cùl-ghlas,  
Le roinn ràmhachd,  
Gun sgiors gun airtneal gun lùbadh  
Ri h-uchd gàbhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug, suidhe  
air na ràimh, a chum a h-iomradh, fò'n ghaoith  
gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh CALUM GARBH,  
MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN, Iorrann oirre, 's  
è air ràmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i;—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,  
'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghain,  
Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra dáicheil.  
Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,  
Gu'n airsneal gun dearmad,  
Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sáil-ghlais.  
Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,  
A ridheas cnàmhain a's fèithean,  
Dh-fhàgas soilleir a ceumannan àlaich.  
Dh-fhàgas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun éislein,  
Ri garbh bhrosnacha chéile,  
Iorrain gleust ann bho bheul fir a brághad.  
Iorrain gleust, &c.

Cogull ràmh air na bacaibh,  
Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,  
'S ràimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-  
    'S ràimh, &c. [thoum.]

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,  
Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leòb chraicium,  
Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lùr dhibh.  
Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tairnnaibh, a's luthaibh,  
Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhaihs,  
'S dianaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an t-sàile.  
'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliath ràmh air gach taobb dh'i,  
Masgadh fìrge le saothair,  
Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bàirlinn.  
Dol 'na still, &c.

Iomraibh cò'-lath glan gleusta,  
Sgoltadh bòc-thuinn a' beucaich,  
Obair shunndach gun eislen gun fhàrdal.  
    Obair shunndach &c.

Buailibh co-thromach tréin i,  
Sealltann tric air a chóile,  
Dùisgibh spiorad 'n-ar féithean gu laidir!  
Dùisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,  
Ris na fiadh-gheannaibh bronnach  
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bàrlainn.  
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge għlas thonnach,  
Ag àt 'na garbh mhōthar lonnach,  
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghàraich.  
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c,

A għlas-fħairge sior chopadh,  
A steach mu dà qħallainu thoisich,  
Sruth ag osnaich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-linn.  
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Slinħi, tārrnibb, a's lùbaibh,  
Na għathain mhin-lunnach chūl-dearg,  
Le iumairidh smuis 'ur garbh ghairdean.  
Le iumairidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugħ' ud,  
Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,  
'S togaibh siùl ri bho Uidhist nan crà-ghiadħ.  
'S togaibh siùl, &c.

*Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionad seċċaideh.*

An sìn thar iad na seoil shiħe,  
Gu fior għasda,  
'Shaor iad na sia-raimħ-dheug,  
A' steach tro' bacaibh,  
Sgħadha grad iad sios r'a slisiaid,  
Sheachnadħi bhac-bhreid.  
*Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaisleħ,  
Sar-sgħoġbirean cuain a bli aca,  
Nach gabħadha eagal ro fħuathas,  
No gnè thuaqgħneadha a thachradh.*

*Dh-ordaikeadħ an deigh an tagħadħi na, h-uile duine dhol 'an sejħi a għram āraidiż jeiñ 's na cho-lorg sin għlaodħad ri fear na stiùrach siedi air stiùr anns na briatheraib so:—*

Suitheadħ air stiùr trom laoħ leathunn,  
Nearnar, fuasgħalt',  
Nach tilg bun no bärri na stiùmaid,  
Faige bhuaħħie;  
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidħ,  
Ploċċach, mäsach,  
Min-bheu mnach, faċċleach,  
Furachail, lan năistin;  
Bunnsaidh entrommach,  
Garbh, sċċair, scolta, lugħ or;  
Eirmseach, faq'hidneacb, gun għriombaq,  
Rih-uchd tūlin;  
'Nuair a chluu n-e'u fħairge għiobach,  
Teachd le bürrein,

Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,  
Ris na sùgħbaib ;  
Chumas gu socrach a għabha,  
Gun dad luasgain,  
Sgħid a's cluas ga rian le amħare,  
Suil air fuarad ;  
Nach caill aon ċirleach na h-ordhaig,  
Deth cheart chūrsa ;  
'Dh-aindeoin bärri sùmadain māra,  
Teachd le súrdaig ;  
Theid air fuaradħ leatha cho daingheann,  
Mas a h-ċiġi,  
Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,  
Nach tōir eibh asd ;  
Nach taixi a's nach tēid 'na bhreislich,  
Dh-aindeoin fuathais,  
Ge do db-atadha a mhuiġ cheanna-ghlas  
Suas gu chluasaib ;  
Nach b'urraġġu am fuiribi chreanachadħ,  
No għluasad,  
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnt,  
'S ailm 'na asguil,  
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,  
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,  
Nach erithnich le fuaradħ cluaise,  
An taqd-aoire,  
Leigeas leath ruith a's għabha,  
'S län a h-aodaich ;  
Cheangħas a għabha cho daingheann,  
'M barr għach tuinne,  
Falbh dīreħ 'na still gu cala,  
'N aird għach buinne.

*Dh-ordaikeadħ a mach fear-beairte.*

Suidheadħ toirtearlach garbh dħoideach,  
'An glaċi beairte,  
A bħios staideil lan do chūram,  
Graimear, glaċ-ṁhor ;  
Leigeas eudħrom air ceann slaita,  
Ri h-äm cruaħħi,  
Dh-fhaħxaħċeas air crann 's air acuinn,  
Eheir dhaibha fuasgladħ ;  
Thuġiegħ a għaħoth mar a thig i,  
Do rēi seċċaideh,  
Fħreagras minn le fearsas beairte,  
Beum an sgħid-flir :—  
'Sior chuideachadħ leis an acuinn,  
Mar faiċċiñ bni ill bleħaire  
Reanħar għaoiste.

*Cluireadħ air leth fear-sgħidie.*

Suitheadħ feas sgħid air an tota  
Gaoirdean laidir,  
Nan righinu gaoisneach, feitheach,  
Reanħar, cnàmhach ;

Cràgan tiuga, leathunn, clianach,  
Meur gharbh chròeach :  
Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,  
Le neart sgròbaidh ;  
'An àm cruidhieh a bheir thuig i,  
Gaoth ma sheideas,  
'S 'nuaire a ni an oiteag lagadh,  
Leigeas beum leis.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.*

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,  
Gasda, cuanda,  
Laimhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,  
Air a fuaradh ;  
Bheir imirich sios sa suas i,  
A chum gach uirracal,  
A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.  
No barr urchaidh ;  
'S ma chi e 'n iunnrais a 'g éiridh,  
Teachd le h-osnaich,  
Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor  
Sios gu stoc i.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.*

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,  
Suas do'n toiseach,  
'S deanadh e dhuinn eolas seasmhach,  
Cala a choisneas ;  
Sealladh e 'n ceithir áirdean,  
Cian an adhair,  
'S innseadh e do dh-fhearr na stiùrach,  
'S math a gabhlair,  
Glacadh e comharadh tire,  
Le sàr-shùl-bheachd,  
O'n se sin a's Dia gach sìde,  
'S reull-iuil duin.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-colpa na tairrne.*

Suitheadh air calpa na tairrne,  
Fear gu'n soistinn,  
Snaomannach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,  
Foinnidh, sòlta ;  
Duine cùramach gu'n ghriobhag,  
Ealamh gruamach ;  
A bheir uaip a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,  
Gleusda, luaineach ;  
Laitheas le spòghannan troma,  
Treun' air tarruinn ;  
Air eudhrom a dhòid a' cromadh,  
'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich ;  
Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracraig,  
An taod-frithir ;  
Ach gabhall nìme gu daingheann seolta,  
Le lùb-rithe ;  
Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-ausadh,  
I chuir stad air,  
Los i ruith 'na still le crònán,  
Bharr na cuaige.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-inse nan uisgeachan, 's an fhàirge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach,  
agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :*

Suitheadh fear-inse gach uisce,  
Làmh ri m' chluais-sa,  
'S cumadh e a shùil gu biorach,  
'Au eridh' an fhuardh,  
Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,  
Fiamhach sieir,  
'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,  
'Na ghealtair' riochdall ;  
Biodh e furachair 'nuaire chi è,  
Fuaradh froise,  
Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas,  
Na deireadh no na toiseach ;  
'S gu'n cnireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,  
Suas d'am mhosgladh,  
Ma ni e gnè chunnaicht fhaicinn,  
Nach bi tostach,  
'S ma chi e coltas muir bhaite,  
Teachd le nuallan,  
A sgairteas cruaidh :— "ceann caol a fiodha,  
Chumail iuth ris."  
Biodh e ard labhrach, céillidh,  
'G-eubhach "blàrlinn ;"  
'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,  
Ma chi gàbhadh.  
'Na biodh fear inse nan uisgean,  
Ann ach e-san ;  
Cuiridh giamhag, briot, a's gusgul,  
Neach 'na bhreislich.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san fhàirg' a' bàrcadh air am muin rompa 's nan déigh.*

Freasdhadh air leabaidh na taoime,  
Laoch bhios fuasgait',  
Nach faunaich gu bràth 's nach tiomaich,  
Le gàir chuaintean ;  
Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,  
Fnachd, sàil, no clach-mheallain  
Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,  
'Na fuar steallaibh ;  
Le crùmpa mor cruinn tlugh fiodha,  
'Na chiar dhòidibh,  
Sior thilgeadh a mach na fàirge  
A steach a dhoirteas ;  
Nach dirich a dhruim lùghor,  
Le rag earlaid,  
Gus nach fag e sile 'n grunnud,  
Nan lár a h-earluinn ;  
'S ge do chinneadh a buird cho tolltach  
Ris an ridil,  
Chumas cho tioram gach cuag db'i,  
Ri clàr buideil.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball chul-aodaich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na siùil uapa le ro ghairbhead na side.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnàmh-reambar,  
Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,  
Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinnt trenn ceart i,  
Buill chul-aodaich ;  
Le smuais a's le miad lùghis,  
An ruighean treunna,  
'N am cruaghach bheir orr a steach,  
No leigeas beum leis,  
Chumas gu sgiobalta a staign e,  
'Na teis meadhon,  
Dh-òrdaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,  
A's Iain mac Iain,  
Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,  
De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearas àrlair, an earalas gum fàiluicheadh a h-aon de na thuirt mi, no gu'n spionadh onfadh na fàirge mach thar bord è, 's gu'n suidheadh fear dhù so 'na dite.*

Eireadh seiseir ealamh, għleusta,  
Lamhach, bheotha,  
Shinħħlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,  
Feadh gach bòrd dh'i,  
Mar għearr-fhiadħ am mullach slóibhe  
'S coin d'a copadh ;  
Streupas ri cruaidh bħallatħ réidhe,  
De'n chaol chòrcaich,  
Cho grad ri feoragan céitein,  
Ri crann rō-choiill ;  
A bħios ullamh, ealamh, treubhach,  
Falbhach, eolach,  
Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,  
'S clausail órdail,  
Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun ēislean,  
Long Mhic-Dhòmhuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bluineadh do 'n t-seoladħ, air a chuir 'an deagh riaghailt, agus theann na h-uile laoħch tapaidh gun taise, gun fihim, gun sgàthachas chum a cheairt ionaid an òrdaichadh dha dol; agus thog iad na siùl ma eiridh na greine là-fheill-Bride, a' togail a mach o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an Uidhist-a-chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-òr-bluidh',  
A's a mogul,  
Chinn an speur gu dùbhuidh dòite,  
Lan de dh-oglaech ;  
Dh-flas i tonn-ghormi, tiugh, tarr-lachdunn,  
Odhar, iargalt ;  
Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,  
Air an iarmait.

Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,  
Stoirm 'na coltas,  
'S neoil shiubblach aig gaooth gan riasladh,  
Fuaradh frois orr.  
Thog iad na siùl bhreaca,  
Bhaidealacha, dhiònach ;  
'S shin iad na calpannan raga,  
Teanna, righne,  
Ri fiodhanan arda, fada,  
Nan colg bigh dhearg ;  
Cheangladh iad gu gramaill, snaompach,  
Gu neo-chearbach,  
Tro shùilean nan cormag iarrainn,  
'S nan cruiun ailbheag.  
Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,  
Ealamh, dòigheil ;  
'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,  
'Bhuill bu choir dha ;  
'N sin dh' flosgħiġi ninneagan an adhair,  
Ballach, liath-ghorm,  
Gu séideadh na gaoithe greannaich,  
'S bannail iargalt ;  
Tharruinn an euan a bħrat dù-ghlas,  
Air gu b-uile,  
A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubb,  
Sgreitidh buinne,  
Dħ-ät e 'n bħeannaibh, 's na għleonnaibh,  
Molach rō-bach.  
Gun do bhöchd an fhairge cheigeach,  
Suas na cnociaibh ;  
Dh-flosgħiġi a mhuiρ ghorm na craosaibb,  
Farsuinn, erācach,  
'An glaċiibh a chéile ri taosgadħ,  
'S caonnag bhàs-mhor.  
Gum b'fhearr-ghniomh bhi 'g amhare 'an aodann  
Nam maon teinntidh,  
Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,  
Air gach beinn diubh.  
Na benlanaich arda liath-cheann,  
Ri searbh bheucail ;  
Na eulanaich 's an elagh dùdaidh,  
Ri fuaim għeumnaid.  
'Nuaire dh-eirimid gu b-allai,  
Am barr nan tonn sin,  
B' eigin an t-ansadħi a bhearradħ,  
Għu grad phongail :  
'Nuaire thnitteamaid le aon slugadħ,  
Sios 's na gleanntaibh,  
Bheirte għiġi sej̼la bħbiodh nice  
'Am barr nan erann d' :  
Na ceċċasa arda, chroma,  
Teachd 's a bhàirich,  
M'an tigeadli iad idir 'n-ar caramb,  
Chluuint' an għirich.  
Iad a sguab�ħi nan tonn beaga,  
Lom gan sgiursadħ,  
Chinneadħ i 'na h-aon mhuiρ bhàsor,  
'S cas a stiùireadħ.

'Nuar a thuiteamaid fo bharr,  
 Nan ard-thonn giobach,  
 Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sail,  
 An t-aigeal sligeach ;  
 An fhairge ga maistreadh 'ga sluistreadh,  
 Troimhe chéile,  
 Gun robh rón a's mialan móra,  
 'Am barrachd eigin.  
 Oufadh a's tonnan na mara,  
 A's falbh na huinge,  
 A' sràdadh an eanchainean geala,  
 Feadh gach tuinne,  
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,  
 Searbh thùrsach ;  
 'G eubhach, gur h-iochdarain sinne,  
 Dragh chum bùird sinn :  
 Gach min-iarsg a bh'ann san fhàirge,  
 Tarr-gheal, tiunndait' ;  
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,  
 Marbh gun chunnatas.  
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,  
 Teachd an uachdar,  
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,  
 A chuain uaimhreach.  
 An fhairge uile 's i 'na brochan,  
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,  
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,  
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.  
 Na béisean adharcach iongach,  
 Pliutach, lorcach ;  
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,  
 'S an craos fosgailte.  
 An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,  
 Air cragradh,  
 Le spògan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,  
 Air magradh.  
 Bu screamhail an ròbhain sgriachach,  
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,  
 Thogadh iad air caogad milidh,  
 Eatrom cíille.  
 Chaill an sgioba càll g'an claireachd,  
 Ri bhi 'g eisteachd,  
 Ceileirean sgreadaich nan deomhan,  
 'S m'othar bhéisteán.  
 Fa-ghàir na fairge 'sa slacraich,  
 Gleachd ri darach,  
 Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,  
 Mhuca-móra.  
 A' Ghaoth ag ùrachadh a fuaraidh  
 As an iar-airidh ;  
 Bha sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,  
 Air ar pianadh.  
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,  
 Sior dhòl tharluinn,  
 Tairneanach aibhiseach rè oideach,  
 'S teine dealain.  
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,  
 Ar cui'd acuinn ;

Fàileadh a's deatadh na riosa,  
 Gar glan thachadh :  
 Na dùilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,  
 Ruinn a' cogadh ;  
 Talamh, teine uisg a's sion-ghath,  
 Ruinn ait togail.  
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhairge,  
 Toirt eirn strìochda,  
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gaire,  
 Rinn i sith ruinn.  
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,  
 Seol gun reubadh ;  
 Slat gun sgaradh, rae gun fhàillin,  
 Ràmh gun eislein.  
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumannach :  
 Beairt ghaisidh,  
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeadh,  
 Fise ! Faise !  
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor aum,  
 Nach tug aideach,  
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,  
 Air an lagadh.  
 Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'i,  
 Gun fhuaigeadh ;  
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguitchiann asgail,  
 Air an tuaigheadh.  
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,  
 Stiùir gun chreuchadh ;  
 Cnead a's diosgan aig gach maide,  
 'S iad air déasgadh.  
 Cha robh crann-tarruinn gun tarruinn,  
 Bòrd gun obadh ;  
 H-uile lann bha air am barradh,  
 Ghabh iad togail.  
 Cha robh tarruinn ann gu'n tràladh,  
 Cha robh calp 'ann gu'n lubadh ;  
 Cha robh ball a bhuiineadh dh'i-se,  
 Nach robh ni's measa na thùradh.  
 Ghairm an fhairge siocaint ruinne,  
 Air crois Chaoil Ille,  
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,  
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sìnidh.  
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach  
 An adhair ;  
 'S chinn i dhuiinn na clàr rèidh mìn-gheal,  
 'N deigh a tabhunn.  
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Righ,  
 Chum na dùilean,  
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bhi sàbhailt,  
 O bhàs bruideil.  
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,  
 Do thùiliin ;  
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda,  
 Airfad a h-ìurlair.  
 'S chuir sinn a mach ràimh chaol bhasgant,  
 Dhaite mhine,  
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuain Māc-Bharais,  
 'An Eilean-Fhionain.

'S rinn sinn an t-iomra réidh tulganach,  
Gun dearmad ;  
S' ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,  
Charraig Fhearghais ;

Thilg sinn Aeraichean gu socair,  
Ann san ròd sin ;  
Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airreas,  
'S rinn sinn cùmhnuidh.

## IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,\* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Iain Mac Fhearchuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander McDonald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows :—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did ; and the piecee was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mae Codrum :—" The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of McCodrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm : John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no

\* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the McDonalds. They belong to North Uist.

one thrashing ; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to be the author ; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score ; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him ; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give :—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers ; and, exerting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done : he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whisky for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr M'Pherson was collecting “Ossian's Poems,” he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet : M'Pherson asked him the question, “*Am beil dad agad air an Fhéinn ?*” by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly import whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum,

being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh nis, i.e.* No; and should I, it is long since proscribed; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired “*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*” “*S aithne gu ro mhath,*” replied John. “*Am beil fhios agad am bheil e'stigh?*” was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, “*Mu ta bha e'stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drinn mi ach tighinn amach.*” M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, “*Caithidh mi' n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's àbhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga.*” “*Tha mi creidsin,*” replied the witty John, “*nach bi e falamh dhiù sin cuideachd mu bhios na ceartan a breith (uibhean).*”\*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on “*Dougal Bain's Bagpipe*” is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on “*Old Age*” and “*Whiskey*” are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published any thing of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

\* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, “*Cia as a thug sibh an t-ionradh?*” “*As na gairdeanan,*” answered the bard. Another asked, “*An ann bho thuath a hainig' sibh?*” to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, “*pàirt bho thuath a's pàirt bho thighearnan.*”

## S M E O R A C H C H I L A N N - D O M H N U I L L.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,*  
*Holaibh o iriag hòro ì,*  
*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,*  
*Smeòrach le Clann-Dòmhnuill mi,*

SMEÒRACH mis air urlar Phabail ;  
 Crubadh ann an dùsul eadail,  
 Gun deorachd a theid ni's faide ;  
 Truimeid mo bhròin thòirleum maigne.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,  
 'G amhare gréin' a speurann soilleir,  
 Thig mi stolda chnoir na coille,  
 'S bidh mi beò air tre' das eile.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Smeòrach mis air bharr gach bidean,  
 Dianamh muirn ri driuchd na maidne,  
 Bualadh mo chliath-lù air m' fheadan,  
 Seinn mo chiuil gun smùr gun smòdan.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Ma mholas gach eun a thir fein,  
 Ciad am tath nach moladh mise—  
 Tir nan cuairdh, tir nan eliar ;  
 An tìr bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail ?  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,  
 An tìr ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,  
 An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,  
 Tir an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach ;  
 An tìr dhionach, fhiarach, phasgach ;  
 An tìr lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,  
 'N tìr 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte ;  
 An tìr bhuidhach, chluanach, ghartach ;  
 An tìr chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach  
 Dlù ri euan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

'S i 'n tìr sgiambach tìr na mhachrach,  
 Tir nan dithean, miadar, daite ;  
 An tìr laireach, aigeach, nihartach,  
 Tir an aigh gu brìch nach gaisear.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

An tìr a's bòiche ta ri faicinn ;  
 'M bi fir òg an comhdach dreachail ;  
 Paitl ni 's leor le p'r na machrach ;  
 Spreigh air möintich ; ór air chlachan.\*  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,  
 'N aird na h-Uinair chaidh mo thogail ;  
 'Fradhare a chuain uaimhriach, chuislich,  
 Nan stuadh guanach, claireach, cluicheach.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Measg Chlann-Dòmhnuill fhuaire mi m-altroim,  
 Buidheannan seol, 's nan sròl daite ;  
 Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,  
 Aiteam nach ciuin rusgadh għlas-lann.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Na fir eolach, stoilde, stàideil,  
 Bha 's an chomb-strì stroiceach, sgaiteach,  
 Fir gun bhròn, gun leon, gun airsneal,  
 Leanadh tòir, a's thir a chasgadh.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin eaitean,  
 Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith ;  
 Buidheann shumtach 'n am bli aca,  
 Rusgadh laun fo shranntaich bħratach.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Buidheann uallach an uair eisimeachd,  
 Leanadh ruaiġ gun luaidh air gealtachd ;  
 Cinn a's guilean cruidh gan spealtadh,  
 Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,  
 Buidheann gun fhamh, 's iotadh fal orr ;  
 Buidheann gun sgħiġ 'm blu na'n deannal,  
 Foinnidh, nħarr, laidir, fearail.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheil,  
 Dh-fhas gu meannach, dealbhach, toirteil,  
 Fearail fo'n airm, 's mařg d'a nochħadħ,  
 Ri uċhd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stoilde, beachdail,  
 An t-shuil san dorn nach òl a mach i,  
 Slainte Shir Seumais thigħn' dachaigh ;  
 Aou mhac Dhé mar sgħiġ d'a phearsa.  
*Holaibh o iriag, &c.*

\* Alluding to kelp

## COMHRADH,

[MAR GU 'N D' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

## CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraiceil,  
 Fear nan gorm.shuilean maiseach,  
 Chuireadh foirm na maceibh,  
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris,  
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do chòisir,  
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chòmhradh ;  
 Gheibhite rann agus òrain,  
 'S ionadh stòri na measg :  
 Gille beadarrach, sùgach,  
 Tha na chleasacha lughor ;  
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-ùrlar,  
 Agus tiunntadh gu brisg.  
 'S e dhamsadh gu h-ualach,  
 Gu h-aucailleach, guanach ;  
 Gun sealtainn air truaillieachd,  
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

## NAMHAID.

'S maig a dbeanadh an t-òran,  
 'S nach deanadh air chòir e ;  
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhir.  
 Bha na règaire tric.  
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,  
 Thiunntadh mionach nan sporan  
 Dh-fhágadh leanbain air aimbhbeirt,  
 Ann an carraig 's an drip.  
 An struthaire dì-bhuan,  
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach ;  
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,  
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.  
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,  
 Ann an sólas ro dhiombuan ;  
 S fear stòrais is urrainn  
 A bhi eumantas ris.

## CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-bhracha,  
 'Fhir comhraig nan gaisgeach,  
 A chuireadh bòilich 's na claigneann,  
 Sa chuireadh casan air chirth !  
 Bu tu cleòca na h-airtibh,  
 'N aghaidh reòt' agus sneachda,  
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan ;  
 'S chuireadh seachad an eith.  
 Dheanadh dàna fear saidealt' ;  
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor ;  
 Dheanadh daibhir fear bearitreach,  
 Dh-ain-deoin pailteas a chruindh ;  
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,  
 De mbuirn, no mhéogail, no mhaenns,

'S tu raghainn is taitneich,  
 De chùis mhaenns air bith.

## NAMHAID.

A dhuin ! an eual' thu, no'm fac' thu,  
 Riamh ni 's miosa chuis mhaenns,  
 Na bhi 'n a d' shineadh 's na claisean,  
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith ?  
 Air do mhùchadh le daoraich ;  
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,  
 'N a d' chùis-bhùird aig an t-saoghal,  
 Far nach faodar a chleith ;  
 'S e bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,  
 Ni do lomadh ma d' bheatas ;  
 Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chairdrimh,  
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios,  
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,  
 Bhi ri buillean, 's ri cnaphadh ;  
 Gu 'm bi ful air an claigneann,  
 'S bi 'm batathan brist.

## CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairee,  
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean ;  
 'S ionadh thachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,  
 Ata fuaite ri d' erios.  
 Biorach, gorm.shuileach, meallach,  
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,  
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh thruaruinn,  
 Gu figradh gaillonn a' chuirp.  
 Far an cruimhich do phàistean,  
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's maran,  
 Agus ionadh ceol-gàire ;  
 'S iad neo-chràiteach ma 'n enid.  
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu solas ;  
 Ni e glic am fear gòrach ;  
 Ni e sunndach fear brònach ;  
 'S ni e gòrach fear glic.

## NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh.  
 Bhi gu'n fhadhare, gu'n chlaisteachd ;  
 'Nuair bu mhiann leò dhol dachaigh,  
 'S e ni thaebhas ni's mios'.  
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,  
 Lom-làn mheall, agus chinapan ;  
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,  
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.  
 Iad na 'n tambaisg gun teinig ;  
 Iad a labhairt an donois ;  
 Iad ro lambach gu conus,  
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis :  
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgròbadh,  
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shròiceadh ;  
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stòlba,  
 'S iad an comhnuidh air mhisg.

## CARAID.

Nach boidbeach an spòrs,  
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh,  
Le cuideachda choir,  
A bhios 's an tòir air an dith!  
Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgòrnan,  
Ki toirt cop air mo stòpan;  
Nach toirtteil an ceòl leam  
An crònan, 's an glig?  
Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich;  
Gu 'm bi fear dhuin ri baoireadh;  
Gu 'm bi fear dhuin ri casineadh;  
Nach beag a shaoleadh tu sid?  
Ni e fosgaoilt' fear dionach;  
Ni e crosta fear ciallach;  
Ni e tostach fear briathrach,  
Ach ann am *bliulam* nach tuig.

## NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,  
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh;  
Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,  
Le gòraich gun mheas.  
Le siarach, 's le stàplaich;  
Le briathran mi-ghnàthraighe;  
Ri spearadh, 's ri sàradh  
An Abharsair dhuibh,  
Bi dh an donus, 's an dòlas,  
De chonas, 's do chomh-stri;  
'S do tharruinn air dhòrnáibh,  
Anns an chomhail nach glic;  
Ri fuathas, 's ri sgainneal;  
Ri gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,  
Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,  
Le barrachd de 'n mhìsg.

## ARMD.

Mo ghaol an gille glan cíbhinn,  
Dh-fhas gu cineadail spéiseil;  
Dh-fhas gu spioradail treubhach,  
'Nuair a dh-éireadh an drip.  
Bhiodh do ghilean ri sòlas,  
Iad gu mireagach bòidheach,  
Iad a' sìreadh ni's leoir,  
'S iad ag bl mar a thig.  
Iad gu h-aighearnach fionn,  
Iad gun athadl, gun lompais;  
Iad ro mbath air an rounags,  
'Nuair a b' anuilaichd an cluich.  
Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,  
Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,  
Dh-aithntè dhreach air an spuacan,  
Gu'n robh bruaidlein 's a' mhìsg.

## NAMHAID.

Tha mhìsg dona 'n a nadur,  
Lom-làn mòr-chuis a's ardain;

Lom-làn bòsd agus spàraig,  
Anus gach eis air an tig.  
Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,  
Tba i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhaill;  
Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,  
Lan de dh-fhiabhras, 's de fhriodh,  
Gu 'm bi fear dhuin 'n a shimeadh;  
Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chùis-mhi-loinn;  
Gu 'm aithlise lionor;  
'S iad am maidheadh nam pluic.  
Tha i tuar-shreupach foilleil;  
Iomadh uair air droch oilean;  
'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,  
Ach 's i bu choireach a mhìsg.

## CARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lughor,  
Fear gun cheasad gun chùna;  
Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cùineadh,  
'N am bhi dlùthaeadh ris.  
Bheireadh thachd a's a mhìgean;  
Dheanadh geultair de 'n diùdhleach;  
Dheanadh dàm' am fear diùid,  
Chum a chùis a dhol leis.  
Fear a's fearr an taigh ts'd' thu;  
Fear a's ùrfhailteach órain;  
Fear nach fuligear 'n a ònar,  
Ach a bhìlich 's an drip.  
Fear tha màranach, ceolar;  
Cridheil, cairdeach, le pògan;  
'S a lamb dheas air a phòca,  
'S sgapadh stòrais le misg.

## NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,  
'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain;  
Fhir nach d' floghtum an onair,  
B' e bhi 'g a d' mholaodh a bbleid:  
'Nis on's bùanna ro dhaor thu,  
Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,  
Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,  
Chum na dh-fhaodas in ghoild.  
Fear ri aithreachas m'r thu;  
Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-stri;  
Fear ri geallam; 's cha tòram;  
Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.  
Ni thu 'm p'itear 'n a striopach,  
Ni thu striopach 'n a pòitear;  
'S iomadh mìle droch codhaill,  
A tha'n tòir air a mhìsg.

## CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-iundrig,  
Air ann ionstramaid phrisceil,  
'S duine grunnail na innsgin,  
Bha gu h-intinneach glic.  
Thug bho arbhar gu siol e;

Thug bho bhraich, gu ni a's brigheil';  
 Thug á prais' na cheo-liath e,  
 'Mach tro chliath nan lùb tric.  
 Thug á boideal gu stòp e,  
 Rinn e 'n t-susbainte cùladh,  
 Thogadh sligeachan rebàt;  
 Dheth fir bhreuite gun sgrid.  
 An donus coinneamh no cìdhail,  
 No eireachdas mor-shluagh,  
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,  
 Cha bhi sòlas na measg.

## NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlisg,  
 'S ole an grunnid bha na eanachainn,  
 'S mor a dhùisg e de dh-argamaid,  
 'S de dhroch sheanachas mar ris.  
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,  
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghail.  
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu aoi e ;  
 Ach bìas na nàoidheathan beag.  
 Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-stri,  
 Ruisg e biodag an dòrnabh,  
 Chuir e peabar san dòmhnaich,  
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhìsg.  
 Cha chùis buinig ri leannmuinn,  
 Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,  
 Sa chaoidh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,  
 Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

## D I - M O L A D II

PIOB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN.

A' CHAINNT a thuirt Iain  
 Gu'n labhair e earr i,  
 'S feadar dhuinn àiteadh  
 Is pàidheadh d'a einn,  
 Dh-flag e Mac-Cruimein,  
 Clann-Duilidh a's Tearlach ;  
 Is Dòmhnullan Bàn  
 A tharrnium gu prìs.  
 Orm is beag mòran sgeig,  
 Agus bleid chòmhraidih,  
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad  
 'S nach b'urrainn thu chòmhdaich,  
 Ach pilleadh gu stòlida,  
 Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu eia 'n t-urram  
 An taobh-sa do Lunnuinn ?  
 Air na piobairean nile  
 B'e Mac-Cruimein an righ :

Le pongannan àluinn  
 A b'fionnaire failte,  
 Thàrrneadh 'an càilleachd  
 Gu slàinte fear tinn.  
 Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,  
 Ni tais' a's fiambh fhigradh ;  
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,  
 Tha buaidh air an t-àinsich,  
 Muim uasal nan Leòdach,  
 Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail  
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pègadh,  
 An t-àilleagan ceòlar,  
 Is bòiche guth cinn.  
 Tha na Gàéil cho déigheil  
 Air a mhàran aic éisdeachd,  
 'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann  
 A luchd beurl' air an ti.  
 Breac nan dual is neartmhòr fuaim,  
 Bras an ruig nàmhaid,  
 Leis 'm bu cheòl leadurra,  
 Feadannan spòineach,  
 Luchd dheiseachan nàdair  
 Bhi críodh' air droch dhiol.

Nan cluinnit' ann am Muile  
 Mar dh-fhàg thu Clann-Duili,  
 Cha b'fhuilear leo t-fhuilt  
 Bhi air mulach do chinne,  
 'S i bu ghreadanta dealachainn  
 Air deas làimh na h-armachd ;  
 A' breabadh nan garbh-phort,  
 Bu shearbh a dol sios.  
 Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,  
 Fo bhruid theann Shéoiras ;  
 Luchd nam beul fiara  
 'Gar pianadh 's gar fgradh ;  
 Rinn iad le foirneart  
 Bhur còir a bhuiin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir  
 Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,  
 Mach o thear bhàile  
 Bhi ghnu air a thì.  
 Mhol thu 'chorr' għliogach  
 Nach dligeadh de bhàidse,  
 Ach deannan beag gràin,  
 No mòm de dhroch shil.  
 Shaoil thu suas maoin gun għruaim,  
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,  
 Chuireadh fonn to na creagan  
 Le breabadaich mheoiréan ;  
 'S nach fulligeadh ħdrɔchain !  
 A thegħi a einn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chūis-bhùirt ud  
 Talla 'm bi müiru,

Ach àth air a mùchadh  
Le dùdan 's le sùith.  
Cha bhi cathair aig Dòmhnull  
'S eha 'n éirich e conard,  
Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn  
Agus sòpag ri dhrumim.  
Plàigh bloigh phuirt, gair dhroch dhuis,  
Fàileadh cuirp bhrèsite;  
Céil thà cho sgreataidh  
Ri sgeadail nan ròeis,  
No iseanaan òga  
Bhiodh leòinte chion bidh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'  
A bhi cneatraighe air urlar  
Gun phromnadhl air lùth  
Gun siubhlachaean grinn,  
A' sparradh *od-roch-ain*  
A'n earball *od-roch-ain*  
A' sparradh *od-roch-ain*  
An tòn *od-ro-bhì*.  
Mál' caol càm le thaosg chrann,  
Gaoth mar ghearran reòta,  
Tro na tuill thiara  
Nach diònaich na meoirean,  
Nach tuigeair air dòigh  
Ach "òth-heòin" 's "òth-hì I"

Diùdhadh nam fùidhidh  
Bha aig Tubal Cain,  
'Neair sheinn e puirt Ghàelic  
'S a dh'alaich e phòib.  
Bha i tainull fo 'n uisge  
'Nuair dhruideadh an àiree.  
Thachair dh' i cnàmhadh  
Fo uisge 's fo ghaioth.  
Thàinig smug agus dus  
Annas na duis bhréotach,  
Iomadach drochaid  
G' a stopadh na sgòrnan.  
*Dh-fhàg i le crònan*  
*Od-roch-ain*, gun brigh.

Bha i seal uair  
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,\*  
Chuireadh mi-dhòigheil  
Thar ordugh na fuinn.  
Bha i treis aig Mae-Bheatrais  
A sheinmeadh na dàin,  
'Nar theorig a' chlàrsach  
'S a dh'fhàllig a prìs.  
Shéid Balàam 'na màla  
Osna echràmh chrònaidh.  
Shearg i le tabhann  
Seachd cathan nam fiantan.

'S i lagaich a' chiad nair  
Neart Dhìarmaid a's Ghuill.  
Turrnraich an dòlais,  
Bha greis aig Iain òg dhùi.  
Chosg i ribheidean cónlaich  
Na chòmhnuadh le nì.  
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna  
'Na h-atharais-bhialain  
Aig Mac-Eachnuinn 'ga riasadh  
Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lìn.  
An fhiudhidh shean nach dùisg gean,  
Ghnùis nach glan cùmbadhach :  
'S maig dba 'm bu leannan  
A' chraunnalach dhòinidh.  
Chàite gràin eòrna  
Leis na dh-fhognadh dh'i ghaioth.

Mu'n euirrear fo h-inneal  
Corra-bhinnseach na glaothaich,  
'S inneach air aodach  
Na dh-fheumas i shnàth.  
Cha bheag a' chuis dhéistinn  
Bhi 'g císeachd a gàoraich ;  
Dhianadh i aognaidh  
An taobh a bhiodh blàth.  
Riasadh phort, sgriachail dhos,  
Fhir ri droch shaothair,  
Bheir i chiad éubha  
'N àm scídeadh a gaoithe,  
Mar ronncan bà caoile  
'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghilagach  
Air a lobhadh na craiceann ;  
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan  
Gun chearcail g'a tadh'.  
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann  
Ri tabhann a crùnluath,  
Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh  
Gach Lùdas fhuair blas.  
Mar chòm geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh  
Shcideadh làn gaoithe,  
Turrach nach urra' mi  
Siunnait da innseadh,  
Ach rodain ri sianail  
No sgiamhail laoigh òig.

Com caithte na curra  
Is tachdad 'na muineal,  
Meoir traiste gun fhurnus  
Cur triullin 'an dàin,  
Sheinmeadh a broillaich  
Ri solus an eòlain,  
Ruidhle gun ordugh  
An còmhnuidh air lèr.  
'N aognaidh làm, gaoth tro tholl,  
Gàir gun fhonn còmhraig,

\* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highlanders could not appreciate.

A thaisicheadh cruidal,  
 'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,  
 Gu beachdail don-dùchais  
 Mu'n t-sòrn am bi ghráisg.

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhàil' ghrodaidh  
 Cur gáir auns na dosaibh,  
 I daonnan 'na trotan  
 Ri propadh "öd-rd."  
 Bi'dh seannasair caol, crochtach  
 Fo chaonnaig aig ochdnar,  
 Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,  
 Cur droch cheol 'na thàinig.  
 Fuaim mar chlag fhuaideach each,  
 Duan chur as frithie;  
 Cha'n abair mi tuille  
 Gu di-moladhbh pìoban,  
 Ach leigeidh mi' chluinniunn  
 Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail.

## A' CHOMH-STRI.

Gur h-e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh  
 Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,  
 Gach Turcaich 's gach Gearmailteach,  
 Gach Frangach 'an rùn marbhaidh dhùinn ;  
 Muir no tir cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur firinneach,  
 Gach muiseag tha mi cluinniunn deth,  
 Nach dean iad unusa dhìreadh oirn,  
 S nach buinig iad na h-Insean oirn,  
 Gu'n sgúir iad far'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,  
 Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh sinn iad,  
 Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhùinn  
 Gu seasamh a' chrùin shasannaich,  
 Mar thug an diùc a dh'hasan duinn ?

Ge morghalach rìgh Phrusia  
 'S na righrean mòr tha 'n triobhaid ris,  
 'S co neàmach leams' am Frisealach,  
 'S am Báideanach le measrachadh,  
 Bhi deanamh réit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise nair 's gu'm faca mi  
 Nach creidinn bhuaithe facal deth,  
 Nach bithinn smas' nuair thachradh e,  
 A lughad gruag a's bagaisde,  
 Bha fuasgladh auns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoineis,  
 Is lèrd a chlinnute 'm Pabaidh iad ;  
 Fhreagair coill a's clachan daibh ;  
 Cha bhiodh bean 'an àite faicinn daibh,  
 Iad fèin 's mac-talla bäs-bhuadadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgì 's na tagraichean,  
 'Se criochnacha ' bhiodh aca-san,  
 A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,  
 Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistinn ann,  
 Nach eualas riamh o bhaisdeadh sinn.

Gur maирg a bhiodh 'san ùbaraid  
 'Nuair ghabbadh iad gu tuirneileis,  
 Bhiodh fàsgadh air na sùilean ann ;  
 Bu lionmhòr duirn a's glùinean ann ;  
 A'is breaban cha bhiodh cùmhù' orra,

Bhiodh roecladh air na claireannan ;  
 Bhiodh sgòrnanan 'gan tachdadh ann ;  
 Bhiodh meoirean air an eagnadh ann ;  
 Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann ;  
 Bhiodh spuaicean air an enapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mi-chentaidh,  
 Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-innean ann ;  
 Bhiodh piocadh leis na bideagan ;  
 Bhiodh riabdh air na cireanann ;  
 Bhiodh eus de'n uile mi-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-stri dealichte,  
 Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann ;  
 Bhiodh sgrìobadh air na malaiddh ann ;  
 Bhiedh beoil a's sileadh fal' asda ;  
 'S nis leòr aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach  
 'S a' choill' an dèis a stopadh oirn,  
 Bu mhath na h-airm na bodhranann ;  
 Bu sgiobaitd iad an àm bogsaigeadh ;  
 Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tir bu shamhach so ;  
 Bu shòlas innseann bàilli e ;  
 Bu lionmhòr fear gu'n àiteach' ann,  
 Dol gu fiamais 's fiamh a bhàthaidh air,  
 Caoidh mu mhài 's mu phèistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a màrachadh,  
 Bha Intbarn air a fìsachadh,  
 Le guidheachan na càraid ud  
 Bha sblas air an lìbbhairsear,  
 Bu neàmach leis nach tainig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuimh an toiseach e,  
 Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,  
 Mar chriochnachear na portaibh ud,  
 Cha taig e làn a' chopain domh,  
 Gu'm báraig e dà bhotul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,  
D'fhear Bhàile pairt do'n t-sùgradh, ud,  
Do'n Bhàilli thair an dùthach e;  
Air eadhach cha dean mi cùmhnaidh air,  
Bheir iad báidse a's dùrachd dhomh.

## O R A N,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

Air tuiteam a' m' chadal  
A nis o cheann fada  
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid  
A stadh ann am bhràghad,  
Tha chnead air mo ghiùlan  
Tha àmhaghbarach ciùrrta.  
Cha bhi mi 'ga muchadh,  
Gu ruig s'mi os aird i.  
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chòmhnaidh  
'S a riaghadh a ròidean!  
An tì 'm beil mo dhùchas  
Fo chòmhnaidh an Ard-righ,  
Lagaich mo dhòrainn,  
Neartaich mo shòlas,  
Chuir mi an dòchais  
Bhi ni 's òige na tha mi.

'S ionadach buille  
So b'eudar dhuinn fhulang,  
Bha chuing air ar mùineal  
'S bu truim' i na phràiseach  
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn  
'Na sineadh air lunnan,  
Ri iargain nan curaich  
'S iad uil' air ar fagail.  
Gradan a' gheamhraidih  
A lagaich gu teamh sinn,  
'Nuar a chaill sinn ar ceannard,  
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghaèl,  
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,  
Leòghannu na riòghalachd,  
Dòrainn r'a innseadh  
Dha 'n linne nach tāinig :

Dòrainn r'a innseadh,  
An dòrainn a chlaoïdh sinn,  
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn  
Cho iosal ri 'r shilean;  
Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr priseil  
Bu mhòr urram san rioghachd,  
Gu'n do bhui an t-eug dhinn e,  
Ar mi-fhortan làdir!  
Fhir a chunnaic ar crudaial,  
Leig umainn am fuaradh,

Bi thusa 'na d' bhnachaill  
Air na fhuaireann 'na àite,  
Cnir dhachaidh Sir Seumas  
Gun aiceid, gun eislean,  
Gu chnideachda scéin ;  
Mhuire 's cibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chrìosda, gléidh dhùinne  
Ar buachaillie cluiteach,  
Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha;  
Tha chùram an dràsd oirn,  
Allail ar fiuran,  
Smiorail, a's grunnadail,  
Fearail ri dhùsgadh  
'Nam tiuimtadh a mbìran,  
Ar baranta mùirneach,  
Carraig ar bunndaisd,  
Ar n-iùil 's ar cairt dhùbailt  
S ar crùn a's an thileasg,  
An r' mh nach 'eil bristeach,  
Ar lann ann ìm trioblaid,  
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,  
Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n eadail duinn,  
'N urning no'n achanach  
Ar déirce ga nasgadh,  
Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sàbhailt,  
Muint' ann an chealachdad thu,  
Cluiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,  
Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn  
Air each no air lèr thu,  
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,  
Ar fionn air na bòrdalibh,  
Ar mire 's ar céil thu,  
'S ar doigh air céil-gàire :  
Ar connspunnna féile  
A dhéonach Mac Dhé dhuinn  
Gu còit chur air stéidhe,  
'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn  
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
Fear iriosal stòlda  
Gun tòir air an àrdan;  
Eireachdail, coimhliont',  
Soilleir 'an eòlas,  
Canair 'n am toghail ris,  
Bòchdan, mo lamhsa,  
Cùirteir na siobholtachd,  
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,  
Tlusail ri dileachdain 's  
Cuimhneach air airidh,  
Aigeantach innsgineach,  
Beachdail air rioghachd,  
Gaisgeach ro mhilten  
Nan sineadh e 'n glairdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaisgeach,  
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,  
 Fear mòrghalach gasda,  
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun tâire.  
 Cuiridh nam brataichean  
 Guineach ri 'm bagaïrt iad,  
 Chuireadh an t-sradag  
 'Na lasair gun swàladh,  
 A bhuaileadh a' chollaid  
 Mu'n chluain air an cromadh iad  
 A ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'  
 An coinneamh an nàmhaid  
 Le splaintichean loma,  
 Le mosgaidean troma,  
 Le fùdar caol meallach  
 'N àm teannadh ri làmhach.  
  
 Ge fad a bha 'n acaid  
 'Na còmhnuidh fo m'asgail,  
 Fùgraidh mi as i,  
 Thig aiteas 'na h-àite.  
 Cuiridh mi airtneal  
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan,  
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh  
 Na db-aisig mo shláinte.  
 Moladh dha 'n lígh  
 A dh-fhág fallain mo chreuchdan,  
 Tharrinn mo spéiread  
 Ni's tréime na b'abbais!  
 Aghaidh Shir Seumais,  
 Aghaidh na féile,  
 Taghadh gach speuleair  
 Thug an léirsinn ni b'fhearr dhomh.  
  
 Aghaidh na stàidealachd,  
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,  
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,  
 Tlachd agus àilleachd :  
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,  
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,  
 Aghaidh is glaine  
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.  
 Aghaidh na stöldachd,  
 Aghaidh na mórchuis,  
 Aghaidh an leóghainn,  
 Ach tòiseachadh cearr air!  
 Buinidh dha 'n òigeár  
 Bhí currant 'an comh-strì,  
 'S gur ionadh laoch dorn-gheal  
 Bheir tìreachd mas aill leis.  
  
 Cha sùgradh ri chlaistinn  
 Bhí dùsgadh do chaismeachd,  
 Bhí rùsgadh do bhratach  
 Gu h-aigeantach stàdal.  
 Piob tholltach 'ga spalpadh  
 Sior-phronnadh nam bras-phort,  
 Fraoch tomach nam badan  
 Ri brat-craun da chàradh.

Barant de dh-uaislean  
 A' tarruinn mu'n euairet d'i ;  
 Gu'm b'fhearrail an dulachas  
 'N am buannach buaidh-làrach.  
 Ceathairne ghuamach,  
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,  
 Dh-flì'gadh gun gluasad  
 Cuipr fluair anns an àraich.  
  
 Gur h-iomadh sàr-ghaisgeach  
 Tha urraunta smachdail,  
 A theannadh a steach riut  
 'N am aisith no enàmhain:  
 Le 'n spàintichean sgaiteach  
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,  
 'N am bhualadh nan clàigeann  
 Gu'n spealtadh iad enàmhéan.  
 Gu fireachail aotrom,  
 Air mhìr' anns a' chaonaig,  
 Bhiodh fuli air na fraocheibh  
 Mu'n traoghadh an ardan :  
 Le comunn gun chlaonadh,  
 Gu somaltachd gaoirdean,  
 'N àm lomadh nam faobhar  
 Ri aodainn an nàmhaid.  
  
 Na'm faigte Sir Seumas  
 'S gu'n cuireadh e fèunn air,  
 Gur h-iomadh taobh dh-éireadh leis  
 Résimeid làdir.  
 'An Alb' a's an Eirinn  
 Cho deònach le chíile,  
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta  
 Gu leum e Phort-phàdraig.  
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre  
 Bu dual da o shinnisir,  
 Gu rachadh iad sios lis  
 Gun di-chuinmu, gun fhàiliunn,  
 Gu'm biodh iad cho tidheach  
 'S gu'n diamadh iad mì-stath  
 Mar leoghaanan miannach  
 'S gun bhiadh aig an blach.  
  
 Dòs-éireadh na Leòdaich,  
 Dh-éireadh 's bu chòir dhaibh,  
 Dh-éireadh, 's bu deònach  
 Thaobh còlais 's cùirdeis.  
 Thigeadh am mòr-shluagh  
 Brisg aon an òrdugh,  
 Sgiolta na comnspuinn  
 An tòiseachadh blàir iad,  
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd  
 Calma'n àm tarruinn iad,  
 An calg mur na mathraichean  
 'S fearann 'ga reiteach,  
 Stròiceach le lannaibh iad,  
 Dòrtach air falanan,  
 Còcraean calamh  
 Air cheannan 's air chlinhean.

Dhùisgeadh 'na d' charraid  
Fir ur Ghlinne-garadh,  
B'e 'u dearmad gu'n ghainne  
Siol Ailein da fhàgail.  
Daoine cho fearail,  
Cho saoireach air lamaibh,  
Gu faicte neul fal' Orr'  
Gan turnainn a sgàbard,  
Imtinneach, togarach,  
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,  
Fior chruaidh gun bhogachadh  
'S obair air larach.  
Carna mar churaidhnean,  
'S mairg air an cuireadh iad;  
Chuireadh ann buillean  
Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-éireadh fir Mhuile  
Le éibhe nan cloinneadh iad,  
Dh-éireadh iad uile  
Gu li-urranta kàdir.  
Dualchas a churmadh iad,  
Gualain ri uileann iad,  
Buailidh iad buillean  
Mu 'm fulig thu tàmailt.  
'S cràiteach ri innseadh  
Bhi 'g àireamh bhur diobhail,  
Na thuit de'n dream rioghail  
Am mi-fhortan Thearlaich,  
Iadsan cho iosa!  
Fo shàilean nan Duineach,  
Na cairdean cho dileas  
'S a bha inc ris a' phaipeir.

## M A R D H R A N N

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN BOIMH.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g cirigh,  
Cha 'n e 'n cadail tha streup riùim,  
'S fluech mo leaba gun seasdar, gun sàmhachair.  
'S fluech mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dhéigh,  
'N déis mo thaic-sa 'gam thréigisinn,  
Ach maille claisceachd a's léirsinn a's tàbhachd.  
Ach maille claisceachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,  
Air ar lionadh le mulad,  
Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n ann ullamb a ta sinn.  
Tha sinn sgith, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan curaideh  
Nach robb 'n iasad ach diombuan,  
Gun fhearr liath a bhi uil' air an làraich.  
Gun fhearr liath, &c.

Daoine mòr-chuiseach measail,  
Daoine còrr ann an iochd iad,  
Daoine cròdhà gu bristeadh air nàmhaid.  
Daoine cròdhà, &c.

Ann an ùine dà fhichead  
Gur diòbhaill ar briseadh,  
Chuir e dùbhaitt a nis oirn e lìthair!  
Chuir e dùbhaitt, &c.

Chaili sin e-lignear no seisir  
Do na conspuian bu treise,  
Nach robh beò ann am Breatainn an àicheadh.  
Nach robh beò, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,  
Ann gach deagh bhuaidh blhair air duine;  
Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-làrach.  
Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruraig 's oirn an còmhnuidh,  
Dh-flàg ar gualainn 'nan ònar,  
Bhi sguabdh ar n-òigradh gun dàil uainn.  
Bhi sguabdh ar n-òigradh, &c.

Thàinig meaghoil gu bròn duinn,  
Thàinig aighear gu dòrainn,  
Chaili sinn amharc a's sòlas ar sgàthain.  
Chaili sinn amharc, &c.

Bàs ar n-nachdarain priseil,  
Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinnntinn;  
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mi-ruin an àilleas.  
Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh  
Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumad,  
So 'n ruraig tha 'gar n-iomain gn annrath.  
So 'n ruraig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud  
Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,  
Air bheag aighear, no sòlais, no sl'inte.  
Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,  
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,  
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.  
Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail  
Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,  
Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dàna.  
Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,  
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,  
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain do Phàdrug.  
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,  
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;  
Ch'a 'eil brigh dhomb, no toirt bhi 'ga aireamh.  
Ch'a 'eil brigh, &c.

Ach an sgrìobh thug a' chreach oirn,  
Dh-fhág a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,  
So i 'n dile chuir brat air na thàinig.  
So i 'n dile chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard èg maiseach,  
Bha gun àrdan, gun ghaiseadh,  
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug bhàrc oirn.  
Muir a thàinig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,  
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,  
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thainig.  
Ar sùil frasach, &c.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,  
'S beag ar rùn 'an gáir eibhinn,  
Bi'dh sinn tòrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a bàs duinn.  
Bithidh sinn tòrsach, &c.

Cbaill sinn duilleach ar géige,  
Gràinne mnàlaich ar déise,  
So an turus chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.  
So an turus chuir, &c.

'S eadar fuireach ri siochaint,  
O nach urrainn air strì sinn,  
Ach bhi fulang gu 'n stricheadh sinn d'ar nàmhaid.  
Ach bhi fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,  
Sinn gun dùigh air am bacadh ;  
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar cùileachd.  
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n là thainig am briseadh,  
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,  
Ar Ceann-tànaich 's ar misneach g'ar fagail.  
Ar Ceann-tànaich, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tòrsach,  
Ann an ionad ar cùrraiddh,  
Gun e phileadh g'a dhùchannan sàbhailt.  
Gun e phileadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìobh air n-uaisleam,  
Chaoidh' cha dirich an tuath e,  
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air bheag stàtha.  
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar ebaorich gun bhuachaill,  
'N dòis an t-aogair thoirt uatha,  
Air ar sgaoleadh le ruraig 'Ille-mhàrtuinn.  
Air ar sgaoleadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar s' las,  
Craobh a dhideann ar còrach,  
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàradh.  
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhi 'n cathair na Ròimhe,  
'S goirt rí innseadh na sgeoil sin !  
'Dhé ! cha dirich Clann Domhnuill ni 's airde.  
'Dhé ! cha dirich, &c.

O'n là sgathadh ar n-bgan,  
A' ebraobh bu filathaile còmhdaich,  
Gun a h-abhall air dùigh dhuinn a tharail.  
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,  
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,  
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu bràth e !  
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, &c.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,  
'S cha do ghiulan na brògan,  
Neach an cunnatadh iad eòladh do phàirtean.  
Neach an cunnatadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an èolas,  
Ann an tuisge 's am mòr-chuis,  
Is na gibhteanan mòr a bha fàs riut.  
Is na gibteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tòrsach,  
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun duil ris,  
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fèigil.  
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,  
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,  
Gach craobh thoisich air triall uainn gu Pàrrais.  
Gach craobh thoisich, &c.

Cinn nam binidheannan calma  
Leis an d'ùmhlaicheadh Alba,  
'S ionadh àighdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.  
'S ionadh àighdar, &c.

'S hochd a chriochnaich ar n-aimsir,  
Mar Mhaol-ciaran gun Fhearchair,  
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's neach tainig  
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se ni 's cosmhùil ri sheanchas,  
Lion sinn copan na h-aingeachd,  
Gus 'na bhrosnaich sinn feart an Ti 's àirdie.  
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, &c.

Se'n Ti phriscel thug uainn e  
Chum na rioghachd is buaine ;  
O Chriosda, cum suas duinn na bráithrean.  
O Chriosda, cum suas, &c.

*Note.*—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the Mac Donalds of Slatie. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

## MOLADH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FONN.—“Oran a ghunna da’ b’ ainn an spàinseach.”

TAPADH leat, a Dho’ill ‘Ie-Fhionnlaidh,  
Dhùisig thu mi le pàirt de d’ chombradh.  
Air bheagan eilais san dùthach,  
Tha cuinntas gur gile còir thu.  
Chuir thu do chomainne romhad,  
‘S fearde do ghnótbach an còmhnuidh  
‘S cinniteach gar a leat ar báidse :  
‘S leat ar cairdeas ‘m fad a’s beò thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine ‘s ar fearann,  
Ar muaitean baile, ‘s bu chòir dhut.  
Cha d’rinn thu di-chuimhn’ no mearachd ;  
Mhol thu gach sean is gach iig dhiubh.  
Mhol thu ‘n uaislean, mhol thu ‘n islean.  
Dh-fhag thu shios air an aon dìugh iad,  
Na bheil de ‘n ealain ri chluinntinn,  
Cha chionn dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr’.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,  
Cha robb e saoirbheach air aon dìugh ;  
An gleus, ‘an gaisge ‘s ‘an teòinachd,  
Air aon aobhar thig ‘nan còidhail  
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan  
Cha robb gaiseadh anns a’ phòr ud,  
Clìdh a’ s paileas, maist’ a’ tabhachd ;  
Ciod e ‘n cas nach faight’ air chòir iad ?

Cha bu mhìst’ thu mise laimh riut,  
‘An am a bhi ‘g aireamh nan comnspunn,  
Gu inus’ am maise ‘s an uaisle,  
An gaisge ‘s an cruadal ‘n am togbhail.  
B’iad sud na fir a bba fearail  
‘Phileadh an-seasgair ‘an tòireachd,  
‘S a dh’fhagadh salach anu arach  
Nam fanadh an námhaid ri ‘n còmhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud  
Ri uchd teine ‘s iad ‘an òrdugh,  
Coslas fiadhach a dol sios orr’,  
Fulbh gu dian air bheagan stòldachd ;

Claidheamh ruisg ‘an laimh gach aon fir,  
Fearg ‘nan aodann ‘s faobhar gleois orr’,  
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair,  
‘S iad cho frighail ris na leigheann.

Cha mhòr a thionnal nan daoin’ ud  
Bha ri fhaotaun san Ròinn Eòra.  
Bha iad fearrail ‘an am caonnaig,  
Gu fùileach, faobharrach, stricceach,  
Nam faigheadh tu iad ‘an gliccas  
Mar bha ‘m misneach a’ am mòr-chuis,  
C’ ait’ am feudadh tu aireamh,  
Aon chinne’ b’flearr na Clann-Dòmhnuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foimnidh,  
Gu neo-lomara mu ‘n stòras.  
Bha iad cunbalach ‘nan gealladh,  
Gun theall, gun charachd, gun ròidean,  
Ge de dh-iarrta nuas air siunsir,  
O mhullach an ciun gu’m bri gan,  
‘N donas eron a bha ri iuns’ orr’,  
Ach an rioghalaich mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoin’ uaisle,  
C’uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dhòmhnuill?  
Aon Mhae Dhé bhi air ‘na bluachaille!  
G’ a ghléidheadh buan duinn ‘na bheò-shlainte !  
Ou ‘s curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,  
Leanas ri dhualchas ‘an còmhnuidh,  
Nach deachaidh neach riann ‘na thusaoid  
Rinn dad buannachd air an comh-stri.

Cait an dh-fhag thu Mac ‘Ie-Ailein  
‘Nuair a thionaileadh e mhòr-shluagh,  
Na fir ebrodha bu mhòr alla,  
Ri linn Alasdair ‘s Mhontròis ?  
‘S maig a dhùisgeadh ruinn bhur n-aisith  
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhur cleicea,  
Ge b’e sùil a bhiodh ‘gan ambare  
Cromadh sios gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu ‘nan sealbhaidh,  
C’uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,  
Teaghlaich usal Ghlinne-garadh  
‘S nam firain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.  
‘S ionadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach  
Sheasadh cruaidh ‘s a bhuaileadh striccean,  
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann  
Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mòr-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlaich na Ceapaich  
‘S mòr a’ chreach nach ‘eil iad còmhslan,  
Dh-eireadh leinn suas ‘an aisith  
Le ‘m piob ‘s le ‘m brataichean srìle.  
Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,  
Fir chothanta ‘n am na comh-stri,  
Daoine foimnidh, fearail, tearradha  
Rùsgadh arm a’s fearg na’n srònán ?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,  
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chòmhlaín,)  
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,  
O'n Roinn Ilich 's mhaol na h-Odha.  
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirinn  
Rinn an t-euchd am blár na Bóine.  
'Nuair a dhilùthraigheadh iad ri chéile,  
Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnuill?

Alba, ge bu mhòr ri inns' e,  
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu móintich.  
Fhuair an còir o láimh Chlann-Dòmhnuill,  
Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta;  
'S ionna curraí mhòr bha innte  
Cunnaitheach Antrum ge bu mhòr i.  
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,  
'S thuit Mac Ghuibhinn san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;  
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhach coir dhaibh.  
Bhuinig iad latha chath Gairbheach,  
Rian an argumaid a chòmhdaidh.  
Air bheagan eònaidh gu trioblaid  
Thug iad am bristeadh a móran,  
Mac-Ill-lain ann le chuideachd,  
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tòisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,  
Gun éireadh iad uile e' mhìllath  
O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn He,  
Gach fear thug a shiùnsir coir dhaibh.  
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich á Brathainn,  
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nàbbhair's diù Gordon,  
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànach,  
Rothaich a's Sàileach a's Rùsach.

Ar luchd dàimh 's ar cairdean dileas  
Dh-eirdh leinne a sios 'an comb-stri.  
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean  
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chòta,  
Iad fo ghrúaim 'an uair a' chatha  
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgatadh feòla,  
Tarruim spàinteach làdir liobhar  
Sgoileadh dirreach cinn gu brògan.

Bhudheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,  
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,  
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niadach  
Le loingheas liomhor 's le seòltaibh,  
Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-éireadh,  
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an òrdugh.  
'Nuair a dhùisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,  
Co thigeadh air tús ach Tímas !!

*Note.*—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhraich*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochlomond side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

### ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FONN—"Daibhidh gròsgach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,  
Bha eadar mi-féin sa chailleach,  
Gu'n tug i dhionn brig mo bharra,  
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.  
M' thuil a's m' fleoil thung i dhioin,  
Chuir i erònan am chliabh,  
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,  
Gu robh tòireachd ga diol.

Chuir i boil an cheann is bu mhòr i,  
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,  
Coltas Hector mor na Tròidhe,  
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Ròimhe.  
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,  
Bha làn tuaiseis a's blriag,  
Chuir mi'n bruilean 's gach iall,  
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,  
'S mi gun luagh air buain no ceanghal,  
Mo cheann iosal a's mi am laidhe,  
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.  
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,  
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhiom,  
Gu'n robh am padadh gam chlaoidh,  
'S gun tràighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S bochd an t-aite leap' am fiabhras,  
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,  
Gluagaich lag le fada 'n iargainn,  
Gann de dh' fhalt a's pait de dh' fhiasaig  
Pait de dh' fhiasaig gu'n tachd,  
Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,  
Droch no biadh theid a steach,  
A dha thrian inntre stad.

Do chota fùs is e gun lianadh,  
T-òsan roeac air dhroch thiaradh,  
Caol do choise nochdaidh pliathach,  
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhach.  
Casan pliathadh gun sùgh,  
Fo'n da shleasaid gu'n lugh,  
Gur paitl liagh dhaibh no lunn,  
Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do inhuinneal fada, feathach,  
'S taisnichean mar chabar eleibhe,  
Easgadan ghagach gun spéirid,  
Gluinean ri tachas a chéile.  
Gluinean geura gun neart,  
'S iad cho ciar ris a chàirt,  
Thu cho creubhi ri cat,  
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread sa b'abbais,  
Air uachdar currachd nach àluinn ;  
Clusan gu'n uireasbhaidh fasa,  
Ceann cho lom ri crì na dearnaidh.  
Cha be 'n còmpanach caomh,  
Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maoil,  
Rinn mo chom mar phreas caoil,  
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,  
Gun dad il gun aon mhír ithe,  
Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaidh,  
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.  
Bi'dh tu d' shiachaire lag,  
'S ceann do shithe gun neart,  
Aun ad ghuimh cha bhi tlachd,  
Na d' chus mbio-loiun air fad.

## ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR FONN—"The pearl of the Irish nation."

CHA tog mise fonn,  
Cha 'n eirich e leam,  
Tha m' aigne ro thrum  
Fo easlain';  
Tha 'n crì tha 'na m' chom  
Mar chloich 's i na deann,  
'S i tuiteam le gleann,  
'S cha 'n eirich ;  
Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom  
Rinn a' cogadh, 's a' strì,  
Cha 'n fhàigh sinn a chaoidh  
Bhi reidh ris ;  
On is treis' e na sinn,  
Théid leis-an ar chaoidh,  
'S cha teasaig aon ni  
Fo 'n ghréin sinn !

'S cuis thûrsa gu dearbh  
Bhi 'g ionndrain mar dh-fhalbh,  
Ar cruitheachd, ar dealbh  
'S ar 'n eugasg,  
Ar spionadh, 's ar neart,  
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,  
Ar cur an ann gleachd',  
A's streupa ;  
Mar a sgaoileas an ce',  
Air aodainn an fheoir,  
'S a chaochaileas neoil  
'S na 'n speuran,  
Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn  
Cumhach, caointeach, lán bròin,  
'S neo-shocrach ri leòn  
An té ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,  
Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,  
Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh  
Gu'n speirid ;  
Cha għluais thu aeh mihl,  
Agus cuail' ann do laimh,  
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach àilt,  
A' fèithe ;  
Cha chuiri thu gu bràth,  
'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,  
Geall ruithe, no snamb,  
No leuma,  
Ach fiabhras, a' cradh  
Ga t-iarraidh gu bàs,  
Ni 's lionmhoir' na plàigh  
Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhochd,  
Ri caoidh na rug ort,  
Neo brigeil gun toirt,  
Gun spéis thu ;  
Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil  
Fo chomhair an aog,  
Gun chomas a h-aon  
Diu eirigh ;  
Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,  
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,  
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',  
A's reasain,  
Thig di-chuimhne, thig b' chd,  
Thig diomhanas dha,  
Thig mi-loinn do chairdean  
Féin ort.

Aois èghar gun bhrigh  
Ga t-fhègar gur eill,  
Dh-thagas bòdhraig a chin  
Ro citidh,  
Aois bhòdhar nach cluinn,  
Gun toighe, gun suim ;  
Gun chàr foghainteach strì,  
No streupa,  
Aeis acaideach thinn  
Gun taice, gun chli,  
Gun ghaisge, gun spìd,  
Gun speirid,  
Lau airneal, a's cràidh  
Gen aidmheil bhi slàin,  
Gun neach dha'm beil càs  
Dheth t-eigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd thruagh,  
'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,  
Maoil, sgallach, gun ghruaig,  
Gun déudaich,  
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,  
Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,  
Chrùbach, chrotach,  
Gun għluasad céuma ;

Aois lobhar nan spioc  
 Bheir na subhailean dhinn,  
 Co san domhainn le'm biinn  
 Do shéis-sa?  
 Aois ghliogach gun ch'ill,  
 'S tu 's mirose na 'm báis,  
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tráill  
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chiar-dubh a bhróin,  
 Gun riomhachd, gun spòrs,  
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol  
 Do éisdeachd ;  
 Rob fhiagach għlas,  
 Air dhroch sheasamh chàs,  
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad  
 Gu eirigh ;  
 Cha'n fhuilid thu 'm fuachd,  
 'S olc an ûrr' thu 'n eis cruaidh  
 'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,  
 'S an déirce ;  
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an t'hír,  
 Nach e admhileil am beoil  
 Gur fada leo beò  
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's ole dreach,  
 Orm is suarach do theachd,  
 Cha 'n eil tuaraigseul ceart  
 Fo 'n għréin ort,  
 Gun mhire, gun mhùirn,  
 Gun spiorad, gun sùth ;  
 Far an eruinnich luchd-ciùil  
 Cha téid thu,  
 Aois chairtidh 's ole greann,  
 Aois acaideach mhall,  
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhall  
 Gun leirsin,

Chas feargach gun sùth,  
 Lan farmaid, a's thù,  
 Ri fear meanmach, beo,  
 Lughmhor, gleusda.  
 Faire ! faire ! dhuin' big,  
 Cia do bharantas nièr,  
 'Ne do bħara il bhi beò  
 'S nach ċeng thu ?  
 Tha'n saogħal, 's an fħeoil,  
 Fior aontach gu leoir,  
 Air do chlaonadh o chħir  
 Gu h-eacoir,  
 Co fad 'sa tha 'n dàil  
 Thig ort teachdair o'n bhús,  
 Na creid idir gur faisneachd  
 Bhreig e ;  
 Biodej do għeard ort gle chruaidh,  
 'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt ;  
 Cha taigh crabhaidh  
 An uaigh dha'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar  
 Bhreun, dhaolagach, fluar  
 Annan caraiċi iad suas  
 Leat fénim thu ;  
 Co mor 's tha e d' bheachd,  
 Dħeth d' stōr cha tēid leat,  
 Ach b' rdain bheag shnaigħte,  
 A's léine,  
 Ach 's e cūram as mò,  
 Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid,  
 Thoirt cunntas an coir,  
 'S an ea-coir,  
 Far nach seasamh do ni  
 Dħut dad dheth d' chuid feiħ,  
 'S mo an t-eagal  
 Bhi 'm priosan pēine !

## EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

## MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Moch madainn shamhraí am mios fás nam meas,	'Nuair bhios seillean le lán shólas
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,	Deilleanachd a measg nan dithean,
Bha cuibhrig, air dbreach criostail de 'n dealt,	Cop mealta mu ghob a chrónain,
Na dhlù bhrat a' còmhdaich gach cnúic.	A' deoghladh nan gengan mìne.
Sin àm anns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,	'Nuair bhitheas gach àilean, 's gach doire,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullaich fo bhìà,	Le blà uaine fo lán toraidh,
A's nuallanach gach uile spróidh,	A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
A' geimhich ri chéil' iad fein, 's an euid àil.	Cromadh fo throm nam meas milis.
An ceann leath dara mios an t-samhraidh,	Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,	Beagan roimh eirigh na gréine,
'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,	Aig coltas coileich na smeorais,
Le meilbheig, le nòinean, 's le slán-lus.	'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chualadh mi'n cheileireachd binn,  
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,  
Air feadan ga m'fheagrachd, gach seilan sa' bhein  
Ann an eirigh na greine, sa' mhadaimh di-luain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan, gun sgread,  
Gun eislean, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,  
Bu mhilse na bimneas nan teud air fad,  
'Nuarig ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mion, bras,  
Socrach ri'n seinn, gun ochan, gun chnead,  
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an eoin, ge bu lag,  
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's plob,  
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na chuir,  
On aig tha na puirt as fior chanaiche raimh,  
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuite meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle trà air gach nighin, 's innai,  
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartaeh, a's boeild,  
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an eoin, gu beachd,  
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

#### MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thir sòraidh le d' stoirm,  
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thrall,  
Bu bharra-gheal flinch doirtadh nam bare,  
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chléibh.

Na maoth-limtean tha bàlbh, mall,  
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,  
'S gile 'n cop ri'n taobh tha tàmh  
Na eaineichean iluinn an t-shléibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,  
Bu cheolmhor ceileireachd ian,  
Gu lurach air bharraibh nan geng,  
'N am do ghréin togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,  
Bu chubhraidih fàileadh nan ròis  
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,  
Tha 'n tuobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhòr.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,  
Nam bioldh tu coiseachd na measg,  
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gás,  
A lubadh fo chndrom a mens.

Bu nuallanaeb, binn-ghuthach spréidh,  
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an euid àil,  
Mu innis mhullaich an túir,  
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fás.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,  
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,  
Mu'n cuairt do Bhad-nan-each-glas,  
A bhuaill' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spréidhe,  
Ballag do nighium chruinn àluinn,  
Falt elannach, fionn-bhuighe, dualach,  
Mu'n cuairt da guaillean gu fáineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,  
'S dh-eubhadh i "Buigheag, a's Blàrag,  
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guaillionn,  
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Cásag."

Shnígheadh i gn comhard cruinn,  
'S cuman eadar a dà ghlùn,  
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-òran gu binn :—  
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spréidh a ris,  
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,  
B' òranach, ceolar, clann Iain,  
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrodh g'am bleodhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhùsaich,  
Nuallan nan grungaichean boidheach,  
Ann', a's Catriona a's Mairi,  
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seònайд.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheach,  
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an dì,  
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,  
Gheibheadh iad limtean na dibhe;

Gu slamanach, finne-mheogach, ònach,  
Mulchagach, miosganach, blathach,  
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,  
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laoigh,  
Bu mhigeadeach meinn a's nain,  
B' aigionntach fiadh agus earb,  
A' direadh 's tearnadhan nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n tràigh  
Loinggeas a' smàth troindh na caoil ;  
Turadh, a' teas anns gach aird,  
'S an fhàighe na eil' comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair stadaimid aig a bhaille  
An deighe bhi sgith 's a mhionadh,  
Bhiodh doil againn ri làu glaine  
A searrag Mairi Nic-Cholla.

## MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMUINN, m'annsachd, 's mo thlachd,  
Ga'n tug mi tort;  
Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chlér nach deanain stad,  
Sa' choill sin Crois.  
'S binne cruit cheolmhor, a's clárseach cheart,  
'S piob le cuid dös;  
Ach 's binne na h-eoin a' seinn mu'n seach,  
Sa' choill sin Crois.  
Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuaradh amach,  
Gu'r dion o'n ole,  
B' shearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean ceart,  
Sa' choill sin Crois.  
Ged' bli'dh tu gun 'radhare sùl gun lugh do chos,  
A d' dheoiré bochd;  
Na'm bu mhath leat do shlainte philleadh airais,  
Rug coille Chrois.  
Aig ailleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,  
'S aig feabhas a bláis;  
Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,  
Ach coille Chrois.  
Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,  
Cho binn 's cho brás?  
Ri sior-bhorcadh stoír mil an eas,  
Ri taobh coill' Chrois.  
Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,  
Gun uireasbhuidh neart;  
Nach traoth, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas beag,  
Nach reòdh 's nach stad.  
Is liomhlor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,  
A leumas ris;  
Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,  
A comb-ruith bho'n Eas.

## A N T A I S B E A N.

Moch madainn Chéitein ri céò,  
'N am do'n ghréin togail bho neoil,  
Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,  
'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smùid  
A bruachanu molach fraoich,  
'S bha dealradh nan gathanan bl' th  
Cur sgeimh air euirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' drìuchdadh gu grinn,  
'N am sgàpadh do dhulachd an cheò,  
Na paidirean air an fhear,  
Mar leagan fo sgéimh an tir.

Bha màghanan milteach feoir,  
Bu mheilbhéagach', dhitheanach' blà,  
Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chraoidh,  
Bu luath mu thuath a ruith bálbh.

Bha neonain, a's sòbhrach gu dlù,  
Creann, agus biolair a' fás,  
Air làileanaibh aimh-reidb', 's air Elin,  
Far 'm bu lionmhoire ròs geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceileireach, eoin  
Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',  
A' freagradh a chéile gu grinn,  
Cha'n fhaighe 'u cuirt righ ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'u uaigneas leis fein,  
Ag eisdeachd ri torghan nan eun,  
Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheò,  
An aon duin' òg a b'aillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-fhearaibh chaich,  
Ach e-san, a's mi-féin sa' gheann,  
Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,  
Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,  
Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin';  
Labhair e fosgara, reidh,  
"A ghabhail sgéil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uan  
Gu maithean Alba gu leir,  
Ambaire gu geur fada bhuat,  
'S chì thu na sluaigh na'n làn feirg.

Chunna' mi'n fhairge mar choill'

Le crannaibh loingheis làn ard,  
Le brataichean anasach, ùr,  
Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhòr,  
Gu ghireach gabhail gu tir,  
Bu luchdmhor, làn athaiseach iad,  
Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tir,  
'S cha b'uaigneach an glasad o thràigh,  
Eha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,  
A' glasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,  
'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,  
A's thuirt an duine math sin riùm:—  
"Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs  
Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an righ,  
Na'm bòcanan giorraig san léirg,  
'Dhearg an airin le fuil san stri.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhnuill na'n deigh,  
Mar chonaibh confach gun bhiadh,  
Na'm beathraighean guineach, geur,  
An guailean a chéile gu gniomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil  
Air a cheangal ri crann caol,  
An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,  
Lamh dhearg, iolair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'  
Ceangailt' am barr a chrainn chaoil,  
Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,  
'S cha b'aite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thàirneadh na slogh air sliabh Fife,  
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,  
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fior mhear,  
Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fail :-

" A Chlannaibh mìlidh mosgailibh,  
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadaid,  
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,  
Dh-àt na fiachan so fada.  
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,  
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,  
Gu mear, leumannach, dearg-chmeadbach,  
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuilleach.  
Gu aigneach, innsginneach,  
Gu an-atach, nàmhachad,  
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltaich,  
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach.  
Gun tearmunn, gun mhathanas,  
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,  
Gun innidh, gun eagal,  
Gun umbail, gun fhacill.  
Gun fhiamh, gun an-nìhisneich,  
Gun chùram, gun ghealtachd,  
Gun taise, gun thaiteachas,  
Gun saidealtachd, gun uamhann.  
Gun eiseamail, gun umhlachd,  
Gun athadh do nàmhaid  
Ach a gabhair romhaibh thoirt iubhair  
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich."

Chunnaic mi air leath o chich  
Trì leoghainn a b'fharsuinne craois  
Thug iad trì sgairtean cho ard'  
'S gu'n sgain creagan aig mead an glaodh.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirm,  
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,  
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhòrg,  
Deshliochd nan Collaith bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,  
'S a chas rioghail an Duntuilm,  
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,  
Buaidh nan sliabh an eàs a chrùim,

Thainig an treas leoghann diù  
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam bàrc,  
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhè'n cuid sluaigh  
Dhol a thiolaiseadh nam marbh.

*Labbairt.*—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-trocáireach, an-aobhach, an-atach, an-iocadh-mhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-eachd de bhorb, bhorach, bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na h-iraich. Aonghas amharrá á Eigneag—Calum croisá á Gruluinn—Eoghaunn Iargalta á Crí-sabhaig—Dughall Ballach á Gallabaidh—Niall Eangharrá á Raimisgearaidh—agus Domhnall Durrghá á Gearas.

Chunna' mi Gleann soileir nam,  
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,  
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,  
Glaodhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feedh Bhreatuinn gu kír ;  
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,  
Chi sibh na Gàéil a' triall  
Le rioghalachd mar bu ciòir.

*Note.*—The poet was a stanch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

## GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

## ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

We know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country. He used to appear in a dress which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman; but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune "*Tha biodag air mac Thòmais*,"—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

\* \* We omit the poem in praise of Lochiell, as inferior to the bard's humorous pieces. It is in "Stewart's Collection," page 103.

## MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,  
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,  
E-fein fo mbi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,  
Ri iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.\*  
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sàbhadh,  
'S a chulaidh bhàis 'ga cuir suas,  
Samhach cadal na corra,  
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean á òrdugh,  
Cha'n aithnè dhomh-s an cuir suas,  
Tha'n gaothair air stòpadh,  
Tha'n dà dhöös na'n trom-shuain.

Chaill an seaunsair a chlaisteachd,  
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,  
O'n tric a thainig ceòl taitneach,  
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,  
'Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-slugh,  
Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,  
Thionndadh tioma gu eruas :  
Ceol mar smòrach a ghlinne,  
Ceol a's binne na cuach ;  
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,  
Dian ruith-leumhach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealleadh do sheannsair,  
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,  
Pronnadh enaparra, lùghmhor,  
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig :

\* John McQuithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgiùraich,  
Chuireadh diùn-laoch na luaths,  
Caidhean glasa 'gan rùsgadh,  
Claigneun brùit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,  
O'n chaidh ùir ort san uaigh ;—  
An toiseach labhair an spliúcan,  
Bhiodh tu giúlan gach uair.  
" Tha mi fén gun tombaca,  
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuaire,  
'S tric ehuir Iain fo m'aistre,  
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuirt a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,  
" Mo sgeul craiteach, ro chruaidh !  
Dh-fhalbh mo shúigradh, 's mo mhàran,  
Thug am bùs leis Iain Ruadh ;  
Fear a chluicheadh a chlàrsach,  
Dheanadh dùn, agus duan,  
Cha b'e Caluinn a chràmpaigh  
Fònn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuirt am pigidh bha lamh ris,—  
" Faigh an t-area gu luath,  
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,  
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.  
Thainig con-trigh na pl. ighe,  
Tha nithe guithaichte bhuainn,  
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,  
'S ann a thráigheas an cuan."

Thuirt am buideal, 's am botal,  
Thuirt an gòc ris an stòp,  
Thuirt an copan, 's an t-slige ;  
" S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.  
Tha gach sruth air a dhùnadh,  
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaideh nan lòn,  
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an ùrlar,  
A fliuchas brù Dhòmhnuill big."

O'n dh-fhalbh an còmpanach sàr-mhath,  
Dh-fhalbh an ràbhart, 's an spòrs,  
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,  
'S e sheinneadh an ceòl.  
Nis o rìnneadh do chàradh  
'N eiste chlàraich nam bòrd,  
'S mor as mist iad am Phàro,  
Gun fhearr do ghnàis a bhi beò.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,  
Nach robh sgrubail san bsd' ;  
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,  
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.  
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag  
Leis an luaithe gach clò,  
Cha b'e ghnàis a bhi gearan,  
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath fóille,  
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,  
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,  
Gaoir theud fir nan cròc.  
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,  
'N àm suidhe mu bhòrd,  
Na droch dhreòchdan air fidhill.  
Mar fhuaim snithe an lòim,

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air ùrlar,  
Bba thu siubhlach air snàmh ;  
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghinhor,  
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireach fo chàch.  
Urram leum, agus ruithe,  
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,  
'San èm caitheadh na cloiche,  
Bu leat an toiseach air cùch.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa tharais,  
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearainn ud thall ;  
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,  
'S leibh mo bheannachd san àm.  
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,  
Aun am fasan nach gann ;  
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,  
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

#### AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

##### LUNNEAG.

*Hò-rò gu'm b'cibhinn leam,  
'Chluaintinn gu'n do dh-éirich thu,  
'S ann leam a's ait an sgùla sin,  
Ou chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,  
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,  
'S e cuis mu'n robb mi gearanach,  
Do bhean a bhi na bantraich.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean  
Buidealan gu tòrradh dhut,  
Mu bheireas mi gun ol' orra,  
'S e ni sinn seòrsa balnse.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

On tha giubhas sàbhte agad,  
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha thirnean dut,  
'S ann theannas sinn ri blàta,  
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Branndai,  
*Ho-ro, &c.*

Cha bhi dad a dh' eis oirre,  
Gheibh i gach ni dh'fhéumas i,  
Ni'n lion aodach a main-seol d'i,  
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,  
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnean,  
Tha ròpaichean gun ghainm' agaunn,  
'S gu'n ceangail siun gu teann iad.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

Cha'n eil m'inniu gearanach,  
O'n chuir thu dhiot an galair ud,  
'S ann tha do phioib na deannal,  
A toirt caithream air coel damhsaidh.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

'Nuair bha thu ann san réiseamaid,  
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,  
Na h-uile fear a leumeadh ort,  
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.

*Ho-ro, &c.*

'Nuair bha thu na t-òganach,  
Bu liomhor aít' am b'eoilach thu,  
Chunna' mis' an clòsaidean,  
Ag òl an Amsterdam thu !

*Ho-ro, &c.*

### O R A N C N A I D E I L

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bò ! bò ! bò !*  
*An Doctar Leòdach's biodag air,*  
*Faicill oirbh sun taobh sin thall*  
*Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhibh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fheasgach òg,  
Bu mhìrchuiseach le claidheamh thu,  
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chòmhraig,  
'S leon e le bloidh spealun thu.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,  
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarruinn ort,  
An saighdear 's measa th'aig righ Deòrs,  
Chòmhraigeadh e Alasdair.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,  
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich ;  
Cha'n eil falcas thig o'n tràigh,  
Nach cuir thu oarr nan itean d'i.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg  
Air erios seilg an luidealait ;  
Bha seachd oirlach oirr' a mheirg,  
Gur maирg an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,  
'S a beart-chiinn air chrith oirre,  
Chnàmh a faobhar leis an t-suith,  
'S cha ghearr i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,  
S cearbach sud air amadan,  
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,  
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Cha nè deoch bhainne, na mheig,  
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsà dhiot ;  
Ach biadh bu dochá leat nan t-im,  
Giobainean nan gögachan.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,  
A's sùlair garbh a rug thu air,  
A bhlíanna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,  
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cioc'h-shlugain ort.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

'Nuair théid thu na chreib gu h-ard,  
Cluinnear gair nan iseaman ;  
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,  
Sathaидh tu do bhiodag ann.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreibh-bhàin,  
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;  
Cha tig na h-eunlaibh a'd' dhàil,  
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

'Nuair a theid thu air an rùp,  
A righ bu mhor do cudthrom air ;  
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,  
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang  
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,  
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgéith,  
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.

*Thugaibh, &c.*

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri cùch,  
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;  
'S t-sírm cha dian a bheag a stà,  
Mur sgriobar clàr, na praise leo.  
*Thugaibh, &c.*

*Note.*—Dr M'Leod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

## BANNAIS CHIOSTAL-ODHAI AIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,*  
*Ann an Ciostal-odhar, odhar,*  
*A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,*  
*Cha robh othail chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh gáin ghriobadh,  
Dh-innse gu'n taing am pigidh,  
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,  
Bu bhinn glig a's cròman.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,  
Gu e-féin a chuir an ire,  
Thòisich e air bleith nan inean,  
Gu mi-fhin a sgròbadh.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—  
“ Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,  
Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n thiacaill,  
Air iochdar do sg' rmain ! ”

*A bhanais, &c.*

Snoaintich mi eirdilh 'n-am sheasamb,  
On bu ghn' leam a bhì 'g eadradh,  
Ole na dhèagh gu'n d'rimh mi ' lengadh,  
'S bhuaile mi breath san tòin air.

*A bhanais, &c.*

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasadh,  
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhù sa ghriosach ;  
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,  
'S thug iad mirean beò as.

*A bhanais, &c.*

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,  
Cha robh mi-fhin a' cur cuir dhiom,  
Gus na mhùigh iad air mo mhuinneal,  
'S air duileasg mo shròine.

*A bhanais, &c.*

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,  
Thainig iad far an robh mise,  
Thog iad mi mach thun na sítig',  
Theab gu'n ithte beò mi.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,  
Mar gun reachadh cù ri caoirich,  
'S am fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,  
Bha aodach ga shròiceadh.

*A bhanais, &c.*

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,  
Stràdadh na fal' anns na speuran ;  
Bha 'mis' an i te gan éisdeachd,  
'S gun b' cibhinn an spòrs iad.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,  
Leig iad air a chéile shàladh,  
Shin iad air aithris na braide,  
'S air cagnadh nan órdag.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,  
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,  
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,  
Fear a gabhail órain !

*A bhanais, &c.*

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,  
Leig iad a dh-iunnstidh an eridhe,  
Bha fear a's fear aca ritist,  
Gun bhruidhinn gun chòmbradh.

*A bhanais, &c.*

Siu 'nuair a labhair am fidhleir :—  
“ Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fidhle ;  
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dilim,  
Nach toir sgròb air ceòl duibh.”

*A bhanais, &c.*

## DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until he at last obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reproved, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that district:—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fortingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergyman visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now

generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranoch. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encountering them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ."

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelie, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine any thing more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—  
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—“ And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.” \*

He published his “*Hymns*” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoch till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the "Lamb in the midst of the throne." In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoch wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

"*The Day of Judgment*" is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

"*The Scull*" is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

"*The Dream*" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

" Cha'n 'eil neach o thrioblaid saor,  
A' measg a' chinne-daonn' air fad  
'S co liomhor osna aig an righ,  
Is aig a neach isle staid."

"*The Winter*" begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to

prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

## L A T H A' B H R E I T H E A N A I S.

**A**m feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l  
Gu'n ghaol do Chriosd, gu'n sgiunn d'a reachd,  
Gu'n chreideamh ac' gu'n tig e ris,  
'Thoirt breith na firinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suain,  
A' bruadar pailteas de gach nì :  
Gu'n umhail ac'n uair thig am blàs,  
Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n àrd Righ.

Le cumhachd t-thacail Dhé tog suas,  
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thrà,  
Is beannaich an Dùn so do gach neach,  
Bheir seachad éisteachd dha le gràdh.

**M**o smuaintean talmhaidh Dhé tog suas,  
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul ;  
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu chòir,  
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhunn latha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidhch' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,  
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain ;  
Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',  
Le glaodh na trömpaid 's airde fuain.

Air neu'l ro aird ni fhoillseach' fén,  
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir ;  
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu leir,  
Iad a ghrad éiridh chuin a mhòid :—

" O chinnibhs uile chlaunn nan daoin,  
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd ;  
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,  
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta Ios' air teachd."

Is seididh e le sgal cho chruidh,  
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's euan 'nan ruith ;  
Grad chlisigidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,  
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,  
An saogh'l so reubaidd e gu garg,  
'S mar dhùn an t-seangain dol 'na ghluaist,  
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a mios a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas eas in lamh,  
Chaidh ebur san àraich fad o chòil ;  
'S bidh farum mor a measg man enmhù,  
Gach aon diu' dol 'na àite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tùs,  
Is dùisgear iad gu leir o'n suain,  
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,  
Ga'n còmh-lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,  
'Ta àm am fuasgaidh orra dùi ;  
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blàth,  
Tha dreach an Slànnuisfeir 'nan gnùis :

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gràs  
Air glanadh 'n nàduir o 'n taobh steach ;  
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta ùmhachd Chriosd,  
Ga'n deanamh sgiambach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an déigh,  
Mar bhéisidh gairisneach as an t-slochd ;  
'S o ifriun thig an anama truagh ;  
Thoirt coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhrайдh 'n t-anam brònach truagh,  
R'a choluiun oilteil, namhar, bhrenn,  
" Mo chlaidh ! ciod uim' an d'cirich thu  
Thoirt peanas dùbailt oirn le chòil ?

" O ! 'n eigin dòmlisa dol aris,  
Am priosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chré ?  
Mo thruaighe mi, gu'n d'aontaich riabh,  
Le t-anamianna brùdeil fén !

" O'm faigh mi dealach' riut gu bràth !  
No 'n tig am bàs am feasd a'd' chòir !  
'N drìgh teine air do chnainthean iarin !  
No dìlh-fheirg Dhé an struidh i t-fheòil !"

Eiridh na righean 'e daoine mòr,  
Gun smachd gun òrslugh ann nan Eòimh ;  
'S echa'n aithnear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,  
O 'n duine thrnagh bha ac' na thräll.

'S na daoine naibhreach leis nach b' thiu,  
Gu'n umhlachheadh iad fein do Dhia;  
O faic anis iad air an glun';  
A' deanamh iirnuigh ris gach shiabh:—

"O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,  
Le sgairneich ghairbh de chlachan cruaidh,  
Is sgriosaidh sinn a tir nam beò,  
A chan 's nach faic sinn glòir an Uain."

A mach ás uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall  
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle fein,  
Ge cruaidh e 's eigin teachd a lith'r,  
A' slaodadh shiobhraidh a's a dhéigh.

'N sin fasaidh ruthadh ann san spéur  
Mar fhilir na maidne 'g éiridh dearg;  
Ag innse gu'm beil Iosa fein,  
A' teachd na déidh le latha garbh:

Grad fhosglaidh a's a chéil na neòil,  
Mar dhorus seòmair an ard Righ,  
Is foillsichear am Breitheamb m'r,  
Le glòir is greadhnachas gun chrich.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,  
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth;  
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sùl,  
A' spùtadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,  
Do ghloir a phearsa géillidh grad;  
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnùis,  
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe culaidh bhrön,  
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun dùirt' oirr' fail,  
Is crathar cumbachdan nau spéur,  
A' tilgeadh nan réall a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san spéur,  
Mar mbeas air géig ri àrnadh garbh;  
Tuiteam mar bhraonaibh dh-uisge dlù,  
'S an glòir mar shiileau duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,  
'S mun cuairt da bencaidh 'n tairneanach,  
A' dol le ghairm gu crioch na neamh,  
'S a'reub nan neul gu doiniomach.

O chuibhlibh 'charbaidh thig amach,  
Sruth mor de theine laist' le fóirg;  
Is sgaolidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobb,  
A' cur an t-saogh'l na lasair dheirg.

Leaghaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,  
Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir;  
Na enric 's na sléibhte lasaidh suns,  
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu lír.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,  
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deòin,  
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mach,  
An fionnais leaght' mar abhainn mhéir.

Gach neach bha sgiobadh cruinn an òir,  
Le sannt, le dò-bheirt, no le fail;  
Làn chaigibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota niòr,  
'S a nasgaidh blaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh'l,  
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu geur,  
'N mair tha e 'gleacadh ris a bhàis,  
Mar dhuine Eilidh dol do'n eng.

A chnisle chleachd bhí fallain fuar,  
Ri moireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,  
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidhreadh suas,  
Le goilibh huaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,  
'S gach creag a' fuasgladh ann 's gach shiabh,  
Nach cluinn sibh osnaich thróm a bhàis,  
'S a chridhe sgiineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An cùrtain gorm tha null o'n ghréin,  
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,  
Crupaidh an lasair e r'a chéil,  
Mar mheilleig air na h-eibhléan beò.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,  
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas  
'S an teine millteach spùtadh 'mach,  
'Na dhualaibh caisreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu lír,  
Borb-bhencaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras;  
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,  
Mar fhaoisg ris na sléibhte cás.

Is chum an doinionn ata suas,  
O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth;  
Ga sgiùrs' le neart nan aingle treun,  
Luathach an lír-sgrios o gach taobb.

Tha obair na sè là rinn Dia,  
Le lasair dhian ga euir 'fa sgaoil,  
Cia mor do shaibhreas Righ na 'm feart,  
Nach iunndrafn casgradh mhile saogh'l!

'M feadh tha gach ni 'an glaic an éig,  
'S a chruiteachd gu lír dol bun-osceann,  
Teannaibh am Breitheamb oirne dlù,  
A chum gach cùis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o àird nan spéur,  
Air cathair a Mhòrachd fein a nuas,  
Le greadhnachas nach facas rianth,  
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tâirneanach 'na laimb,  
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,  
Is fonn-chrithr orr' gu dol an greim,  
Mar choim air eill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun àireamh tha 'na chuit,  
Le 'n sùilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,  
Chum ruith le òrdughasan gun dàil,  
'S na h-uile ait ga'n cur an gniomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,  
'S gach neach rinn bràithreas riut a'd ghniomh,  
An dream a dh' aiceheadh creideamh Chriosd,  
Na reic e air son ni nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann d'i'n òr,  
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,  
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nis,  
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh féin.

'S a muinnitir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nàr,  
Gu 'n cluimte crìbbadh dh' i'n ur teach ;  
Faicibh a ghòr 's na b' ioghnadh leibh,  
Ged dhruid e sibh á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,  
D' an tug thu spid is mashadh mor,  
Ga sgeadachadh le trusgan ruadh,  
Mar shuaineads sgallais air a ghòr.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghal gu léir,  
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg ;  
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine còir,  
'S a sgrios luchd dò-bheit ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,  
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a mùthadh mòr ;  
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì  
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhòd ?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,  
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach geur,  
Na idir gur i sud a ghuìs,  
Air na thilg na h-Íùdhach sile breun !

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,  
A' diultadh fianuis thoirt do'n gniomh ?  
Ciod nim' nach d'huaire a chruthachd bàs,  
'N uair chéusadh air a chramm a TRIATH ?

Cairidh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,  
Chum ceithir ghaothaibh 'n domhain mhòir,  
A chuaireachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,  
A steach gu luath a dh' ionnsuidh 'mhòid.

Gach neach a dh' àitich coluinn riabh,  
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,  
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,  
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,  
Ard bhratach Chriosd da'n smach'neas ful ;  
A chruineachadh na għluais sa choir,  
'S da fħulangas riun dōigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,  
Is tio: ailibh gach aon de'n dream,  
A rinn gu dileas is gu dlù,  
Le creideamh 's ümlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cùis an là,  
A chum a nàimhde chur fo bhinn,  
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,  
Far am beil peacadh 'u t-sluagh air chuimhn' :

Fosglaidh e 'n cridhe mar an ceudn',  
Air dhoigh 's gur léir de'n h-uile neach,  
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tāmħ,  
Air feadh an àrois ud a steach :

'N uair chi' an sealadh so dbluubh féin,  
Is dearbh gur léir dhaibh ceartas Dhia ;  
'S bidh 'n gruaidh a leaghadh as le mair  
Nach lugha crádh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,  
" Na labhradh a's na gluaiseadh neach ;"  
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mòr,  
A bhreith thig air gach se' rs' amach.

" A dhaoine samntach thréig a chòir,  
'S a leag 'ur dòchas an 'nr toic,  
A ghlaibh gu teann 'ur cridhe suas,  
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaobh nam bochd.

" An lomnocht cha do dhion o'n fhuaichd,  
'S do'n acraich thruagh cha d'thing sibh biadh,  
Ged lion mi féin 'nr cis'd' le lòn,  
'S 'nr treuda' chur a'mòd gach bliadh'n.

" Ni bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,  
As engmhais firinn, iochd, a's graidh ;  
'S o reub sibh m' iomhaidh dhibh gu léir,  
Agraireibh sibh féin 'nar sgrios gu brath.

\* \* \* \* \*

" A nathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,  
Cha binn leam ceol 'ur sranntaich ard,  
'S cha 'n éisd o'r teangaibh ghobhaileach clù,  
Le drìuchd a phuinsean air a bâr.

" Is sibhs' thug fmath da m' òrduigh naomh,  
Is leis nach b'iomhuinn caomh mo theach ;  
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe nair,  
Am àros tabhairt cluais do m' reachd.

“ Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,  
A’ m’ sheirbhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan  
Na cionnas bheir ’ur n-anam gràdh,  
De’u ni da’n tug ’ur nàdùr fuath ?

“ Luchd mì-ruin agus farmaid mhòir  
Da’n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,  
Le dolighios geur a’ cnàmh ’ur crì,  
Mu aon neach oirbh fèin bheir barr.

“ Cia mar a dh-fheudas sibh gu bràth,  
Làn shouas àiteach ann an glèir ;  
Far am faic sibhse milte dream,  
Gà’n ardach’ os bhur ceann gu mòr ?

“ Am fad ’s bu léir dhuibh feadh mo riogh’chd,  
Neach b’ àirdre inbhe na sibh fèin ;  
Nach fadadh mì-run ’s farmad cuirt,  
Tein’ ifrinnd duibh a’ m’ flaitheas Dé ?

“ Is sibhs’ an slighe na neo-ghloin għluais,  
’S gu sònraicht’ thruaill an leaba phòsd ;  
Gach neach a thug do m’ naombachd fuath,  
Gà’n tabhairt snas gu toil na feol’.

“ Mar b’ ionmhuinn leibh bhi losgadh ’n teas,  
’Ur n-usbhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,  
Leaba dearg theth ’san laidh sibh sìos,  
Am brachaibh-lìn de lasair dheirg.

“ Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghlieir,  
Mar mhucan steach gu sèmor righ ;  
’Ur nàdùr neogħlan bħioħ ga chraħd,  
Le’r miannaibh bäsachadh chion bidh.

“ Gach neach tha ionchuidh air mo riogh’chd,  
Teannaibh sibhse chum mo dheis,  
Is cruinnichibb seachad chum mo chlì,  
A chrionach o na crannaibh meas.”

‘N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,  
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom ;  
Ceart mar ni’m buachaille an tréud,  
‘N uair chuairtaicheas e spréidh air tom.

‘N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,  
“ Sibhse ta deasaichte le m’ għräs,  
Thigħibhse, sealbhaichibb an rioghachd,  
Nach faic a sonas crioch gu bràth.

“ Spealg mise ‘n geat’ bha oirbhse dùinnt’,  
Le m’ ûmhlaħd ’s m’ fħulangas ro-ghéur ;  
’S dh-fhoscail an t-sleahd gu farsuun suas,  
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadħi dhuibh fèin.

“ Chum craoibh na beath’ ta’ m’ Pàrrais Dé,  
Le h-ċibbħeas teannaibh steach da còir ;  
’S a fearta iongantach gu léir,  
Dearbħad ’ur n-uile chréuchd ’s bhur león.

“ An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dion,  
O laimh ’ur sinnisir Adhamh’s Eubb,  
Rinn mise truaill dhe m’ chridhe dhà,  
’S a lasair bhàth mi le m’ fħuil fèin.

“ Fo dosraich ûrair suidhibh sìos,  
Nach searg ’s nach erion am feastad blàth ;  
’S mar smèdraichean a measg a geng,  
Chum molaidh gléusaibh binn bhur cail.

“ Le ’maise sħasaichibb ’ur sùl,  
Is oirbh fo sgàil cha drùigh an teas,  
O ’duilleach cūraidh blaibh sláint ;  
Is bith’bb neo-bbàsmhor le a meas.

“ Gach uile mheas tha ’m Pàrrais Dé,  
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirmisg dhuibh ;  
Ithibb gun eagħi o għiex għejja,  
A nathair nimh cha téum a chaoidh.

“ A’s uile mħiann ’ur n-anma fèin,  
Lan sħasaichibb gu leir ’an Dia,  
Tobar na firinn, iochd, a’s graidh,  
A mħaireas làn gu cian na ’n cian.

“ Mòr-innleachd iongħantach na sláint,  
Sior rannsaichibb air aird ’s air lend,  
’S feadh oħbirche mo rioghachd mhōir,  
’Ur n-eħolas ciocrach cuiribb’ meud.

“ Ur n-eħlħneas, mais’ ’ur tuigs’, ’s ’ur grādh,  
Bitteadħ gu sħiorruidh fàs ni ’s mò ;  
’S cha choiñnich sibh aon ni gu bràth,  
Bheir air ’ur n-anam cràdh no leon.

“ Cha ’n phaca sūl, ’s cha chuala eluas,  
Na thaix mi suas de shouas duibh,  
Imiċibb, ’s biodek ’ur dearbhachd fèin,  
Sior-innse sgħel duibh air a chaoidh.”

Ach ris a mħuunntir th’air a chlì,  
O ! labbraidh e ’na dhiogħit as cruaidh,  
“ A chuideachd nach d’thug gràdh do Lhia,  
A chum an diabħu li siubħlaibh nam.

“ S mo mballachd maille ribb gu bràth,  
A chum ’ur crādh ’s ’ur eur gu pian,  
Gluaġisibhse chum an teine mhūir,  
Ga’r rësdadħi ann gu cian nan cian.”

Mar sgain an talamh a’s a cheil,  
‘N uair gabh e teagħiġ chubur steach,  
Ceart laimh riu fosgħla idh ’n uaigh a beul,  
’S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig ’mbuc-mħara mhōr,  
l-ōnas ‘n uair chaidh ’thilgeadħ ’mach,  
Ni slugan dubb an dara báis,  
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chéil,  
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-eucorach ;  
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis bhréig ;  
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaig dhulis an ceangal teann,  
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo féin ;  
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n eaidreamh diù,  
Mar bhioran rúisgte dol nan cré.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,  
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlaibh ;  
An slabhraidh cagnaidh iad gu dian,  
'S gu bráth cha ghearr am fiacan phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,  
'S an crídh' ga fhásadh asd' le brón,  
Ceangailt air euan de phronnus laisd'  
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an srón.

Mar bhàirneach fuaithe ris an sgeir,  
Tha iad air creagaibh goileach teann ;  
Is dìbh-fheirg Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,  
Na thonnaibh buaireis than an eamain.

'N tra dhùineas cadal cruaidh an stíl,  
Teas feirg 's an-dochas dùisgidh iad ;  
A chnuimh nach bàsach 's eibhlé beò,  
A' cur an doruinn shiorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinne 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,  
S fàn-dearbhabh co gu'n toir iad eis,  
Faoididh sinn pláirt d'an gearan trnagh,  
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sios.

" O staidd na neo-ni 'n robb mi 'm thàmh,  
Ciod nime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann !  
Mo mhile mallachd aig an là,  
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

" Ciod nime fhuair mi tuigse riamh ?  
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stuir ?  
Ciod nim' nach d'ruimh thu enileag dhiom ?  
Na durrag dhiblidh ann san uir ?

" Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !  
'N tig crioch no caochladh orm gu brath,  
Am beil mi nis sam t-siorr'achd bhuan,  
A' suàmh a' chuan a ta gun tràigh !

" Ged àireamh uile reulita níimh,  
Gach feur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhùs,  
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,  
'S gach gaineamh chuairticheas an tràigh.

" Ged chuiream níl le bliadhna seach,  
As leith gach aon diubh sud gn léir,  
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-siorr'achd mh'ir,  
Ach mar gu 'n tòisicheadh i'n dé.

" Ach O ! 'n do theirig trócair Dhia !  
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !  
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu bráth !  
No glas mo límh an dean e sgoil !

" 'M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum seinn,  
Air feadh gach linn a chliù gun sgios,  
Mar bhalaagan-scídhidh fadadh suas,  
Na lasaich uain' 'an ifrinne shios !

" Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,  
Gu deimhinn fén a's ceart mo bhinn ;  
Ach c'thada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chr' dh,  
Mu'm bi do cheartas sàitheach dhiom !

" No 'm bi thu dio'lte dhiom gu bráth,  
'N deach lagh an nàdair chuir air eil ?  
Mo thruaighe mi ! 'n e so am bas  
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tuis ?

" Air sgà do dhio'ltais 'm bi thu 'sniomh  
Sùáthain mo bheath' gu siorruidh caol ?  
Nach leoир bhi mile bliadh' ga m' losg'  
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi's t-saogh'l ?

" Ged lean de dhio'ltais mi gu m' chùl,  
Cha 'n árdach e do chliù, a Dhé,  
'S cha'n fhiu dò d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,  
Air comharadh cho bochd riùm fén.

" O Dhia ! nach sgrios thu mi gu tìr ?  
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crioch,  
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,  
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gniomh.

" Ach O ! se so mo thoililt' neas fén  
Is ni'm beil éu-coir buntainn riùm ;  
Oir dhìult mi tairgse shaor de Chriosd,  
'S nior ghabh mi d'a fhuil phriseil suini.

" Mo choguis ditidh mi gu bràth,  
An fhiannuis bha ga 'm chàineadh riamh ;  
An-iocdh no éu-coir ann mo blàs,  
Cha leig i chàradh 'm feasd air Dia.

" Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chùl,  
A's ruith mi dùrachdach gu'm sgrios,  
Is 'fhiannuis fén a' m' chridhe mhùch,  
A' druid' mo shùile roimh mo leas.

" Cia meud an diogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual  
A's leith mo pheacaidh oamhor dàin  
Am peac' thug dùlan do dh-fhùil Chriosd,  
'S a dh-flàg gun éifeachd brigh a bh' is.

" Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuidhán fein,  
Neo-chriochanach gu léir o chian ?  
'S an toir mo chiont air iochd a's gràdh,  
Gu'm fas iad criochnaicht' ann an Dia ?

" An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat  
 Far nach cluinid do chluas mo sgread ?  
 'M beil dorchedas an ifrinn fén  
 Far nach bu léir do Dhia mo staid ?



" Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisder i,  
 A's fois no fóth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoioidh'  
 Ach beath' neo-blásmhor teachd as ûr,  
 Gu'm neartach' ghiúlan tuille claoioidh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais  
 O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a mios,  
 Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seòl  
 Do'n dream tha beò nach teid iad sìos.

A leughadair a'm beil e fier,  
 Na chuir mi chenna sios am dhàn ?  
 Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghlùm  
 Le úrruigh 's aithreachas gun dàil :—

" A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,  
 A' gabhair gráin a's fuath do d' pheac',  
 Le creideamh fior thoir umhlachd dhà,  
 An uile àith'nta naomh a reachd.

" Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu léir,  
 'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir fén do chùl ;  
 Mar Fhàidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Righ,  
 Chum sláinte, didean, agus iuill.

" Biodh eisimpleir am beach do shùl,  
 Chum d' uile ghlusachd 'stíùir da reir,  
 'S gach meadhan dh-ordaich e chum sláint'  
 Bi fein g'an gnàthachadh gu leir.

" As Thireantachd dean bun a mhàin,  
 'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoill'tneas fein ;  
 'S mas àill leat eiseachd bhi na ghràs,  
 Na h-altrum peacadh dàimh a'd' chré.

" Mar sin ged robb de chionta mòr,  
 Chun glòir do Thighearn' saorar thù,  
 Is chum de shonais shiorruidh fén,  
 Air fead gach rè a' seinn a chliù."

#### AN CLAIGEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,  
 Ag amhare ma bruaich,  
 Feuch claegeann gun snuadh air lár ;  
 Is thog mi e suas,  
 A' tiomach' gu truagh,  
 Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am láimh.

Gun àille gun dreach,  
 Gun aithne gun bheachd ;  
 Air duine theid seach 'na dhàil ;  
 Gun fhicail 'na dhead,  
 No teanga 'na bheul,  
 No slugan a ghleusas cail.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruaidd  
 'S rùisgte gun ghruaig ;  
 Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais do m' dhàn ;  
 Gun anail na shròin,  
 No àile de'n fhòid,  
 Ach lag far 'm bu ch'ir bhí árd.

Gun dealradh 'na shùil,  
 No rosg uimpe dùin',  
 No fradhare ri h-iuil mar b' abh'sd.  
 Ach durragan erom,  
 A chleachd bhi san, tom,  
 Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan àit.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chùl,  
 Air tionndadh gu smùr,  
 Gun tionngal no sùrd air t-fheum ;  
 Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhàil,  
 Mu philleadh gu bràth,  
 A cheartach' na dh-flag thu 'd dheidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghnùis,  
 A nise co thù,  
 Ma's righ mo mäs diùc thu fén  
 'S ionann Alasdair mèr,  
 Is traill a dhì lòin,  
 A dh-eng air an òtrach bhreun.

Fhir ehlaghach na h-uaigh ;  
 Nach eagair thu 'm chluais,  
 Co 'n claegeann so fhuaire mi 'm láimh ?  
 'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,  
 Mu gnàth mu 'n do theasd ;  
 Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhàn.

'M bu mbaighdean deas, thu,  
 Bha sgiamhach a'd' ghnùis,  
 'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir ?  
 Le d' mhaise mar lion,  
 A' ribeadh mu chri',  
 Gach òganaich chì'dh thu fein.

Tha nise gach àdh,  
 Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,  
 Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach ;  
 Marbhaisg air an naigh,  
 A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,  
 Bha ceangailt' ri snuadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thù,  
 Le tuigs' agus iùil,  
 Bha reiteach gach cui's do'n t-sluegh ;

Gun aomadh le páirt',  
Ach diteadbh gu bás,  
Na h-eucoir bba daicéil cruaidh ?

No 'n do reic thu a chóir,  
Air ghlacaidh de'u òr,  
O 'n dream da 'n robh stòras pait?  
Is bochdáinn an t-sluáigh,  
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,  
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

'S mar robh thusa fior,  
Aun a t-oifig am biunn,  
'S gun d'riann thu an direach fiar ;  
'S cho chinnteacht au nì,  
'N uair thainig do chrìoch,  
Gu 'n deachaich do dhìt' le Dia.

No 'n robh thu a'd' leigh,  
A' leigheas nau creuchd,  
'S a' deanamh gach eugeail slan ?  
A t-ioc-shlaintibh mìr,  
A' deanamh do bhùsd,  
Gu 'n dibreadh tu chóir o'n bhàs ?

Mo thruaighe ' gun thréig,  
Do leigheas thu fein,  
'N uair bha thu fo eugeail chruaidh ;  
Gu'n fhoghnadh gun stà,  
Am purgaid no m' plàsd,  
Gu d' chumail aon trà o'n uaigh.

No 'n seamalair thù,  
A choisimh mor chliù,  
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm ?  
Air naimhdean tort buaidh,  
Ga 'n cur ann san ruraig,  
'S ga 'm fágail nan cruachan mårbh.

'N robh do chlaidheamh gun bheirt,  
No 'n dh-fhàg thu do neart,  
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaigh,  
'N uair b' eigin dut geill',  
A dh-aindeoin do dhéud,  
Do dh' armait' de bhéistean truagh ?

Tha na durraig gu treun,  
Ri d' choluium' cur séis,  
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach là ;  
Is claireann do chinn,  
'Na ghearsdan dion,  
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tàmh.

P'irt a' claodhach' do dhénd,  
A steach ann a' d' bheul,  
'S euid eile ri reub' do chluas ;  
Dream eil nan sgùd,  
Tigh'n amach air do shùil,  
A' spùinneadh 's a' rùsg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha péit,  
Gu tric's an taigh òsd,  
'S tu cridheil ag bl' nan dràm ?  
Nach iarradh dhut fein  
De fhlaithanas Dé,  
Ach beirm á bhi 'g eiridh a' d' cheann ?  
  
Nach iarradh tu 'cheòl,  
Ach mionnan mu'n bhòrd,  
Is feuchainn co 'n dòrn bu chruaidh :  
Mar bho no mar each,  
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,  
'S tu brùchdadh 'sa sgéith mu'n chuaich ?

Na 'n duin' thu bha għluas'd  
Gu ceanalta suaire,  
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhòrd ;  
Le miannailbh do chré,  
Fo chuibhreachadh geur,  
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sògh ?

No 'n gedēaire mòr,  
Bha gionach air lòn,  
Mar choin an am feòlach dearg ;  
A' toileach' do mhiann,  
Bha duilich a riar,  
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg ?

Tha nise do bhrù,  
Da 'n robh thu a' lùb',  
De ghaineamh 's do dh' úir gle làn,  
'S do dheudach air glas',  
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,  
Fo gheimbleachaibh prais a bhais.

No 'm morair ro mhòr,  
A thachair am dhòrn,  
Neach aig an robh còir air tir ;  
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,  
A' clùthach' nan nochd,  
Reir pailteas a thoic 's a nìth ?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,  
A' feannadh do thuath,  
'S a' tanach' an gruaidh le mòl ;  
Le h-agartas genr  
A glacadh an spréidh  
'S am bochdáinn ag éigeach dàil ?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoin',  
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,  
Le 'u claireannan maolra truagh ;  
Bhi seasanbh a' d' chòir,  
Gunn bhoineid 'nan dòrn,  
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reòt' an ciuas.

Tha nise do thràill,  
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,  
Guu ghearsom', gun mhàl, gun mhùd ;

Mor-mholadh do'n bhàs,  
A chasgair thu trà,  
'S nach d' fhuiltig do stràic fo'n fhòd.

No 'm ministair thù,  
Bha tagradh gu dlù,  
Rì pobull 'an ighdaras Dé ;  
Ga 'm pilleadhb air ais,  
Bha 'g imeachd gu bras,  
Gu h-ifrinn na casgradh dhein ?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,  
Mar mhuiinne mu chloinu,  
Gun chûram a h-oighreachd Dhé ;  
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,  
Bha coma co dhùiù,  
M' an t-sionnach bhi stiùireadh 'n trend ;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,  
Do dheanadas duais,  
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachail' mòr ;  
'N uair chuartich am bàs,  
A steach thu 'na laith'r,  
Thoirt cunnatas a' d' thàlant' dò.

No 'n ceann thu bha lèu,  
De dhù-inneachdan bàis,  
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' r'a cheil' ;  
G'an cur ann an gniombh,  
Gun umhail gun fhiambh,  
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh ?

'N robh teanga nam breng,  
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,  
A' togail droch seul air càch ;  
Gath puinein do bheil,  
Mar naithir a' teum,  
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach là ?

Tha i nise na tamb,  
Fo cheangal a bhais,  
Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch' ;  
A's durraga grannid,  
Air lobhadh 'na h-àit,  
An deigh dhaibh chàmh gu cùl.

'S mu lean thu do ghnàths,  
Gu leabaidh do bhais,  
Gun tionndadh' na thrà ri còir ;  
Car tamull na h-uair,  
Dean flaitheas dé'n uaigh,  
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh grànnid,  
Ag iomairt a smàg,  
Gu 'u eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd ;  
Thoirt coinneamh do Chriosd,  
'Na thighiun a rìs,  
A dh' fhaontainn làn diol a' t-ole.

'N nair theid thu fo bhinn,  
Ni cheartas do dhìt' ;  
Ga d' fhògradh gu siorruidh uait ;  
Gu lasair ga d' phian,  
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabhl',  
'S a mhallaichd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin crunidhichidh Dia  
Do chnainbean mar iar'n,  
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais ;  
Is teannaichidh t-fheòil  
Mar innein nan òrd,  
Nach enàmh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,  
Is eolas air Dia,  
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa chìr' ;  
Ged tha thu 'n dlugh ruisgt',  
Gun aithe', gun iùil,  
Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,  
Oir eiridh tu suas,  
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,  
'S do thruaileachd gu leir,  
Shios flagaidh tu'd' dheigh,  
Aig durragan breun an t-stuic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,  
Do mhaise mar ghrian,  
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann ;  
'Cur fradharc ro gheur,  
'S na suilean so fèin,  
'S iad a' dealradh mar reult' a' d' cheannu.

Do theanga 's do chàil,  
Ni ghleusadh gun dàil,  
A chantainn 'na àros cliù ;  
Is fosglaidh do chluas,  
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,  
A mhòlaidh th' aig sluagh a chùirt.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,  
Na thigheadh a rìs,  
A chruinneach' na 'm firean suas ;  
'N sin bheir thu de leum,  
Thoirt coinneamh dha fèin,  
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n àird,  
Grad chuiridh ort fält,  
A mhealainn a chàirdeas fèin,  
Gun dealach' gu bràth,  
R'a chomunn no ghràdh,  
A steach ann am Pàras Dé.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhàin,  
Dean aithreachas trà,  
'M feadh mbairaes do shlainnt's do bheachd ;

Mu'n tig ort am bàs,  
Nach leig thu gu bràth,  
Air geata nan gràs a steach.

## A M B R U A D A R.

Air bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain  
A' bruadar diamhain mar tha c.ech,  
Bhi glacadh sonais o gach ni ;  
Is e ga'm dhibreadh ann's gach ait.

Air leam gun tainig neach am choir,  
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium :—“ Gur góraich mi,  
Bhi smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n ghaioith,  
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chri.

“ Is diamhain dut bhi 'g iarrайдh slàmhb,  
'N aon nì' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghréin ;  
Cha chlos do d' chorpa an taobh so 'n uaigh,  
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas Dé.

“ An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tìs,  
Am peacadh dhrùigh e air gach ni :  
Lion e na h-uile ni le saoth'r,  
Is dh-thagh é 'n saogh'l na bhriste crí.

“ Air sonas 'anma chaill e choir,  
Mar ris gach sòlas bha'mn sa gharr'  
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh ;  
Mar uan a mearachd air a mhàth'r.

“ Ri meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach ni,  
'An duil gu 'm faigh an intinn clois ;  
Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,  
Mar mhuime coimheich fhuair gun tlùs.

“ Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,  
Ga 'n sàrach' glacadh faileas breig ;  
'S a' deoth'l toil-intinn o gach ni,  
Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

“ Bidh teannndachd eigin ort am feasd,  
'S do dhòchas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,  
An còmhunnidh dhut mar fhad do làimh ;  
Ach gu brath cha'n fhàigh dheth gréim.

“ Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thù,  
O dhùil is earbsa chuir sa' bhreig,  
A rinn do mhealladh mile uair,  
'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san dè.

“ An ni bu mho da'n tug thu miann,  
Nach dh-thagh a mhealtrainn riambah e searbh ?  
Tha tuille sonais ann an dùil,  
Na tha'nna an crùn le bhi na sheilbh.

“ Ceart mar an rìs a ta sa' ghàr',  
Crios seargaidh bhàlù 'nnairi theld a bhuain ;  
Mu'n gann a ghìacás tu e d' làimh,  
Grad threigidh fhàileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

“ Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,  
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,  
'S eo lionmhòr osna aig an righ,  
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

“ Tha 'smùdan fein ós ceann gach föid  
Is dòruinn ceangailt' ris gach math ;  
Tha'n rìs a fas air drisean geur,  
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhil san gäth.

“ Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mòr  
Na meas a shùbas bhi thar chàch ;  
An tobar 's gloine chi do shùl,  
Tha ghrùid na lochdar gabhall tàmh.

“ 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghlois,  
Le tarruinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,  
Dùisgidh an ruaghan dearg a mòs,  
'S le gainearmh lionaidh e do dhead.

“ 'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,  
Tha e mar nead am bàrr na craoibh ;  
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,  
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

“ An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riar,  
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,  
Nach dean a sheòltachd a's a stri,  
Am feast a dhireachadh air fad.

“ Mar bhata' fiar an aghaidh cheil,  
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur ;  
A reir mar dhireas tu a bharr,  
'S cho chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

“ Na h-Indhaich thionail beag no mor,  
Do'n Mhàna dhòirteadh orra 'nuas ;  
'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlár,  
Cha robh air bàrr no dadum naith.

“ Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh'l,  
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' làimh,  
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cuirt  
Tha caitheamh, cùram agus cràdh.

“ Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,  
Fa chomhair fasaidh 'n luath da reir,  
Is ge do chuir thu innse riogh'chd,  
A mheidh cha dirich i na deigh.

“ Tha cuibhrionn ionchuidh aig gach neach,  
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' shearr ;  
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'nna an sud,  
Am feasd an eudrom a's a' chràdh ;

“ O iomluas t-imtiun tha do phian :  
 A’ diulta’ n ding na dh’iarr thu ‘n dé ;  
 Cha chomasach an saogh’l do riar,  
 Le t-anamiaanna ‘n aghaidh chéil.

“ Na ‘m faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,  
 D’a mianna brudeil dh’iarradh satò ;  
 Flaitheas a b’ aird’ cha’n iarrach i,  
 Na anna sud bhi siorruidh ‘snàmh.

“ Ach ge do b’ ionmhuiu leis an fhe’ il,  
 Air talamh còmhnaichadh gach ré ;  
 Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-naill,  
 Cho ard a shnuas ri Cathair Dhé ;

“ Ach nam b’ aill leat sonas buan,  
 Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,  
 Le dùrachd, creideann agus gràdh,  
 Is sàsachidh e t-uile mhiann.

“ Tha ‘n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh’l,  
 Tha ‘n comas dhaoine shealbhach’ fior ;  
 Tha bhiadh, a’s eudach agus sláint,  
 Is saorsa, càirdeas, agus sith.”

‘An sin do mhoscail a’s mo shuain,  
 Is dh-fhag mo bhradar mi air fad ;  
 Ghrad leig mi dòiom bhi ruith gach sgùil,  
 Is dh-fhás mi toilichte le m’ staid.

## A N G E A M H I R A D II.

Nis theirig an samhradh,  
 ‘S tha ‘n geomhradh teachd dlù oirn,  
 Fior nàmhaid na chinneas,  
 Teachd a mbilleadh ar dùthcha ;  
 Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,  
 ‘S d’ a maise ga rùsgadh ;  
 Gun iochd ann ri dadum,  
 Ach a’ sladadh ‘s a’ plànnbruinn.

Sgoil oirne a sgiathan,  
 ‘S chuir e glorian alr a chùlthaobh ;  
 As an nead thug e ‘n t-àlach,  
 Neo-bhlàigheil ‘gar sgiùrsadh ;  
 Smeachd iteagach gle-geal,  
 O na speuran tigh’n dlù oirn,  
 Clacha meallain ‘s goth thuathach,  
 Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

‘N uair shéideas e anail,  
 Cha ‘n fhang anam am flùran ;  
 Tha bhilean mar shiosar,  
 Lomadh lios de gach ùr-ros ;

Cha bhi sgeadach air coille,  
 No doire nach rùsg e ;  
 No sruthan nach taclich e,  
 Fo leachdaman dù’-ghorm,

Fead reòta a chleibhe,  
 Tha seideadh na doinioinn,  
 Chuir beirm ann san fhaighe,  
 ‘S a dh’ àt’ garbh i na tonnan ;  
 ‘S a bhinnlich an clàmhuiu,  
 Air àirde gach monaidh,  
 ‘S ghlan sgùir e na reultan,  
 D’ ar pèile le’n solus.

Tha gach beathach a’s duine,  
 Nach d’ ullach ‘na sheasan,  
 Ga ‘n sgiùrsadh le gaillionu  
 Gun talla’ gun endach ;  
 ‘S an dream a bha gniomhach,  
 ‘Fas iargalt mi-dhùcireil ;  
 Nach toir iasad do leisgean,  
 Ann san t-sneachda ged éug e.

Tha ‘n seillein ‘s an seangan,  
 A bha tional an stòrais,  
 Le gliocas gun mhearachd,  
 A’ toirt aire do’n dùreinn ;  
 ‘G ithe bidh ‘s ag bì meala,  
 Gun ghanne air lòn ac,  
 Fo dhion ann sau talamh,  
 O anail an reòta.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,  
 ‘Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,  
 ‘S na gathanan gréine  
 Gu h-eibhinn a’ damhsa ;  
 Gun deasach ‘gun chùram,  
 Roi’ dhùlachd a gheamhraidh ;  
 A nise a’ dol b’s,  
 Ann ‘s gach àite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin’,  
 ‘S tuig an samhladh tha ‘m stòri’,  
 Tha ‘m bùs a tighin teamh ort,  
 Sud an geomhradh tha ‘m òran ;  
 ‘S ma gheibh e thu a’ d’ leisgein,  
 Gun deasach’ fa’ chòdhail,  
 Cha dean àithreachas eriche.  
 Do dhionadh o’n doruinn.

Gur mithich fàs diaghaidh,  
 ‘S do chiabhan air glasadh,  
 ‘Na ‘m bárnabh do dheudach,  
 Is t-eudann air casadh,  
 Do bhathais air rùsgadh,  
 ‘S do shùilean air prabadh,  
 Agus eròit ort air lùbadh,  
 Clum na h-uire do leabe’.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,  
 Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,  
 Gu mireagach bualteach,  
 Clis gluasadach tana ;  
 A nise air traoghadh  
 O'n t'aomachadh thairis,  
 O'n a ragach 'sa dh-fhuardach  
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,  
 Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,  
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,  
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga shéideadh  
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùil ud,  
 Air diùltadh dhut gleusadh ;  
 'S comhar cinnit' air a thasgaidh,  
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,  
 'S treoir mheadhon latha  
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,  
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidh ;  
 'S mu bha thusa diamhain,  
 Gun guiomh is gun mbaiteas ;  
 Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhùsgadh,  
 Mu'n dùinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,  
 'S tric leatha gun crioch i ;  
 Bidh an cleachadh fàs làidir,  
 Do-fhisach o'n innit ;  
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,  
 'S deimhinn leam 's fior e,  
 " An ear theid san t-seana-mhaidh"  
 Gur h-aimeach leis direadh."

Ach ògnaich threibhich  
 Thoir-s' c'isdeachd do m' bran,  
 'S leig dbiot bhi mi-chéillidh,  
 Ann an c'itéin na h-òige ;  
 Tha aois agus ea-slaint,  
 Air do dheigh ann an tòir ort ;  
 'S mu ni h-aon aca gréim ort,  
 Pillidh t-eibhneas gu bròn dut.

An aois a tha 'n tòir ort,  
 Bheir i leon ort nach snoil thu ;  
 Air do shuilean bheir ceatbach,  
 Is treabhaidh sì t-aodann ;  
 Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',  
 Is nenl uaine an aoig leis,  
 'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,  
 'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhioit.

Bheir ni's measa na sud ort,  
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain ;  
 Dith leirsinn a' t-innit ;  
 Dith cuinhu' agus g'cire ;

Dith gliocais chum gnothaich ;  
 Dith mothach a'd' cheudfath  
 'S gu'm fàs thu mar leanabh,  
 Dhì spionnaidh a's céille.

Fàsaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,  
 'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadhb,  
 Aon tagra' cha drùigh air,  
 'S cha lùb e d'a ionnsuidh ;  
 Ceart mar tha 'u talamh,  
 'N am gaillionn a's teannadachd ;  
 Ged robh miltean 'dol thairis,  
 Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,  
 'S dean ciall nath a tharruinn ;  
 'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,  
 Dean ruadhar 'san earrach ;  
 Dean connadh san t-samhradh,  
 Ni sa' gheamhradh do gharad,  
 'S ma dhùbreas tu 'n seasan,  
 Dhut 's eigin bhi fàlamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,  
 Ann an earrach na h-òige,  
 Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,  
 Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann ;  
 A dh-fhàsas 'na dhubbail,  
 'S 'na luidheannan feòlmhor ;  
 'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir th ,  
 Ma's subhaile no dù-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-òige gun riaghlaich,  
 'S t-anamiaman gun taod riu,  
 Gum fàs iad echo fiadhaich,  
 'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad ;  
 Am meangan nach suiomh thu,  
 Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e ;  
 Mar shineas e ghéangan,  
 Bidh fhreumhan a' sgùoireadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach  
 O'n teinn a bheir bàs ort,  
 Uime sin bì ri dicheall  
 Do shith dheanamh tràthail ;  
 'S e milleadh gach cuise  
 Bhi gun chùram cur dàil inn' ;  
 'S ionann aithbreachas criche,  
 'S bhi cur sìl mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna spenraibh  
 A' ruith réise gach latha ;  
 'S i 'giorrhach' do shaoghail,  
 Gach oidbehe a laidheas ;  
 'S dlù ruitheas an spàla,  
 Troi' shuathaibh do bheatha ;  
 Tha' fighe dhut leine,  
 Ni beisdean a chaitbeamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlù ort,  
Gun do dhùil bhi r'a thiginn ;  
'N sin fosglaidh do shùilean,  
'S chì thu chuis thar a mithieh ;  
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,  
Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe ;  
'S co-ionann a giùlan,  
'S laidhe ruisgt' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuireag 'ga dìeadh  
Le sionutaibh an nàduir,  
'S o na dhibhir i 'n seasan,  
Gur h-eigin d'i bàsach' ;  
Faic gliocas an t-seangan,  
Na thional cho tràthail,  
'S dean eiseimpleir leanail,  
Chum t-anam a shàbhal'.

## DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoith*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditional accounts of him and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1752. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

## LAOIDH MHIIC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Ti 's airde glòir,  
An Ti 's modha no gach neach ;  
Cruthear an t-saoghail gu lòir,  
Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn géill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhan 's na tb' ann,  
Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn ;  
'S chair thu iasg g'a altrum ann,  
'S thug thu eall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,  
Thogail fianuis air do ghloir ;  
Cha'n aithris mi a mile trian,  
De chruthachadh an Dia is mb.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,  
A riaghachadh gu ceart nan tràth ;  
Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,  
Foghar ma seach agus Màirt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,  
Tha 'n t-abbarsair fo d' smachd gu mòr :  
Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,  
Cumail a neart o theachd virnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' rìs,  
A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghloir ;  
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreachd nd gun luach,  
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le òr.

'S tu chuir am fradhare na cheann,  
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom ;  
Thug thu cluas gu éisteachd dha,  
'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonu.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,  
Chaidh lèigh nan gràs os a cheann ;  
'S de dh-aisinn bho thaobh do rinn  
A bhean, o'n do ghn gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n gàradh nan seud,  
Far an robh éibhneas a ghráidh ;  
Dh-ith bhean an sin a meas,  
'S dh-thuilig i 's a sliochd am bàs,

Cha robh a teasgairn aig neach,  
O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris ;  
'N trà ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,  
Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Righ nam feart,  
O nach b'aill leis teachd d'ar sgrios ;  
'Nuair chunnait e Adhamh na aire,  
Rinn e cumhant' nan gràs ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,  
Thug e suas mar iobairt fhluil ;  
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chron,  
M'ar eiontais-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,  
'S an t-sleagh sàite tro a chorpa ;  
Crùn geur na péine chuir mu cheann,  
Fhuair mac Dhé le nhimhde lot.

Crùn sgithich, an aite crùn rìgh,  
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhì-meas mòr ;  
Domblas agus fiou geur,  
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-bl.

Na tàirnean g'an cur an s's,  
Am bosaibh a lanh le òrd ;  
'S fuil a chridhe ruith á thaobh,  
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-èr.

'Nuair chaidh Criod gu péin a bhàis,  
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-slaugh ;  
Sgoilt brat an teampuill sios gu Eir,  
'S dhùisg na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Creathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,  
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal ;  
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin ;  
Dh-fhUILIG Criod am bas rë seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lie,  
Thug e buaidb, san uaigh cha d' fhau ;  
As a bhàis thug e gheur-ghuin,  
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smàil.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a tì,  
Criod le gràsan os ar ceann ;  
A' cur oifig sagairt an gniomh,  
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhé,  
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fior :  
Le miltibh mil' de dh' ainglibh trenn,  
Thoirt oirnne breith a ròir ar gniomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,  
Leis na h-ainglean 's àille smuagh ;  
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n àir,  
'S bheir e cùnnatas uath' an euan.

Limbhraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-fcín,  
'S cha bhi neach de'n tred air chall ;  
Nochdar iad nìl' am fiadhuis Dó,  
'S e Mhac fén is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,  
Mar sholus dealrach an dreach ;  
Thig Criod nan coinneamh le gean,  
'S bidh sith an comunn nam flath.

Ni thu 'n sin tearbadh air gach neach,  
'S dionaidh tu o'u fleirg na's leat,  
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,  
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhrait.

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chìi,  
Chum triall gu priosan a' bhròin ;  
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,  
Flath-Innis Dhé air an sròin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,  
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann ;  
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,  
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na hm.

'S iomadh sgàirteach, a's gul geur.  
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an cràidh ;  
Mallachadh a chíile gu lòir,  
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghràidh.

Sin là an dealachaiddh bhochd,  
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon riut ;  
G'an sgiursadh gu h-aineal an loisg,  
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' as.

An teach d'a mìleadh cuirear iad,  
Fo dhioghalas an Ard-Righ ;  
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri b's,  
Gu brith, cha tig iad a nios.

Fasaidh 'n enirp cho chruaidh ri prais,  
Mar iarunn an eas san lanh ;  
G'an eunail beo ann an sior phian,  
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach aon là mar bhlianna bhuan,  
An lagan loisgneach, cruaidh an sùs ;  
G'an ioldairt le teas a's foachd,\*  
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

\* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show :—

" 'S maig a roghnaicheas Ifinn fhuar,  
'S gur h-i namh nan droigheann geut,  
Is beag orm Ifinn fhuar, blàth,  
Aite bith-bhuan is scarbh deoch.' "

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhir Chaoine* give it this character :—

" I sin allaidh na fredine,  
Led' thigh-cheò as le t-anmh-bhàisdean  
A thir nam pian gun bhàidh gun bhàig,  
Dol ad dhàil be sud mo dhèisdean."

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,  
Falafhear na reultan's a ghrian ;  
Sgriosar an snoghal gu leir,  
'S neach cha téid an toll bho Dhia.

M' achanaich riuts', air sgith do mhic,  
Meadaich mo ghliocas le gràs ;  
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach cùis,  
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

## ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *Allt-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, “Lord Reay’s country,” and in the native tongue “*Dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh*,” or, “The country of the Mackay.” The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent; but his mother’s talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian’s poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fortitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by *crooning* a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim to that merit—“the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime.” The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that “he lisped in numbers.” Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country’s fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard’s father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter’s beef, the father says, “Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it.” The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, “*S ole a’ chuid sin do ‘u fhear a dh’ fhalbas!*” i. e. “He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!” “True, my boy,” said the father, “and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it.”

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in a short frock, or cassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it ; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity ; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza :—

“ 'S math dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,  
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,  
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobb,  
'S gun a dhùnadhbh agam fhéin !”

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stinted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse :—

“ Bi-sa dol a null 's a null,  
Gns a ruig thu grunnd na clais',  
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,  
Ach na tha ann a thoirt as.”

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr John Maekay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master ; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed ; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect,

and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—“*S trom leam an àiridh*,” &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the latter alternative; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependance, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend: those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr M'Donald of Achatriochadan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way; and giving a civil answer, Mr M'Donald added, "I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O! then, you must know Rob Donn!" "Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd." "Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." "You think so, do you?" The last answer did not please the inquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr M'Donald, pointing to Ben-Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, "Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you yourself been there?" "Indeed I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend!" retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so nigh?" M'Donald had caught a tartar. "I am far deceived," said he, "if thou be not thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for

saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "*The Cottar's Saturday Night.*"

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing, with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:—

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY

OF

ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,

OF DURNESS,

THE REAY GAELIC BARD.

THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,  
ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,  
AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS.

1829.

[*Second Side.*]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."

OBIIT 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SHLUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,  
NUAIR A DU-FHALBH THIU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN.

"Δέγεις ἐλώ γάρ εἰμι οὐ πορεύομαι τάδε  
Τρούς τὴν παρουσίαν τέξψιν, οὐδὲ εἴχεν πάλαι.

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET IUC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,  
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRESTANTES RURE PUELLAS;  
QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;  
QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;  
ET ACRITER VARIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS."\*

ÆTATIS 64.

\* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

## ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach  
 Dhuinn éiridh ann an sauntachas,  
 An tri-amh lath' air criochnachadh,  
 De dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;  
 Dean'maid comunн failteach riut,  
 Gu bruidhneach, gáreach, óranach,  
 Gu botalach, copach, stópanach,  
 Le cruit, le céil, 's le dánhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunн failteach  
 Ris an là thug thun an t-saoghail thu ;  
 Olamaid deoch-sláinte nis  
 An t-Seumas òig o 'n d' inntrig thu ;  
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rígh shuas,  
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair liobhraigeadh,  
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàéil,  
 Mar bha Daibhidh do chlainn Israël.

Tha cupall bhliadhnu' a's ràidhe,  
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so ;  
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin,  
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.  
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,  
 'S bha àrach ni a' sealbhach' oirnn,  
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,  
 Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,  
 Air puing nach còir a dhearmad ort,  
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa riòghail so,  
 Dhe 'n teaghlaich dhirich Albannach ;  
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,  
 Le ùrmuigh dhlu gun chealgaireachd,  
 Ar lònhan na 'm biodh feum orra,  
 Le toil 's le eud 's le carbalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,  
 Is aithnichear air ar dùracdh sinn,  
 Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,  
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiùbhartaich ;  
 Gur cal' an àm na h-eigin e,  
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air ;  
 Thug bùrr air chéud am buadhanan,  
 'S tha eridhe 'n t-sluaign air dlùthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear  
 An dualchas o 'n tainig e ;  
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumite ;  
 Gun bhoun do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,  
 Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,  
 Mar Shamson, treun an lònhan e,  
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,  
 Gur sgiath 's gur dion d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh fèin an spéis  
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhi 'g ùmhlagh dha ;  
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoilseach,  
 Auns an line an robsa stiùireadh leis ;  
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,  
 Ro Theàrlach thigh'n do 'n dùthach so,  
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud  
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlach Stiùbhairt,  
 Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,  
 Bu lionmhor againn cuirtearan,  
 A' caitheamh ghùn is chleocaichean ;  
 Tha m' athchuing ris an Tì sin,  
 Aig am beil gach ni ri òrduchadh.  
 Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,  
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

## ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bárd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàéilach le lagh na rioghachd ; agus muinntir a dhùthcha fein bhi uile air taobh righ Déorsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhé leinn, a dhaoine,  
 C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,  
 'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,  
 Fiù an aodaich a chleachd sibh ;  
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n éighe,  
 Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh a's osan,  
 Gu 'm beil caraid aig Teàrlach,  
 Ann am Pàrlamaid Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire ! 'Righ Déorsa,  
 'N ann a spòrs' air do dhilsean,  
 Deanamb achdachan úra,  
 Gu bhi dùblachadh 'n daorsa ;  
 Ach on 's balaich gun nails' iad,  
 'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,  
 'S bidh ni 's lugha g'a t-fheithreamh,  
 'N uair thig a leithid a risd oirnn.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid  
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,  
 'S iad a dh-éirich 'na t-aghaidh,  
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh ;  
 Oir tha caraid math cùil ac',  
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,  
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,  
 Fhuair iad pension 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robb oifigeach Gàëlach  
 Eadar *Serjent* a's *Cuirneil*,  
 Nach do chaill a *chomision*,  
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le foirneart ;  
 A' mhead 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,  
 Ged bu diomban r'a ôle,  
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadhun' air ath-philleadh,  
 Air son uinneagan *lèòsain*.

Cha robb bhliadhna na taic so,  
 Neach a sheasadh mar scoileir,  
 Gun *chomision* righ Breatainn,  
 Gu bhi 'n a Chaptein air onair ;  
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,  
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,  
 Ach an *sgíursaigeadh* dhachaidh,  
 Mar chù a dh-easbhuidh a *choilair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rireadh,  
 Ri bhur sior dhol am mugha,  
 Ged a bha sibh cho riogail,  
 Chaidh bhur cisean am modhad ;  
 'S math an airidh gu 'n faicte  
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,  
 Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan,  
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thrnaighe sin Albainn !  
 'S tür a dhearbh sibh bhur reuson,  
 Gur i'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,  
 'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh ;  
 Leugh an *Gobharment* sannt  
 Anns gach neach a thionndaibh ris téin dhibh,  
 'S thug iad baoight do bhur gionaich,  
 Gu'r cuir fo mhionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasannaich fáth oirbh,  
 Gus bhur fagail ni 's laige,  
 Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunnatadh,  
 'N ur luchd comb-strì ni 's fhaidé ;  
 Ach 'n uair a bhias sibh a dh-easbhuidh  
 Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-acuineanu sraide,  
 Gheibh sibh *scarsaigeadh* mionaich,  
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur truaighe,  
 Mar ni nach eulas a shamhail,  
 A' chuid a's feàrr de bhur seabhaig,  
 Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan ;  
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leigheann,  
 Pillibh 'n ðòghruinn s' na teamhair,  
 'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,  
 Mu'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,  
 Gus an lit anns do phill e,  
 'S ann bu mhath leam a chàirdean,  
 Sibh bhi 'n aircéanu na buidhne,

D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàëlach,  
 'S gu'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,  
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's an abhainn,  
 Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich öig Stiùbhaird,  
 Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,  
 Chaidh a chothachadh crùin dhut,  
 'S a leig an dithaich 'n a teine ;  
 Tha mar nathraichean folaithe,  
 A chaill an earradh an uraiddh,  
 Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,  
 Gu éiridi latha do thiginn.

'S ionadh neach a tha guidhe,  
 Ri do thiginn, a Thèarlaich,  
 Gus an éireadh na cuingean,  
 Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin ;  
 A tha cantainn 'n an eridhe,  
 Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,  
 "Làm do bheatha gu t-fhaicino,  
 A dh' ionnsuidh Bheatainn a's Eirinn."

'S ionadh òganach aimsichte,  
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,  
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,  
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair ;  
 Rachadh 'n euisibh mhic t-athar,  
 'S a chrùn, 's a chathair r' an tagradh,  
 'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,  
 A dhìoladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cuirte,  
 Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,  
 Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean,  
 Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuiibh ;  
 Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar  
 A thíid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,  
 'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghar  
 Is ruig nan gaothar r'a h-earball.

Ma's e 'm peacach a 's modha  
 'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh ;  
 Nach e Seumas an Seachdamb  
 Dhearbh bhi seasmhach 'n a inntinn ?  
 "C' nim' an diteadh sibh 'n onair,  
 Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd ?"  
 'S gur h-e dhùlùitheachd d' a chreideanh  
 A thug do choigrich an riaghachd.

Fhuair sinn rìgh á Hanobhar,  
 Sparradh oirnne le achd e,  
 Tha agaim priomnsa 'n a agaibh,  
 Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;  
 O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,  
 Gun chron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—  
 Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghaist  
 Au-taon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

## ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

AIR FONN—*Piobaireachd.*

*An t-àrlar.*

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar,  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar;  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar:  
Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Am bonnabh nam frith'  
'S i'n a h-aonar.

*An ceud Siubhal.*

Mhuire 's a Righ!  
A dhuine gun mhaoi,  
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,  
'S i so do thim;  
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Am bonnabh nam frith',  
'S i'n a h-aonar.  
Mhuire 's a Righ!  
A dhuine gun mhaoi,  
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,  
'S i so do thim;  
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,  
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
Am bonnabh nam frith',  
'S i'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh  
Nach 'eil gu math,  
Air fleasgach amh  
Bhi feadh a so,  
'N uair tha bean-taigh'  
Air Riordan nan Damb,  
Muigh aig a' chrodh,  
Gun duine mar-ri.  
Comharradh duibh  
Nach 'eil gu math,  
Air fleasgaich amh  
Bhi feadh a so,  
'N uair tha bean-taigh'  
Air Riordan nan Damb,

Muigh aig a' chrodh,  
'S i na h-aonar.  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

*An dara Siubhal.*

Seall sibh bean-taigh  
Air Riordan nan Damb,  
Muigh aig a' chrodh,  
Gun duine mar-ri;  
Seall sibh bean-taigh  
Air Riordan nan Damb,  
Muigh aig a chrodh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar.  
Seall sibh bean-taigh  
Air Riordan nan Damb,  
Muigh aig a' chrodh,  
Gun duine mar-ri;  
Seall sibh bean-taigh  
Air Riordan nan Damb,  
Muigh aig a chrodh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith  
Th' air son a' chluich',  
Do chinneadh math,  
Le meud a chruidh,  
Deanadh e ruith,  
Do Riordan nan Damb,  
Gheibh e bean-taigh,  
'S cuireadh e rith'.

Duine sam bith  
Th' air son a' chluich',  
Do chinneadh math,  
Le meud a chruidh,  
Deanadh e ruith,  
Do Riordan nan Damb,  
Gheibh e bean-taigh,  
'S i'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

*An Taobhluath.*

Nach faic sibh an oibseig  
Tha coslach ri glacadh,  
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachadh,  
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,  
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig  
Tha coslach ri glacadh,  
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachadh,  
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,  
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,  
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh  
Nan nithean bu taitneich'  
Dhaibh féin e bli aca,  
Bhi fulang a faicinn,  
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachadh,  
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,  
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,  
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuiddh  
Nan nithean bu taitneich'  
Dhaibh fóin e bhi aca,  
Bhi folang a faicinn,  
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadhb,  
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,  
Air acadh 'n a h-aonar.  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

*An Crunluath.*

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,  
An iomallan nam mullaichean,  
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,  
Na h-nile là 'n a h-aonar.  
Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,  
An iomallan nam mullaichean,  
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,  
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.  
Innisidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,  
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnean i,  
Gu'm beil i air a cumail  
As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,  
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,  
An iomallan nam mullaichean,  
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,  
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.  
Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,  
An iomallan nam mullaichean,  
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,  
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.  
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

*Note.*—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "Fàilte Phrìanns". To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag-pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edit. 1829.*

## PIOBAIREACHID BEAN AOIDH.

*Urlar.*

THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,  
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,  
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh  
Uain do dh-Aisir,  
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh  
'N agaibhdh na gaoith'

'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh  
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.  
'S follioseach a dh-fhalbh i,  
Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,  
Thoiliach i' bhi 'n a mnaoi,  
'N àiteachan fàsachail ;  
Chunna' mise mar bha i,  
Turraban an déigh Aoidh,  
'M bealach eadar dà bheinn,  
B' àill leo gu 'n tāmhadh iad.  
Chunnai mi rud eile rìs,  
Dh-innis domh nach robb sibh saor,  
H-uile h-aon de an nì,  
Sgaoilt' feadh nan àridhnean,  
'S chunnaic mi thu fón, Aoidh,  
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,  
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,  
'S dùilich dhuiibh 'sicheadhb.

*Siubhal.*

'S suarach an t-uidheam,  
Do ghrangach no nighin,  
Bhi pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,  
Is cǎb oirre ghìreachdaich.  
Triall thun na h-uighe,  
Gun ghnòthuch no gnidhe,  
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,  
Pàisteachan bà-bhuachaill.  
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,  
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,  
Théid mis air an t-slighe,  
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-àite  
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,  
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,  
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,  
B' theàrr gunn a chlàistinn.  
'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

*Crùnluth.*

Na càirdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,  
Chàirich iad iomadh fear roimh,  
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaithe,  
Ailleas nach b' fheàirde i,  
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhraighe,  
'S bhòidhach nach pilleadh i troigh,  
Chaoiadh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,  
Am b' àbhaist d'i fath fhaighinn.  
Dh-fhág i 'n t-aran a' bruich',  
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,  
Dh-àiceadh i comhairl 's am bith,  
'S mhàrsail i db-Aisir bhuainn.  
Mhùinntir a thachair a muigh,  
'S iad a thuair sealladh a' chluich,  
Anna 'n a ruith, teamadh o 'n taigh,  
'N déigh 'ille chràcanach.

Na càirdean bu dealaidh, &c.

## RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a cáradh le ceannachair, bha 'n a shian duine, agus a bhrist rointhe sin; chàrnach e an long so, te spruileach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri storm geanbraidh air tráigh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannachair pos'd' ri seann nighinn tacan ro'n àm sin, 's iad gun chlann. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mhabairch, seana cheannaich,  
Le seana chaireig, 's iad gun sliochd ;  
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chranachair,  
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.  
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic int',  
Air seana bhacan, ri seana taigh ;  
Leig an seana tobhá gun aon cheobhair,  
An seana eithear air seana chloich.  
Bha triùir ghaisgeach gun neach caisrig',  
Air dhroch eisteadh 'n an ead ruith,  
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach pàigh cuspunn,  
An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith'.  
'S mbr an éis e do fhear *pension*,  
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,  
Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùit Sime,  
Gun dùil sineadh ri deagh chluich.

## ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACHI.\*

FHEARAMH ùg' leis am miannach pòsadh,  
Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'g 'ur fágall trom ?  
Tha chuid a's diomhair' tha cur an lin dibh,  
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diubb a' ruigheachd fuinn.  
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',  
O 'm beil am *prise* a' dol air chail,  
Mar choirean làidir, cur maill' air phàrtidh,  
Tha barail chairdean, a's gradh gun bhona.  
  
Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,  
Gun bharail ionraill nach dean e tèrn ;  
Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,  
A ghuth d' a cluas, a's a dhreach d' a sùil.  
An sean gaoil cinnteach bha aig ar sinnis',  
Nach d'fhuair ceadimeachdair feadh na dìuthch',  
Nach glan a dhbearbhi, gu 'n deach a' mharbhadh,  
'N uair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,  
'S cha chan an fhírin nach 'eil e crois',  
Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,  
Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.  
An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,  
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e fèin 'g a chosg,  
'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,  
'G a deanamh déonach le toic, 's le trosg.

\* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

O'n tha 'n gaol act air f.s mar Fhaoilleach,  
Na bitheadh stri aguibh ri bhi pòsl',  
'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinnteach,  
Rè fad na h-aon oidhech' gu teacd an tò ;  
An tè a phairticheas riut a cairdeas,  
Ged tha i gràdh sud le cainnt a beòil,  
Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleagaich,  
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i rè do bheò.

Ach 's mbr an näire bhi 'g an sàrachadh,  
Oir tha páirt dhìubh de 'n inntinn stòlt',  
Mach o phàrانت agus chàirdean,  
Bhi milleadh ghràidh sin tha fas gu h-òg ;  
Mur toir i aiceadh do 'n fhear a' fearr leath',  
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beo,  
Ni h-athair fèргach, a beatha searbh dh'i,  
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsl'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu tróigeadh  
An flir a 'seusaich' a théid 'n a triall ;  
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e páigach,  
Ud ! milliadh pràcas na th' air a mbiann ;  
Tha 'n duine suairee, le barrachd stuamachd,  
A' call a bhuanachd ri té gun chiall ;  
'S fear eile 'g éiridh, gun stic ach líne,  
'S e cosnadh g'ill dh'i mu 'n stad e srian,

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,  
Och ! ciod a' bhuaidh air an beil a geall ?  
Nach mor an neònachas fear an dùchais so,  
Gun bhi enòdach ni 's modha bonn ;  
Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadhl,  
Le communn failteach, no aigneadh trom,  
'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,  
Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubb nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,  
Ma tha e närach, ma tha e mear ;  
Ma tha e samhach, ma tha e greannar,  
Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chron ;  
Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,  
Ma tha e còmhnard, ma tha e glan ;  
Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gniomhach,  
Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubb sin !

Ma tha e páigach, tha e gun n'ire,  
'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois ;  
Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora ;  
'S ma tha e failteach, tha e 'n a throsg ;  
Ma tha e gniomhach, their cuiid, " Cha 'n fhiach e,  
Tha 'm fear ud mòdhair, 's e sud a chron ;"  
'S ma tha e sailligeach ann an aiteachadh,  
" Cha bhi barr aig", is bi'dh e bochd."

Cò an t-aon shear air feadh an t-saoghal,  
A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e tèrn ;  
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,  
Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chul.

An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, aimmeil,  
Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun diù ;  
'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,  
Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille, 's clù,

Tba fear fós ann, a dh-aindeoin d'chais,  
A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;  
Na'm bioldh de chiall aig' na dh' aithnich riagh, Gu 'n do dh-éiriche grian anns an airdé 'n ear ;  
Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n euanan, Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal ;  
Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,  
'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

## A M B R U A D A R.

AIR FONN.—“Latha siubhal slíbhe dhomh.”

CHUNNA' mise bruadar,  
Fhir nach cuala, thig a's cluinn ;  
Ma's breisleach e, cur easg air ;  
'S ma tha neart ann, bi' g a sheinn ;  
Na m' b' thior dhombh féin gu 'm faca mi,  
Am Freasdail, 's e air beinn ;  
Gach nì a's neach 'n a amharc,  
Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,  
A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn ;  
'S na 'm b' fhior dhombh, gu'n robb mòran diubh,  
A b' eòl domh rì molinn ;  
Ach cò a bha air thòis dhliubh,  
Ach na daoine pòs'd air sreing,—  
'S a' cheud fhearr a thairt facal diubh,  
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidih ris.—  
“ 'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,  
N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,  
Nach obadh enaumhan riùm ;  
'S e's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,  
An uair is paitle rùm,  
Gu cealgach, teargach, droch-mheinneach,  
'S an droch-nair, teann a null.' ”

“ Their i'ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,  
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sròin,  
Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,  
'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,—  
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm e sud,  
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd',  
O ! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaigh e,  
B' e' fein am fleasgach còir.

“ Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,  
Gach truaighe thug mo shòr ;  
Their i, sgeigel, beumach, riùm,  
Gur re mhath dh-éisdinn sgeul ;  
Is thein i ris na labhras mi,  
Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fhearr ;  
Aon ghniombh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,  
Nach di-mol i le 'beul.”

Thuirt ise :—“ Gu 'm b' endach sùd,

‘S gu 'n robb e breugach, meallt,’

Is thug i air mar b' ábhaist d'i,

Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drannad ;

“ Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, cùtidh ;

Ach o 'n 's éigin d'i bhi ann,

O ! ciod e 'n t-aite 'n cùra dh'i

Bhi fas, na air a' cheann.”

Thubhairt fear de 'n Mireamh ud,

Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,

“ A Fhreasdail, riùm thu fàbhor riùm,

Am pairt 'nuair thug thu clann ;

Ged thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhaibh,

Nach dean gach dàrna b-àm,

Ach b-uile gniomh a's tarsuinne,

Mar 'thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann.”

Fhreagair Freasdail reusonta,—

“ 'S e's feumail dhut bhi stuaim',

'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,

Is tu 'na t-éigin chruaidh;

Mu 'n do chumadh léine dhut,

Bha 'n cùile sin riut fuaight',

Is ciod iad nis na fàthan,

Air am b' aill leat a cur bhuat ?”

“ Nach bochd dhombh, 'nuair thig strainsearan,

Bhios eòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,

'Nuair 's math leam a bhi fiaalaidh riuth',

'S ann bhios i fiata ruimh'

'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirtiel leath',

'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,

'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n am bbreugadair,

Ag rádh gu 'm heil i tinn,

“ Cha tàmh i 'm baile dithribh leam,

Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,

An t-aite mosach, fàsachail,

Am bell an cràbhadh gann ;

'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,

Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—

'An t-aite dona, tìbħurnach,

Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann.' ”

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdail ris,—

“ 'S e thig do 'n neach ni chóir ;

A bhi mi 's dlùith' r' a dhleasannas,

Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,  
Na pheacach thu gu h-lg ;  
Cha 'n fhearr gun chamaidh crannchair thu,  
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-choumhdl's beo.

" Cha 'u fhac thu fóin o rugadh tu,  
Aon cheuin de m' obair-s' fiar,  
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,  
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall :  
Cia h-iomadh tric gu beartas,  
Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,  
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aismh dhiot,  
A chum air ais sud riabh.

" Aidich féin an fhírinn,  
Agus ehi thu 'n sin mar bha,  
A' mheadh 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',  
Gus an caoch'leadh i ni b' fearr ;  
Dli-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,  
Is eulsaint agus slaint',  
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,  
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas,

" Nuair a dh' fheunch mi bochdain dh'i,  
'S ann ortsach chuir i 'm fát ;  
'S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i  
Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri cæch ;  
Le h-eulsaint' nuair a bhun mi rith',  
S ann frionsach a dh-fhas ;  
An t-slainte bhuan cha 'n aidich i,  
'S cha chreid i bhuan am bàs."

Cò sin a chite tighinn,  
Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,  
Ach duine bha cruaidh chasad  
Air a' mhnaoi bu ghasd' a bh' ann ;  
'S e'g radh :—" Nuair théid mi 'n taice rith',  
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,  
'S nuair their mi chainnt a' s dealaidh rith',  
Gu 'n euir i cár 'n a ceann,

" Gur h-e trian mo dhitidh oirr',  
Nach bi i faoilidh rium ;  
Ni i sgeig a's cnaid orm,  
Gun ghair' a' tigh'nn a còm ;  
'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,  
Bidh 'caimnt 's a h-aogas trom,  
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirmeil,  
Gheibh sinn ól, a's cuirm, a's fonn.

" A Fhreasail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,  
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,  
'S gu 'm b' eol dnt gu 'n robh m' aimsir,  
Is mo mbeannadh air an claoiadh ;  
B' fhurasd' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,  
Mo riarachadh le mnaoi  
Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,  
'S nach iarradh fear a chaoiadh."

" Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh  
Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g rádh,  
Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,  
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut ráidh ;  
An t-de 'n nadur neà'nach ud,  
'S nach toireadh pòg gu bráth,  
Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n ólar leath',  
'S cha dheònaich i do chéile."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,  
'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,  
Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,  
Ag sgaileadh mach mu 'n enaist ;  
S na h-uile bean bha pùsda sin,  
A' dol 'n an dùnaibh suas,  
Ach 's aon tè as an thicheadh dhiubh,  
Bha buidheach leis na thuair.

Labbair aon bean iunnusicht' dhiubh,  
Bu mhodha rùm na cæch :—  
" Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,  
Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi ni 's sathaich' ;  
Ach gu m' flagail trom, neo-shunnadach,  
Cha 'n eil domh pung a's dàch',  
Na gealantas mo thùileachadh,  
Gun choimhlinnadh gu bráth.

" An duine sin tha mar rium,  
Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,  
Dhearrbhainn fóin air 'thiacail,  
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhlùlt ;  
Bidh mòran diubh mi-reusonta,  
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunnd,  
Tha dùil ac' gu 'n għluais mireag riuth',  
Au spiorad nach 'eil auit".

" 'S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,  
Sior ábhaist nam fear pòsd',  
Their gu ladarn dàna,  
Nach do thoirmisg aithne p'g ;  
Cia mòr an diùbheas beusan  
Th' eadar eucoir agus coir,  
Cha 'n eil domh aite-seasaimh,  
Gun a chos air aon diubh dhù."

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,  
Ni i bhachdach gu leòir,  
Is shaol mi gu 'm bu reuson e,  
O' tigeadh eudach mòr ;  
Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,  
'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,  
'S bha fior dhroch bheachd aig cend deth,  
'S a bhean fén 'g a chur an spùrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',  
A bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,  
A' mheadh 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,  
'S do chomunn gearrta greann' ;

Bha na ceadan pears' an sud,  
 'N an seasamh ann an rànc,  
 'S bha casaidhean aig mòran diubh,  
 Ma 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

## AN DUINE SANNTACH

AGUS AN SAOGHAL, A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

## AN DUINE.

'S mi-chomhairneach thusa, Shaoghal,  
 'S b' abhaist dhut,  
 'S ole a leanadh tu ri daoinie  
   A leanadh riut;  
 Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,  
   Leis a' ghlut;  
 'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann fèin d'i,  
   'S es' a thuit.

## AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,  
 'S b' abhaist duibh,  
 'S ole a leanadh sibh ri saoghal  
   A leaoadh ribb;  
 Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaibh,  
   'S air gach taobh,  
 Mas sibh fèin tha gabhal teichidh,  
   Soraidh leibh !

## AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghal,  
 Bhithinn dha do réir,  
 Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam  
   Fo na ghréin;  
 C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn  
   Mi gu péim,  
 'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho prìseil dhomh  
   Riut fèin.

## AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu chòir dhut bhi cur t-eòlais  
   Ni bu deis',  
 Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas  
   Ni bu treis',  
 Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh àrach  
   Ri ear greis,  
 'N uair a thogras e fèin m' fhagnil,  
   Leigeam leis.

## ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

## LUINNEAG.

*Binn sin uair-eigin,*  
*Searbh sin òg,*  
*Binn sin uair-eigin,*  
*Searbh sin òg i*  
*Binn sinuair-eigin,*  
*'N comunn so dh' fhuaireach,*  
*Air an robb earball glé dhuaineil,*  
*Ge bu ghuanch a shòn.*

A' BHLIADHNA NA CALUINN-S',  
 Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an teud,  
 Bh' edar Dòmhnull 's am Morair,  
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol ;  
 Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,  
 Chaidh e feargach oirn seachad an dé ;  
 'S cò a 's dècha bhi coireach,  
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas am baile leis fèin ?  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,  
 Bhliadhna ghabh Sine Ghòrdon an t-ät,  
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann  
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat ;  
 Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,  
 Bhi cho laidir ri tulchann a' gheat',  
 Shliobh na bonna-chasan reamhar  
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhnuin gun taic !  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa ioghnaidh  
 As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,  
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bliosgach,  
 Aig am faite 'n dà iosgaid air chrith ;  
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,  
 Chuireadh near a dha shliéisd' an an sith,  
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,  
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's an bith ?  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdail  
 Toirt nau cendan de *leasanan* duinn,  
 Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,  
 Gu 'm biodbh eile air an teagast r' an linn ;  
 Ach ma thuitas fear aithghearr,  
 Le bhi scalltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,  
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,  
 Co a 's eiontaich' an leac no na buinn.  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

Tha mise fèin ann an eagal,  
 'G iarraidh fisaiich no eag do mo shàil,  
 Is mi falbh air an leacach,  
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seanslach an sàr ;

Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,  
Mo gharbh-chaimhean uile bhi slán,—  
Óir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,  
Cha'n eil hírd' aig mo smidgeid o'n làr.  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

An duin' ig s' tha'n a léigh,  
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á'dheigh,  
Fhuair e leasan o dhithis,  
Chum gu'n siubhladh e suidhicht 'n a cheum;  
Ach mu'n chùis tha d' a leantuinn,  
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni's léir;  
Ach na'm biadh brìgh na mo chombairf,  
So an t-lám am beil Sombairl' 'n a feum.  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,  
Faoidh déireadh do lathach's' bhi searbh,  
Ged tha'n aimsir-s' cho sitheil,  
'S nach'eil guth riut mu phbris air an tárbh;  
Chaidh luchd-fabhoir a bhrieadh,  
Na bha'n dreuchd eadar Ruspuinn's am Pàrbh;  
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,  
Gheibh e ceud mile mallachd 's an fhàlbh.\*  
*Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.*

*Note.—Dr Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "Is sleamhuna an leac a th'ag dorus an taigh' mhòr."*

## M A R B H R A N N.

[Do dhithis mhiniestar ro aiméil 'nan dithaich, Mr Iain Munro, Ministeir Sgìre Eadarachaoais, agus Mr Dòmhnull Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, sgìre Fair.]

AIR FONN—"Oran na h-aoise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bháis,  
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,  
Gur teachdar' tha laidir, treum, thu;  
An cogadh no'm blàr,  
Cha toirear do shàr,  
Aon duine cha tár do thréigsinn;  
Thug thu an dràsd  
Dhuinn buille no dhà,  
Chuir eaglaisean bànn, a's foghlum;  
Is' s furasdh dhomh ràdh,  
Gur goirid do dhàil,  
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,  
Mu'n dithis so dh-fàlbh,  
'S nuair ruith thu air lòrg a chéil' iad;  
C' uime nach d' fhág thu

\* " Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end " John, *Fan. Hum. Wishes.*

Bhuidhean a'b' hirde,  
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail;  
A bhruidhean a'b' fhearr  
A' tighinn o'm beul,  
'S an cridheachan làn de reuson;  
Chaidh gibhteachan gráis  
A mheasgadh 'u an gnáths,  
'S bha'n cneasdachd a' fás d'a réir sin.

Dithis bha'n geall  
Air gearradh á bonn,  
Gach ain-iocdh, gach feall, 's gach eucoir;  
Dà sholus a dh-fhalbh  
A earrannan garbh',  
Dh-fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d'a réir sin;  
Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,  
Gu'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,  
Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;  
Mar ris gach aon ni,  
Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,  
Chaidh 'n gearradh á tim an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,  
Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,  
Do phobull fhuair àm g' an cùsdeachd;  
Dithis, bha'm bàs  
'N a bhriseadh do chàch,  
Gidheadh gu'm b' e'm fàbhor fèin e;  
Chà ladurn gu dearbh,  
Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,  
Gu'n d' fheareagair an earbs' gu léir iad;  
A dh' aindeoin an aoig,  
B' e'n cairide gaoil,  
'Nuair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a innis'  
Mu dhéighinn na dith's,  
A's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;  
Feudaidh mi ràdh,  
Cia teumach am bàs,  
Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn,  
Ged thug e le tinn,  
An corps do'n chill,  
Bhidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an dèagh orr';  
Is iomadh beul cinn,  
Ag aithris 's gach linn,  
Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,  
Tug' maid an t-stràichd-s',  
Is cleachdamaid trà air reuson;  
Nach faic sibh o'n bha,  
An lathachan s' gèarr,  
Gu'n ruith iad ni b' fhe'rr an réis ud;  
'S mac-samhail dhuinn iad,  
Ged nach'eil sinn cho àrd,

Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant ;  
 Na carb'maid gu bràth,  
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-àit-s'  
 Mur lean sinn ri páirt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir  
 Gach neach a tha beò,  
 'G an glacadh an eòir no 'n eucoir ;  
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,  
 Cha reic e air òir,  
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n èisd e.  
 Chi mi gur fiù  
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,  
 Gu fear th' ann an clàud mar òideadh ;  
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,  
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,  
 Aon mhionaid de dhùin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,  
 Cha rachadh cho luath,  
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uaimh an érig ;  
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's  
 Iad as an aon mhios,  
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le sendan :  
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhùn'  
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,  
 Buailidh tu stàithb' s déirean ;  
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,  
 Air t' ais a ris,  
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn  
 A mach bho na bbroinn,  
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;  
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,  
 Dol an coinneamh an òig,  
 Mu 'm feadar am pòsadh éigheachd.  
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,  
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,  
 Ma 's cleachdadh dhuinn eòir no eucoir ;  
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,  
 Is anail 'n ar sròn,  
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na fèich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,  
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,  
 'S le fradhrae ar cinn cha lòir e ;  
 Ach tha glaodh aig 'cho cràidh,  
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,  
 A chluimintinn le clasan reusoin.  
 Nach deare sibh a chùl,  
 Is fear aig' fo iùil,  
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;  
 An diugh ciod am fath,  
 Nach bidh'maid air gheàrd,  
 'S gu 'n bhui'n e ar nàbuidh 'n dé bhuainn.

A chumhachd a tha  
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,  
 Gun teaganbh nach phighear 'fheich dha ;  
 Tha misneachd a's bonn  
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,  
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha,  
 Oir 's athair do chlann  
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,  
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bbaanraich fèin e ;  
 'S e'n Cruitear a th' ann,  
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,  
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

### M A R B H R A N N,

DO MHAIGHSTIR MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNUIL,  
 MINISTEAR SGIRE DHIURRINNIS  
 AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,  
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhòrachadh,  
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbharran,  
 Labhraidd balbhachd ri cùill.  
 Na 'm biadh a' Chriosdaidheachd ionlan,  
 Cha rachadh di-chuimh' air t-iomradh,  
 No do ghniomharan ionlaid,  
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu léir ;  
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'u am mheannmadh,  
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leamhluinn,  
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' thalbh thu,  
 'S lugh'd a luig air do dhéigh ;—  
 Bheir cuid *leasanan* buadhach,  
 O bbruaich fasanan t-uaghach,  
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,  
 As na chual iad bhuat fèin.

Fior mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,  
 No stad gealtach le gábhadh,  
 Bhrigh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,  
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :  
 Ach na 'm biadh comain no stà dhùt,  
 Ann a t-alladh chur os àird dut,  
 Co ach mis' do 'n bu chlara,  
 'S eo a b' fheàrr na thu thoill ?  
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhàg sinn,  
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,  
 'S còir bhi 'g aithris am phàritean,  
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhóill ;  
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,  
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh nàdair,  
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhág iad,  
 Is comb-stri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhteann-sa làdir,  
 Air am measgadh le gràsan,  
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,  
 Lom-lan de na chéill ;

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,  
 An toil a b' èasgaidh gu matheadh,  
 'S na h-uile h-aigneadh cho fhathail,  
 Fad do bheatha gu lèir.  
 Bhiodh do chomhairf' an còmhnuidh,  
 Le do chobhair's do chòmhnuadh,  
 Do luchd-gabhair na clàrach,  
 Réir's mar sheoladh tu fèin ;  
 Dineanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,  
 Is an t-aineolach eòlach—  
 'S b' e fior shonas do bheòshlaint,  
 Bhi tabhairt còrr dhaibh de lìars'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,  
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',  
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,  
 Mar chloich, ri enoireach, cruaidh ;  
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoineach,  
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saoithreach,  
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tìmeil,  
 'S erioch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath ;  
 Tha e 'n u ladarnas gäbhaidh,  
 Eili le h-eagal ag àicheadh,  
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Righ,  
 Ni an àird na chaidh uainn ;  
 Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's a's ioghnadh,  
 No'n ni a's fàisge do mhiorbhuil,  
 Am bàrn so th' agaunn a bionadh,  
 Gu blas mianach an t-sluagh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,  
 Mu nu thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,  
 'S mu na ehlù sin a thoill thu,  
 O 'n lài chaill sinn thu fèin ;  
 Ach mòran tartar is stroighlich,  
 Air son fèich, a-us oighreachd,  
 Fagaidh beartaich mur *fhine* e,  
 Air an cloinn as an déigh ;  
 'S e ni a's minig a chi mi,  
 Dh'aindeoin diombunachd tìme,  
 Gu'm beil giontaich nan daoine,  
 Tarruinn claoadh 'n an eòil ;  
 Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no motion,  
 Annas na freasdail so dhomhsa,  
 Nach tois leasan 'n am chòdhail,  
 Le seann nòt bho do bheul.

Toigbeach, faicilleach, fiamhach,  
 Smuainteach, facalach, gniomhach,  
 Ann do gnothachailbh diomhair,  
 Gun bhi diomhain aon uair ;  
 Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,  
 Air son sonas nan daoine ;  
 'S cha b' e truaillidhreachd shaoghalt  
 No aon ni chur suas,  
 'Nuair tha nitheana taitneach,  
 Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaidh,  
 B' e chùis pharmaid fear t-phasain,  
 'S cha b' e beartas a's uailis',

A' dol o' n bheatha bu sheirbhe,  
 Tre na cathan bn ghairbhe,  
 Dh-ionnsuidh Flaitheas na tairlhe,  
 Gu buan shealbhachadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgaireachd chràbaidh,  
 Air a dearbhadh gu gäbhaidh,  
 Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a clàistinn,  
 Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh ;  
 Nuair a thuit thu le làs bhuan,  
 Mar gu'm briseadh iad bràighdean,  
 Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' ábhaist,  
 A bhi an nàdair an t-sluagh ;  
 Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Righ,  
 Gu bhi gabhair nam páirtean,  
 Anns na chruthaich e gràsan.  
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;  
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fiasach,  
 Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,  
 So a' bharail th' aig páirt diubh,  
 Tric 'g a ràtainn air t-uaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,  
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,  
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh a's cha chualas,  
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach chruinn ;  
 Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,  
 Bha do mheas air gach talann,  
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dàna,  
 'S am fear e dheanadh na rann ;  
 Chuid a b' àird 's a' bhuidh sin,  
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o' n uair sin,  
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,  
 Tha mu 'n cuairt dninn a' seinn ;  
 'Nuair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'.  
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—  
 Cailleach-oidhch' agus striamach,  
 An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',  
 Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,  
 Tigh'nu air nitheanan talmhaidh,  
 Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur ;  
 Ach 'n uair thogar o' n lùr iad,  
 Gus na nithibh a's àirde,  
 Sann a chluinneas tu páirt diubh,  
 Mar na páisdean gun chéill ;  
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianuibh-s',  
 Le do ghlibhteann bha fialaidh,  
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma's fior dhomh.  
 An aon neach riamh ach thu fein,—  
 Cail gach cuideachd a lìonadh,  
 Leis na theireadh tu diomhan,  
 'S críoich do sheanchais gun fhiaradh,  
 Tighinn gu diadhaidhreachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgoileadh  
 Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine,

'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,  
 'S tu nach faodadh bhi páidh';  
 Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an iomchaim,  
 Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timcheall,  
 Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,  
 Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bas.  
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,  
 Thaobh nan eiontan a rinn sinn,—  
 Bhi sior ghearradh ar goibhleán,  
 'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fás;  
 Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,  
 Co ni 'n airde na chaill sinn,  
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,  
 Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-àit.

## CUMHA DO MIIR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an déigh báis an duin' uasail sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fior Gàelic suaire ionnsaichte, Mr Padruig Mac-Dòmhnuill, ministear Sgire' Chille-moire an Barragháil, air dha thigheann do 'n dùthach, agus a bhi aig, am airdiùch au cuideachd a' bhàird.]

## CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,  
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,  
 'N ceann na bliadhna,  
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,  
 A' Mhaighstir Murchadh,  
 'S tu air m' fhágail,  
 'S mairg nach d' fhàir sinn,  
 Linn no dhà dhioit.

CHRIDHE na fóile,  
 A bhéil na tàbhachd,  
 Cheann na céille,  
 'S an fhoghluim chribhaidh,  
 Láimh gun ghanntair  
 An am dhut paigheadh,  
 An nachdar a' bhùird,  
 A ghnúis na filte,  
 'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,  
 Mar aon ann am fásach,  
 'S ni gun fhéum dhonib,  
 Aobhar ghàire,  
 Cuims' ann an cainint,  
 Ann an rann no dianachd,  
 Chiunn's nach 'eil thu ann  
 G' an clàistinn.  
 'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,  
 O chioslaich am bàs thu,  
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,  
 Air eall, no air cràbhadh;  
 Thionndaidh na biastan  
 Gu riastadh gràineil,  
 Leo-san leig Dia,  
 Sriam o 'n Ei sin,  
 'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn  
 Fa choir do bhàis-sa,  
 Ach ghabh iad sgios,  
 Ann am mios no dhà dheth;  
 Cha 'n 'eil mis' may iadsan,  
 Riaraicht' cho trà dheth,—  
 Au ceann na bliadhna,  
 'S cianail a tha mi,  
 'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlaich,  
 'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhág thu,  
 'S caomh leam na fuinn,  
 Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhàrdaich;  
 'S caomh leam bhi 'g tirachadh  
 Chliù nach tug b's dhioit;  
 'S caomh leam an tìr th'air do thaobh,  
 Dheth na Bhàghan!  
 'N cianail, &c.

## ORAN A' GHEAMHRайдIL.

AIR FONN—"Through the wood, laddie."

Moch 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,  
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,  
 Ann an lag an beag monaibh,  
 Ri mòdainn ro dhoiniid,  
 'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,  
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,  
 Is ann pigidh ag éigheach  
 Ris na spenraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bithidh am beithe cròn, crotach,  
 Sior stopadh o 'fhàs;  
 Mar ri gaoth gharbh shéididin,  
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,  
 Cròcan barraich a' gélleadh,  
 Mios éigeanach nu hil;  
 A' mhios chneatanach, fhuaichdaidh,  
 Choiimbeach, ghuamach, gun flàths',

Bidh gach doire dubh uaigneach,  
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhliath ;  
 Bithidh an smodbachd a' traoghadh,  
 Gus an fhreumh as na shin e,  
 Crupaidh chaitt ris gu dionach,  
 Gus an erion i gu lár ;  
 'N ion-dubh anns a' mhadainn,  
 Sior sgeadail chion bláiths.

Mhios dheitheasach, chaoile,  
 Choisimheach, ghaothach, gun bhliaths',  
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,  
 Annas gach badan bu dualachd',  
 Dhùirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,  
 Air chruthach nam beann árd',  
 'S an àm teichidh na gréine,  
 Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhliaths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreamhach,  
 Chianail, chaimeanach, ghearrt',  
 'S i gu clachanach, currach,  
 Chruidheteach, sceapanach, phuinneach,  
 Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, thrasach,  
 Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr ;  
 'S e nu chaoirnéinean cràidhneach,  
 Fad na h-oidhche air an làr.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,  
 An ceap nam mòr chruthach 'nam beann ;  
 Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neònach,  
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach goineach,  
 Spioladh iomall an oatraich,  
 Cur a shùin anns an dùm ;  
 Còmhradh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,  
 Le bròn a's sgeadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,  
 Cha bhi an aearas gann ;  
 Ni iad còmhnuidh 's gaebe callaidh,  
 Buileach annbhunn a's callaidh,  
 Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballabh,  
 Mios chur deinionn nan gleann,  
 'S iad a' beucail gu tòrmneach,  
 'S cha bhi 'n eirbheit ach mall.

Ach nach daochail 's a' gheamhradh,  
 Fann ghéim gamhna chion feàir,  
 Guàgach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,  
 Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àrsaidh,  
 Biorach, sgreannanach, fuachdaidh,  
 Siltean fuaraidh r' a shròn,  
 'S e gu sgrog-laghach gágach,  
 Fulang saracit' an reòt.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threisead,  
 'G iarradh fasgaidh 's a' choill,  
 Bidh na h-ùrlaichean cabrach,  
 Gnùsdach, airtnealach, lag,

Gabhair geilt dheth na mhadainn,  
 Le guth a' chneatain 'n an ceann,  
 Is na h-aighean fo enslaimh,  
 Air son gun thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,  
 Is bu shalaiche seinn,  
 Ghabhadh m' inntinn riambh eagal,  
 Roimh bhur sgeadail 's a' mhadainn,  
 'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,  
 'S an euid fodair 'g a roinn,  
 'S iad 'n am baideinibh binniceach,  
 Gu h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tiunn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhior uisg',  
 Fluch, slaod-earballach, fuar,  
 'S e gu tiarr-ghlogach, ronnanach,  
 Chlámhach, ghearr-bhallaich, lannach,  
 Soills na meirg' air 'n a earradh,  
 Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,  
 'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,  
 Dol le buinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,  
 Dhubhrach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhliaths,  
 Ghuineach, ana-bhliochdach, thuachdaidh,  
 Shruthach, steallanach fhuaimneach,  
 Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,  
 Gun dad measaich ach cál,  
 Bithidh gach deat, a's gach miseach,  
 Glacadh aogais a' bháis.

*Note.*—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of M'Donald's "Ode to Summer."—"We are inclined to think that on a journey the poet made to the Isle of Skye, he might have heard M'Donald's "Summer Song" and composed this in imitation of it."—*Memoir to Edit. 1829.*

#### 'S TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean òg ro chluíteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaol ; bha e fada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diùltadh no 'g a gabhair ; ach turas a thug e chun na h-àridh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dhèarc e oirre an cuideachd an t-saoir bháin, d' am b' ainm Iain Mòraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur eil ris féin. Phòs i an saor bân an déigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluáigh—nach robh i riambh tolliche gu 'n chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn ; agus cha mho a dhéarth an saor bân e fèin 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S trom leam an airidh,  
 'S a ghàir so a th'innit',  
 Gu'n a phairt sin a b'abbhaist,  
 Bhi 'n dràs air mo chinne ;

Anna chaol-inhalach, chioch-chorrach,  
Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,  
'S Iseabail a bheoil mhilis ;  
Mharanaich, bhinn.  
Heich ! mar a bhà  
Air mo chinn ;  
'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,  
'S gu'n sta dhomh bhi 'g innis'.  
Heich ! &c.

Shiubhail mis' a bhuaill' ;  
Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,  
'S gach àit' anns am b'abhaist,  
Bhi tìathladh mo ghaoil,  
Chuanna 'mí'm fear bàn,  
A's e màran r'a mhànoi  
'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn  
An tra ud na ghaoith,  
'S e mar a bha,  
Air mo chinn,  
A dh' fhag air bheag tòth mi  
Ge nàr e ri sheinn.  
'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,  
Na'm b'eol dut mo nì,  
'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi páidh',  
Thug a mhànu bhuaum mo chì :  
Tha e dhomh ás t-fhianais  
Cho ghniomhach, 's trà chi.  
Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,  
'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chì.  
Air gach trà  
'S mi ann an strì,  
'Feuchainn ri àicheadh,  
'S e fas riùm mar chraoibh.  
Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-ailleasach,  
Fàiteagach riùm :—  
" Cha tòr thu bhi làmh riùm,  
Gu càradh mo chinn :  
Bha siathmar ga m' iarraidh,  
Car bliadhna de thim ;  
'S cha b' airidh thar cùch thu  
Thoirt barr os an cinn,  
Hà ! hà ! hè !  
An d' fhì's thu gu tinn  
Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs ort  
Gu'm páidh thu ga chinn !  
Ha ! &c.

Ach eia mar bheirinn fuath dhut  
Ged' dh-thuarach thu riùm ?  
'Nuair a's feargach mo sheannachas,  
Ma t-aïnn air do chùl,  
Thig t-iomhaigh le h-aunsachd  
Mar shamlaidh na m' uidh,

As saoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,  
Nach caochail a chaoidh,  
'S théid air a rádh,  
Gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,  
'S fasaidh e 'u tra sin,  
Cho airde ri tòr !  
'S théid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,  
Bhuam leis an t-saor,  
Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh  
Le bruadairean gaoil,  
Gu'n an eàrdeas a bha sid  
Cha tòr mi bhi saor.  
Ga mo bhàrnaigeadh laimh riut  
'S e ghnà dhomh mar mbaor.  
Ach ma thà  
Mi ga do dhi,  
B'fheairde mi pàg bhuaat  
Mas fagadh tu 'n tir.  
Ach ma tha, &c.

## AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

THA Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear  
Ro dhàu' ann an cainnt,  
An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Sior chur an eáill,  
Gu robh é-san fo stain.\*  
An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Ach 'nuair théid an t-èsd,  
Mu 'n bhòrd ann an raneaibh,  
Olaidh e gu cùirdeach,  
Deoch-slàinte na baintighearn,  
Bidh h-uile fear do chàch,  
Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dba,  
An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,  
'S e 'n clù ort a fhuaire mi,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Mar gu'm bu bhan-dé thu,  
Gu 'n géilleadh an sluagh dhut,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòsd,  
A chuid mhòr bhasa luaidh riut,  
Gus na shùn an ceòl,  
Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,  
Ach chreid mi h-uile dramd dheth,  
'S an dànn 'nuair a ghluais thu,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

\* E bhi cheana pòsd'.

Shuidh mi ann an cùil,  
Mar gu'n dùisgeadh á *trans* mi,  
A ribhinn : luinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Is dh'amhaireadh an triùir ud,  
Le'n sùilean, 's le saunt ort,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Do réir mar a dh-fhaodairns'  
A b-aodann a rannsachadh,  
Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh,  
Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich ;  
Tha aoibhneas air Deòrsa.  
Mu'n bhrùn bh' air a' Ghrannach,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Cha'n eil a h-aon,  
'S a' *Bhatáillean* d' an eòl thu,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Nach eil ort a bruadar,  
Mas fuasgailt no pòsda,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Gus an ruig e Tearlach,  
Am maisdear a b' ìige ;  
Ged bu chrnaidh 'ainm  
Ann an armait righ Deòrsa,  
Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,  
Le gaol fa do chóir-sa,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,  
Cha'n fhaodar leis fhuadach,  
A ribhinn : luinn, éibhinn, òg.  
'S ann is eruaidh a' chàs,  
Gus am páidhean a dhuis dha,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Fuilligidh mi stùl,  
No fuilligidh mi elnas dhiom,  
Ma tha aon de'n triùir ud,  
As tric thasa loidh' riut,  
Cho tinn le do ghaol,  
Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,\*  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

'S e'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,  
Salaidh do'n Chòirneil,  
A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Eagal gu'm bitheadh càch  
Ann an naimhdeas r'a bheò dha,  
An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Creutair cho caomhneil riut,  
Is maighdeann cho bhlidhean riut,  
Ri ! bu mhòr an diobhail,  
Gu'n cailleadh tu g' a dheòin iad,  
Suiridhich an t-saoghal,  
Le aon fhear a phòsad,  
An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

## ORAN EILLE

DO'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FONN—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNEAG.

*Fear a dhannas, fear a chlidheas,*  
*Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheach.*  
*Fear a dh-eisdeas, no ni bruidhean,*  
*Bi'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.*

DH-FHALBH MI dùthchean fada, leathan,  
'G amhare inigheannan a's mhnathan ;  
Eadar Tunga's Abar-readhain,  
Cha robb leithid Sàlaidh.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

AN DUN-ÉIDEANN 's an Dun-didhe,  
'S a b-uile ceum a riun mi dh-uighe,  
Cha'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,  
Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

'S math a claisintu, 's math a fradharc,  
Blasd' a caill agus na their i,  
'S math do'n thear a tharadh 'n gaire,  
Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

'S math a muigh, 's is math a staigh i,  
'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i' ;  
'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreach' i,  
Sann na laidhe 's feàrr i.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,  
'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,  
Cha robb fhios a'm co an roghainn  
Tbaghainn as na dhà sin.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

Caiptein treun nan *Grenadeer*,  
'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,  
Cha'n eil àit an dean i suidhe,  
Nach bi e-san laimh rithe.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

Na'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,  
Ann an arm an farla Chataich,  
Bhiodh iad marbh mu'n déant' a glacadh,  
Ged bhiodh neart a' Phèp' orn'.

*Fear a dhannas, &c.*

Note.—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "*Mor nigh'n a Ghicubarlam*," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

\* Ee Rob Donn fén "an aon fhear ab' fhuath leatha."

## BRIOGAIS MIIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais " Iseabail Nic Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'i bhi pòsda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlan. Bha cruinneachadh ana-barrach sluaigh air a' banais de dh-uaislean na dùthche; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bàrd eur a mach air a chéile goirid roinnt 'u am sin, cha d' fhuaireann am bàrd cùireadh thun na bainmne, ged bha e chòmhnuadh ann an àite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlan, athair thir na bainmne, thighinn air an ath mhadainn an deagh a' phòsadh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhàrd 'n a thràth, no gu 'n chuminte seugla mu 'n bhanais fastadh. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air 'aileas-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir an h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fèin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a' leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spéis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a theaghlach, ged thaing eadar idh aig an àm sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainmne, dh-fhoigh-mich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thaing d' a iarraidh. An do thachair ni àmbuileach 's am bith 'n am meags o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuitr an teachdaire nach ean-easan ach aon rùd—Gu 'n do chaili " Mac Ruairidh beag," gille thaing an cois fhir na bainmne, a bhriogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainmne, ged nach robb ann ach astar dà mhile, bha 'n t-òran ducata; agus cho luath 's a shuindh e, thòisich e air a ghabhail.]

## LUINNEAG.

*An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich,  
No 'n eala sibh,  
Co idir thug briogais  
Mhic Ruairidh leis?  
Bha briogais ud agaibh  
An am dol a chudal,  
'S nuair thainig a' mhadainn  
Cha d' fhuaradh i.*

CHAIDH bhriogais a stampadh,  
Am meadhon na connlaich,  
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',  
Leis na gruagaichean;  
'Nuair dh-fhág a chuid misg e,  
Gu 'n tug e 'n sin briosgadh,  
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,  
'S cha d' fhair e i.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Na 'm bitheadh tu láimh ris,  
Gu 'n deanadh tu glaire,  
Ged bhidheadh an siataig  
Na d' chruachanan;  
Na faiceadh tu 'dhnronnag,  
'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,  
'S e coimheadh's gach callaid,  
'S a' suaitheachan,  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,  
Ma's tua thug leat i,  
Chur grabadh air peacadh  
'S air buaireadh leath';  
Ma's tu a thug leat i,  
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,  
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad  
Mu 'n d' fhuaire thu i.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Chaitriona Nigh'n Uilleim,\*  
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,  
'S na cumadh sud sgillim  
A' thuarasdal;  
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,  
Thug leis i g' a caitheann,  
Bha feum air a leithid,  
'S bha uair dheth sin.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Briogais a' chonais,  
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,  
Bu liutha fear fanaid  
Na fuaidheil oirr';  
Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,  
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,  
Cha robh an Us-mhòine  
Na lnaidheadh i.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,  
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,  
Cha robh an Us-mhòine  
Na ghluaiseadh i.  
Mu Uilicam Mac-Phàdraig,  
Cha deanadh i stà dha,  
Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird'  
Air a' chruachan dha.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine  
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheòrais,  
'S gur longantas dhomhsa  
Ma ghluais e i;  
Bha i cho cunhang  
Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,  
Nach dean i ni 's modha  
Na buarach dha.  
*An d' fhidir, &c.*

Na leiglhbh ri bràigh' e,  
'M leadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,  
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich  
An luchair e;

\* Bean Iain Mhic Eachainn.

Na leigibh bho bhail' e  
Do mhòinteach nan coille,  
Mu'n tig an labhallan,  
'S gu buail i e.  
*An d' f'hidir, &c.*

Na 'm faiceadh sibh ' leithid,  
Bha bann oir' de leathair;  
Bha toll air a speathar,  
'S bha tìthag air,  
'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,  
Mu bhréidean a gobhaile,  
Far am biodh am fear oðhar,  
A' suathadh rith'.  
*An d' f'hidir, &c.*

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,\*  
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,  
Ged 's m'ra bha dhonadas  
Sluaigh an so;  
'Nuair bha thu cho sgiobalt,  
S nach do chaill thu dad idir,  
'S gur tapaidh a' bhríogais  
A bhuanachai thu!  
*An d' f'hidir, &c.*

## ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SGEUL IAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighean 's an àite-s'  
Tha kireamb de bhladhnaibh,  
Is shaoil leam nach pòsadh  
Neach beò i, chion briadhad;  
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach  
Calbhar r' a bhiadhadh,  
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,  
Tba triall 'na gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,  
Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,  
Tha triall 'na gaoith.*

A Mhairiread, cha chòir dhut  
Bhi gòrach no fiata,  
Tha mairist ni 's leòir dhut,  
An còmhnuidh 'ga t-iarrайдh;  
Ni's gràinnde cha 'n eòl domh.  
'S ni's bòidheche cha b' fhiach thu,  
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,  
Tba triall 'na d' gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

Tha ministeur eòir ann,  
Is mòran de chiall aig';  
'N a thaotear do 'n inghean,  
Gun ionrall gun fhiaradh;  
Is b' fheár leis, an òigh  
Bhi gun plù sadh seachd bliadhna,  
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Tba triall 'na gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaidh,  
De dh-òr na tb' aig Iarla,  
Bu mhì'r a' chùis bhròin e  
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarrайдh;  
Sùilean a's sròn,  
Agus fe's sag, a's fiaclan  
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,  
Tba triall 'na gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

Tha pung ann a chìileachd,  
Thug bárr air na ciadan;  
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànnada,  
'S e air fàileadh 'n t-srianaich;  
An uair bha e an Grùididh,  
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,  
Leis a' ghille dhubh chiar-dhubh,  
Tba triall 'n an gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

Ged tha e cho daochair,  
Is aegas cho fiadhach,  
Bithidh feum air 'an tir so,  
Air tioman de 'n bhladhna,  
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,  
'S a chur chlann dheth na ciochan;  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Tba triall 'na gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

'Nuair a bha sinn cruinn  
Annas a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,  
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs  
Annas an t-siùce-pan, is biadh ann;  
Phiodh eagal air baile oirnn,  
Gu 'n enàmhadh tu bian oirnn,  
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,  
Tba triall 'na gaoith.  
*'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.*

## ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FONN—“*Crò nan Gobhar.*”

CHUNNA’ mi crannanach,  
 Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,  
 ’N Acha-na-h-Annaid,  
 Cur feannag á chéile;  
 Sheall mi le annas air,  
 ’S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,  
 Thug mi mo bhoineadh dhiom,  
 ’S bheannaich mi féin da.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach*  
*Air chomhairl nam breitheamhan,*  
*Dh-òrduach gach dithis dhùi*  
*Bhi le aon chéile;*  
*Faodaidh sliochd tighinn*  
*An deigh na baidhinn so,*  
*Euthast a bhithreas*  
*’N an iongantas feille.*

Chaidh mi air m’ aghairt,  
 Is shàraich e m’ fhoighidinn,  
 Feuchainn le a’ lughad  
 C’ ait’ am faighinn da céile :  
 Fhuair mi ’n taigh Choinnich i,  
 C’ nime gn’ n ceilinn,  
 ’S a h-aparan deiridh  
 Cho ghoirid r’ a fhéileadh-s’.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tòmas a’s Dòmhnull,  
 Seòras a’s Alasdair,  
 ’S coltach ’n an colluinn  
 A’ cheathrar r’ a chéile ;  
 B’ fheàrr leam té thapaidh  
 Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,  
 Na a faicinn air leth-trath,  
 Aig fear dhinbh mar chéile.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha iomadh sgeul eile  
 Tha againn gu barantach,  
 Naidheachd’ g a h-aithris  
 A baile Dhun-éideann,  
 Nach ’eil nile cho ait’  
 Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,  
 Ri faicinn nam peasan  
 A’ maitseadh a chéile.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha mise fo chachdan,  
 Nach urradh mi leasachadh,  
 Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhùi  
 Ni maitse do Chéitidh ;

Tha truas aig mo chridhe  
 Ri seasgaich’ na h-ighinn,  
 Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,  
 Chuireas dithis ri chéil’ diu.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Cuirear do ’n eilean iad,  
 ’S thugár mir fearainn dhaibh,  
 ’S bheir iad an air’  
 Air na gearrain ’s a’ chéitein ;  
 Air eagal am pronnaidh  
 Ri fiadh no ri bolla,  
 Tha tub aig a’ Mhorair  
 Ni taigh dhaibh le chéile.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh  
 De leithid an fhirionnach-s’ ;  
 ’S air chor a’s gu’n cluinnear iad,  
 Seinmeam air scís iad ;  
 Dòmhnull beag biorach,  
 Air pòsadh an uraiddh ;  
 ’S tha dithis de ’n fhine  
 Aig a’ mhinisteir féin diu.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Na grèisichean beaga,  
 Oir ’s iad is mnoir eaglais,  
 Tha dùil ac’ mo thagradh,  
 Air son magaidhuean beumach ;  
 Bithidh mise fo eagal,  
 ’Nnair chluinneas mi ’m bagradh,  
 O’ n thachair mi eadar  
 An sagart ’s an cléireach.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha dùil a’m gur duilich leis  
 Mis’ chur an cunnart,  
 ’S gu’ n do chaomhain mi ’n cuilean,  
 ’S gu’ m bu mhuileach leis féin e ;  
 ’S ma chreideas mi ’m ministeur,  
 An déigbh ’s na dh-innis e,  
 ’S e’ m moncaidh an niridh,  
 Mu mhire na ’n Gréibhear.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha sgeula r’ a h-aithris,  
 Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,  
 Gu ’n robh iad fo iomas  
 An niridh le chéile ;  
 Am bliadhna ’n an dithis,  
 E-féin ’s an cù huidhe,  
 Gun triall ac’ gu uidh,  
 Ach ’n an suidh’ aig na h-cibhlcean.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

'S bòidheach am baganach  
Seòras na h-eaglais,  
Chualas na creagan  
Toirt freagairt d' a cígheachd ;  
Shamhlach mi 'm fleasgach ud  
Ris a' għarr-a-ghartan,  
Cho biogach r' a fhaicinn,  
'S cho neartmhor r' a eisdeach,  
*Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.*

Tha Curstaith fo chachdan,  
Mur bħallich mi 'maċċan,  
Gu 'n abraim an garran,  
Ri fleasgach cho treuñi ris;  
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,  
Is amhaire a chrodhan,  
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,  
Thomhais i fċin e.

*Tha ri mo bhuidheach, &c.*

#### ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis auns an dùthach-s',  
Tha triall gu dhol a phùsadh ;  
'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,  
Ni gùn dhoibh a's lēine.

*Hei tha mo rùn dut,*  
*Hò, tha mo rùn dut,*  
*Hei tha mo rùn dut,*  
*A rùn ghil' na tréig mi.*

Dithis a tha tg iad,  
Dithis a tha bòidheach,  
Dithis tha gun dirleach  
A chìrr air a chòile.  
*Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.*

Ma bhios macan buan ac',  
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual-chas,  
Cuiridh e gu luath  
An eù-ruadh as an t-saoħbaidh.  
*Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.*

Ach ma théid a chrùsach,  
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùtbèħa,  
Théid prospig ris na sùilean,  
Tha dùl a'm, mus leir iad.  
*Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.*

#### O R A N.

[Do dh' fliecar chaidh a chòrdadh ri nighin dig, ach cha bhiodh e toħielle mu 'n toħradha, mur tugad iad dhà gamhuinn eile bharr-ekd air na bha iad toħiell seħħad; agus air so a dhiutadha dha, threġ-e a leannan.]

'S ANN a bhuaill an iorġħuill,  
Air an t-suirdheach tha 'n so shios,  
Chuir e 'tūgħi' air céile,  
'S gu 'n do réítich iad 'n an dios ;  
Shaoil mi fén 'n uair th̄i isħieħ iad,  
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgios ;  
Ach chum ażraido beag do għamhuinn iad,  
Gun cheangal corr is-mios.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mbaighdien,  
Nach foighniċċi sibb rium fior,  
Is innisidh mi a rireadħ,  
Gu 'm bu chaucha laideach a rian ;  
Gu robb e cheart cho dei' nach,  
Ri duin' ḥeġġ a chualas riām ;  
'S a nis gu 'n għabb e bħuar dhiom,  
O nach d' fluair e 'n gamhuuñ ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,  
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tūs,  
Chuir iad flos 'n a dhéighidh,  
Thiġi n-nir aghajidh auna a chūs ;  
'S e roghnaich es' an tālllearachd—  
'S i b' fhearr leis na bhi pùsd' ;  
O nach d' fluair e 'n gamhuuñ ażraido,  
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bas de 'n spūt.

Dh-aithniċ mi 's an ambare ort,  
Gu robb do thomhas gann,  
Chunnaie mi air t-iomchuinn,  
Gu robb 'n iom-chomhairl 'n ad cheann ;  
'S nach robb do spiorad diomhair,  
'G a do għriosa dh 's a' cheart i m' ;  
'Nuair b' fhearr leat gamhuuñ caoile,  
Na do bhean, 's do għaoħ, 's do clann.

H-uile fear a chi thu,  
'G a do dhiteadh air do chūl,  
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,  
Mu cheiħir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,  
'S e their għiex filidh facail riut,  
Gu spot chur air do chliu,  
Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuuñ bacainn,  
Do chontract' chuir air eùl.

'S mis a fluair mo chàradh,  
Leis na fearaibb as għali taobh,  
A' mheud 's a bha 'g am irraido dhiubbi,  
'S nach b' fhiach leam dain' aħħeb thu ;

Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,  
 'Nuair a thugh mi thu á tuíir,  
 Nach fanadh tu ého fada bhuain,  
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

## A M B O C G L A S.

On tha mi na m' aonar,  
 Gu'n teamm mi ri spùrs ;  
 Gu'n euir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,  
 'M boc air sheol.  
 'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh  
 A dh-iomsaideh nan Catach,  
 Gur h-e 'm boc glas,  
 A bhios ac air an tòs.  
*Pē hē faundarai feininn öth-orò,*  
*Hithili faundarai feininn öth-orò,*  
*Fa-thel-öth faundarai feinian öth-orò,*  
*Hithili shiubhal e,*  
*Haundarai kith-horò,*  
*Fa-thel-öth, fa-thel-öth.*

'S iomadh òganach smearail,  
 Bha fearail gu leòr ;  
 A chunna' mis  
 Ann an cogadh righ Deirs'.  
 'S cha'n fhaca mi boe,  
 Ga thogail air feachd,  
 Ach aona bhoc glas  
 A Bh' aig mac an larl' öig.  
*Pē he faundarai, &c.*

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,  
 Co dhianadh a bhuain ?  
 Co dhianadh an ceanghal,  
 No sgrùdhadh an sguab ?  
 Co chuireadh na siamanan,  
 Ceart air na tudanan ?  
 Ach am boe luideach,  
 Na'm faigheadh e duais.  
*Pē he faundarai, &c.*

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,  
 Bhuaine gun fhios ;  
 A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair  
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd ;  
 Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,  
 A eaoine 'sa tuireadh,  
 'Sa suilean a' sileadh  
 Air son a bhuite ghlas.  
*Pē he faundarai, &c.*

*Note.*—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherlandshire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fencibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas* — a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherlandshire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

## O R A N.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn öig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe ; bha mathair na h-inghinn (a tha labhairt 's a' cheud rann) 'n a' banaidh ag Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhnachaille ; agus am tear bha toirt na h-inghinn bhuaipe 'n a bhreabhadair.—Tha tòran air a sgrìobhadh do réir deurbh Ghàelic a bhàrd féin oir cha ghabhadh e sèinn air caochladh lòighe.]

## LUNNEAG.

*Tha 'n gille math ruadh,*  
*'S e laidir, luath,*  
*Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas*  
*'S nach d' fhuair e i.*  
*Tha 'n gille math ruadh,*  
*'S e luidir, luath,*  
*Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,*  
*'S nach d' fhuair e i.*

**FHLEASGAICH** tha 'g imeachd  
 An aghaidh na gaoith',  
 Gun dùil aig mo nighinn  
 Thu thiginn a chaoi'dh ;  
 Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhi shuas leat  
 Am buaire Mhic-Aoidh,  
 Na fleasgach na fighe,  
 Le fhichead bb laoigh.\*  
*Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.*

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh  
 Mar chearb air bhur clann,  
 Gun ann anns na clárdean  
 'Tha mhéirl' air am fonn,  
 'Nuair theid gach mearachd  
 A chronachadh tholl,  
 Bidh fuigbeall an innich  
 'S an iuc écho trom.  
*Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.*

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,  
 'N a dhuiñe 'm beil spéis,  
 Tha oneir bho 'leanaibas  
 'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;  
 Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'  
 Gun chol ach an spréidh,  
 Tha e 'n uidbeam na goide  
 Ni 's faide no éis'.  
*Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.*

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,  
 'S na suidhich do bhoinn,  
 Air rud bhios 'n a phenas,  
 'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,  
 Tha dùil agad achdaidh  
 Ri beartas 'n a stóll,  
 Le fuigleach an innich,  
 'S cha chinnich e boll.  
*Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.*

\* Fichead maide na beairte.

Na m' faiceadh sibb 'm fleasgachan  
 Tapaidh a th' againu,  
 Ag iomart nan casan  
 Mu seach air na maidean,  
 Le 'iteachan innich  
 A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,  
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,  
 'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.  
*Tha'n gille math ruadh, &c.*

## ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar leasainn. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' abhaist do dh' ingheanan a' bhàird a bhi 'g a thileadh air a cheile mar leannan.]

## LUINNEAG.

*Gu nearaich an sealbh,*  
*'S gu leasaich an sealbh,*  
*An t-abhagan mèarbh ud, Faolan.*  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh,*  
*'S gu leasaich an sealbh,*  
*An t-abhagan mèarbh ud, Faolan.*

Ting Ealasaid Mhoràidh,  
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,  
 O'n eirthir a nios do'n dìthreabh,  
 Oir chual i'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig cùch,  
 An t-urrann bha ghàna aig Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Thàinig oirnu lain le naidheachd a nuas,  
 Cha chreid mi nach coal' an sgùr' e,  
 Gu'n deachaidh uainn Curstaith  
 Le briosagh do Chlurraig,  
 Eagal bhi dlù air Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Tha Curstaith a's Deònadh,  
 A's Céitidh nigh'n Deòrsa,  
 Is Máiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach,  
 'G an deasachadh mèr, gu leasachadh pròis,  
 A threadal's gu'm pòs iad Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Tha Curstaith bheag Dhonn,  
 'S a cridhe ro thróm,  
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;  
 Tha Máiri ag ràdh nach dean e dh' i stó,  
 Nach eil e ni's feàrr no caolan!  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

An uair a fhuaire Ceitidh sealadh dheth ris,  
 'S e thubhairt i fèin a's faoilt oir'.  
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhacinn  
 Cho sgiobalt ri pairt,  
 'S ann tha e ni's fearr na shaoil mi.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Cha'n aithne dhomh nighean,  
 No bean air an fhòd,  
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol dà,  
 O'n tha e gn siogaideach, rungaideach, marbh,  
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidbe ri lár,  
 'S i'g acain gu bràth a caol-druim  
 Cha chuir i dhuiinn tuilleadh  
 A'mbin air a' bhùru;  
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne  
 Leth-chend do bhliadhnaibh,  
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,  
 'S ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,  
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaith, gu brioscant' an cuil,  
 O'n tha iad an dùil ri daoine;  
 'Nuair bhios mi beartach,  
 Gu'n toir mi dhùibh gùn,  
 Na'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,  
 O'n nach 'eil nàir 'na t-aodann,  
 'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh  
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,  
 Na'n leigeadh tu br \* \* m air Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e  
 Mu'n a' bhuntat\*,  
 Ach bidh e ni's paignt' no shaoil leis,  
 Na'n tigeadh an donas do'n bhail-s'na dheann,  
 Gu tngain air cheann da Faolan.  
*Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.*

\* The bard and *Faolan* being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. *Faolan* also followed, and got his "shell," but instead of returning again to his work, he went home and told the bard's wife that his master had abandoned the potatoe planting and went on the *spree*, and that he could not work by himself. On Rob returning home at night, *Faolan*'s story was related to him, and before supper was ready this song was composed on him.

## TURUS DHAIBHI' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bhuachaillie, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' uasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhiltean bho 'site fein ; agus 'noair bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an im agus leis a' chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bâta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad ; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an storm iad air tir ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrunnad a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidh-nean mòran caoideh air a shon.]

NACH cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,  
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,  
Dh-fhalbh an eàise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-féin.  
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chàidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,  
Shuas mu bhrraighe Loch-Uinnseard,  
Gu'm bu ghàireach gùth minn as a dhéigh.  
O 'n chàidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'nill 'Ic Fhiunnlaith,  
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunndach,  
Dearbh eha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.  
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,  
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh ;  
Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'n spréidh ?  
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean toigheach,  
Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,  
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhraigheadh iad deur  
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,  
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,  
Shìn an slagh ud air sileadh gu lèir.  
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraich thrailleil,  
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,  
Cha bhi creutair gun chràdh as do dheigh.  
Mach o acaraich, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs dut mas tig thu,  
'S ann bhios denchaim a ghliocais,  
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le spéis.  
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sios air a braighe—  
" So am ball's am beil Daibhidh,  
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu leir."  
Sgrìobhar sios, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh ;  
Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,  
Rotach gleadhbrach, 's falldair geur.  
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,  
Sùil mhìogach nam praban,  
Beul biogach nan eagar 's nam breug.  
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,  
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,  
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach treun.  
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,  
Is ionadh biadh nach do cleachd e,  
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,  
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,  
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,  
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnuaoi aige fein.  
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mhachair,  
O na chual iad mar thachair,  
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus.  
Tha mnathan uaisl' &c.

A bhiodh déònach gu 'n tachradh,  
Gnothuch coir anns na cairtean,  
Bheireadh oirnu' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.  
A bhiodh déònach, &c.



## ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EACHAINN.

[Tè dhiubh air tighinn dachaigh bho sgoil, agus gun spéis aice nis, na 'm b' flitor, do'n dùthach ; agus an té eile, nach robb ri amh o'n bhaile, a' moladh na dùthcha.]

Cia b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',  
Bu mhìsd se e gu bràth,  
Dhol do'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntiun,  
Mhill e mi mo shlaint' ;  
Pairt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceinn,  
'S àit gun mharcайд e.  
Ach spann a's copraich, 's bàt-theach fogailt,  
'S graine shop ri lär.

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Breatainn,  
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,  
Oir tha e naigndheach do ghruaigaich,  
'S ni e fuaim 'nuair 's àll ;

Feur a's coille, blà a's duille,  
 'S iad fo ionadh neul,  
 Is ise le echo, mar na teudan,  
 Seirm gach séis a 's fearr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnuach,  
 A bhi 'n ròig no 'n càrn,  
 Oir, mur robh strianach ann air bhliadhna,  
 Cha robb riamañ ni b' fhearr ;  
 Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,  
 'S fuathach leam a' ghàir ;  
 O! cràdh mo chridhe, renbadh lighe,  
 An t-àit an tighe 'm feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,  
 Do na bruachaibh ard ?  
 Nach fhairc thu fein, 'nuaир thig an spreidh,  
 Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?  
 Cha chradh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,  
 Fuaim na lighe lain,  
 Do 'n gnàth bhi claghach roimh a h-aghaidh,  
 Is feur na deighidh a' fás.

Na bha firinneach dheth t-ambran,  
 'N fhad 's bha 'n sanmhradh blàth.  
 Rinne e tionndadh oideche-Shambna,  
 'S bheir an geomhradh 'shàr ;  
 Duille shuidhiecht' barr an fhiodha,  
 Dh-fas i buidhne-bhàn,  
 'S tha mais 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,  
 Le steall de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidih 'n talamh thun an t-samhraibh,  
 Sin a chraunn e 'n dràsd,  
 Beath a's calltunn latha-bealltuinn,  
 Gealltanach air fás ;  
 Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,  
 'S téirgidh 'n caitheadb-làir,  
 Nach grinn an sealladh, glion a' stealladh,  
 Laoigh, a's bainne, 's bàrr !

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,  
 Air na riunn sibh chàis ;  
 Dhol do shliabhl, gun chur, gun chliathadh,  
 'S nach robb biadh a' fás ;  
 B' fhearr bhi folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,  
 Na bhi 'n commun ghràisg,  
 Air mo dholadh leis an chonnamh,  
 Laimh ri bolla fail.

*Note.—*This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "Iain MacEachuinn,") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

### MARBHRANN IAIN GIIRE, ROGHAIRD.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siòrramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rèogairean airnealach, trom,  
 'N taobh bhos agus thall do na Chrasg,  
 O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-ciunidh,  
 Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siòrramachd Pheairt ;  
 Dh-aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a chiall :  
 Cha do chreid duine riamañ a bha ceart,  
 Aon smid thainig mach air a bheul  
 'S cha mbò chreid e fein Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,  
 'S an t-saoghal-s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum ;  
 'N t-stràc thug e an dràsd' oirnn air aghairt,  
 Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.  
 Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,  
 Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha fein,  
 Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'  
 Fear a sheasas dha 'aite 'na dhéigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,  
 Gur teachdaire gràmach am bàs ;  
 Gidheadh gùm beil euid bh' ann a daoch ris,  
 Toirt rud-eigin gaol da an dràsd' :  
 Tha dùil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,  
 Nach urr iad a mholaodh gu bràth,  
 Air son gur h-e fein thug a' chéud char  
 A fear thug cuig euid car a càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,  
 Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,  
 Thungaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,  
 'Nuaир is beartaich 's is làine bhur crèg ;  
 Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhche',  
 Ged robh sibh uile croinn mu na bhòrd ;  
 'S cha 'n fheadar a mhéalladh le foill,  
 'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is triùcairean talmhaidh,  
 Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,  
 Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich', 's bu cheilgeich',  
 'S a b' fheàrr chuireadh liath air a' bhréig ;  
 B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,  
 Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin ;  
 'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,  
 Mur robh e 's na Gréadaich iad fóin.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhualadh,  
 'S cha b' aill leam dnin' nasal a shealg ;  
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choirreach,  
 Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg ;

Tha Caippean Rob Grè air a dhìultadh,  
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg ;  
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,  
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am flagail,  
Do 'n fhearr a 's feàrr tälann g' an inns' ;  
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtar,  
Tha onoir a's árdan 'n a ghrìd ;  
Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,  
Cha 'n fhàigh e an dràsd' i chion aois ;  
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,  
Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do thear Chraioch.

## M A R B H R A N N,

WILLIEM MUHILLEIR, AN GEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n ùir,  
Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,  
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chòcar,  
No 'mhathan da 'n nòs bhì ri spréidh ;  
Cha mhodha na clambain a's gaothair,  
Tha subhach 'an fhoghar-s' 'n a dhéigh ;  
Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,  
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh fén.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' 'n a fhàsach,  
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos ;  
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,  
Cha seas idh duinn t-àitse 'n an dios ;  
'S ann a tha acuinn do cheàirde,  
Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's an diosg ,  
An t-brd a's am balg ris an teine,  
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-iosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,  
Gu innseadh do chliù mar is còir ;  
'S minig a dhearc mi do chrùinn-leum  
Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn ;  
Sgiathan do chòta fo t-achlais,  
Is neul an tombac' air do shroin ;  
Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,  
Agus mìr air dhroch blurich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a thóid clù ort a leantuin,  
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leòir ;  
'S tu dh-fluineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathradh,  
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an corr ;  
'S tu rhachadh do 'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,  
'Nuaир ghabhadh mì h-uisean gu lòn :  
Bu cheltach ri rapas na seilcheig,  
An easgann mu thimcheall do bheòil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmbainn-s  
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no 'thuath,  
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann  
Oir shiùbladh e 'n sgìre ri uair ;  
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,  
Tha rud-eigin smal air daoin' uails',  
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mhachair,  
A għlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

## M A R B H R A N N,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHLEASGACH.

[CLANN FIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FONN—"Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N AN laidhe so gu h-iosal,  
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triùir,  
Bha fallain, làidir, inutineach,  
'Nuair d' inntrig a' bhliadhun' ùr ;  
Cha deach' seachad fathast,  
Ach deich latha dh'i o thùs ;—  
Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,  
Ni 's braise na ar dùil ?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubh,  
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhoirinn,  
Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,  
O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn ;  
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,  
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,  
Ach gheàrr e snàith'n na beath-s' ac',  
Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tāinig iad,  
Na bràithrean ud a chuaidh,  
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',  
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chlòimh ;  
Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,  
'S bha 'n niadur d' an aon bhuaidh ;  
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,  
'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon naigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,  
Le fiosrachadh do chàch ;  
'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,  
Ris an can an saoghal gràs ;  
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,  
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhùs—  
Chaidh stràc de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',  
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,  
Ris gach aon neach againn beò ?  
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoine,  
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd' ;

Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasanas,  
A dheasachadh no lòn,  
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,  
S a' falach an cui'd òir.

Cha chaith iad fèin na rinn iad,  
Agus oighreachan cha dèan,  
Ach ullaidhnean air shliabh ac',  
Bhios a' biadhadh chon a's éun ;  
Tha iad fo 'n aon diteadh,  
Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,  
Gur duriche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',  
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tòs a m'hèinn.

## Barail ghlic an Ard-Righ—

Dh-thàg e páirt de bhuidhean gaunn,  
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oiléanachd,  
D' an dream d' an tug e meall ;  
C' arson nach tugta pòrsan,  
Dhe 'n cui'd stòrais aig gach àm,  
Do bhochdan an Tì dheònaicheadh,  
An còrr a chur 'na cheann ?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,  
Tha dùil agam gun lochd,  
'S a liuthbad facial firinneach  
A dhùrich mi 'n ur n-uchd,  
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,  
Gu bhi feumail do na bhochd ;  
Ni 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,  
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

*Note.—* Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

## MARBHRANN

DO DHÍP IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An dum' nasal, aig an do thogadh am bàrd, 'n a theaghlach, o'n bha e 'n a bhalachan òg ; agus bu duin a' choisinn a leithid a chliù, o a luchd-eolais airfad, 's gu 'n d' aidhch iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhrainn so gun mhearchadh, agus gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dher-eadh dheth, 's gu 'n abradh gach neach mar an euedna a chluinneadh am marbhrainn, agus d' am b' eòl Iain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

IAIN Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,  
C' àit an téid sinn a dh-fhaotainn  
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,  
An Rathad tionalt no sgaoilidh.

\* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

'S ni tha cinnet' gur heart' chunnairt,  
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,  
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n àl òg e,  
'S tearc tha beò fear a chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,  
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,  
Thionail airgead a's fearann,  
'S bi'dh buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh ;  
Bhios iad fèin air an gearradh,  
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,  
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,  
Ach "Seall sibh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,  
'S 'n an deibhetearan geura,  
Is iad a' páidheadh gu moltach,  
Na bhios ac' air a chéile ;  
Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,  
Gur cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,  
Is tha 'n sporan 's an sùilean,  
Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',  
Tha na ciadan diubb faomadh,  
Leis am feàrr bhi fo fhiachan,  
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine ;  
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,  
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an diteadh,  
"C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhochd,  
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach ?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraighdinn  
Do chliù-s' chur an òrdugh,  
Ann an litrichean soilleir,  
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air ;  
Oir tha t-iomradh-s' cho feumail,  
Do 'n neach a théid ann do ròidean,  
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,  
Do 'n neach bu ghainu' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,  
Ma 's àill leat alla tha fiughail,  
So an tim mu do choinneamh,  
An còrr dhut greimeachadh dhù ris ;—  
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,  
A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,  
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,  
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cui'd a bhios fachaid,  
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,  
'S i mo bharail-s' gur achdaidh  
Bu chòir an achuing so iarrайдh ;—  
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,  
Ni chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,  
Nach dean sinn lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,  
Air son trì fishead de bhliadhnaich'.

'S liomhor neach bha gun socair,  
A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,  
Agus báth-ghiollan góirach,  
Thionail eólas le t-eisdeachd ;  
Dearbh éha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,  
Mach o úmaidhnean spréidhe,  
Nach 'eil an iuntinn fo cudthrom,  
Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,  
Na 'm b' eòl dut achrach 's an t-saoghal,  
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,  
Gun an éig' aig' a chluinntinn ;  
B' fheàrr leat punndheth do chuid bhuat,  
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-inntinn ;  
Thilg thu t-aran 's na h-uiseagan,  
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-heartach nasal,  
'S e làn gruamain a's airtneil,  
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,  
Air an taigh-bsdha dol seachad ;  
Chi mi bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,  
Chi 'n déirceach làn aeras,  
Chi mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte  
Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,  
Call a ghibbtean chion cleachdaidh,  
Chi mi feumach chion comhairl',  
A' call a ghnothuich 's a thapadh.  
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhiarachd,  
Ciod e is ciall do 'n mhùr acain-s',  
'S e their iad uile gu lèir riùm :—  
“ Och! nach d' eng Iain Mac-Eachuinn ! ”

Chi mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,  
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu,  
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,  
Chi mi buannachd nan òlach ;—  
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna,  
Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl doimh,  
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,  
An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhòl fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhraunn moltaich,  
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthcheabhb-s',  
Gu 'm bi coineasgadh masguill,  
Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a bhrùchdan  
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,  
Don Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,  
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',  
Ach buaidh a chunna' mo shùil air.

## MARBHRAANN EOOGHAINN.

## LUINNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,  
'S cian fada gu leòir,  
O 'n là bha thu jò sheac-thinn,  
Gun aon ag acain do bhròin ;  
Ma tha 'n tìm air dol seachad,  
'S nach d' riann thu cleachdadh air choir,  
Ged nach dàil dut ach seachduin,  
Dean droch f'hasan a leòn.

'S TRIC THU, Bhàis, cur an eàill dhuinn,  
Bhi sìor éigheachd ar cobhrach ;  
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,  
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's am mòr leat ;  
'S ann o mheadhon an fboghair,  
Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh-fhòghnadh,  
Le do leum as na cùirtean,  
Do na chùil am beil Eòghan.  
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,  
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,  
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adhaimh,  
Air an tamailt leat cromadh ;  
'S i mo bharail gur fior sud,  
Gur ard 's gur lòsal do shealladh ;  
Thug thu Pelham à mòrachd,  
'S an d' fhuair thu Eòghan 's a' Pholladh ?  
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,  
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaoine mìra,  
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,  
Mu nach cluinnear bhi còine ;  
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoim,  
Tha saor fathast o dhòghbruinn,  
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,  
Eadar Pelham a's Eòghan.  
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,  
Mar gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,  
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,  
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum ;  
Fhir a' s lugha measg mòran,  
An eual thu Eòghan fo ghalar ?  
Fhir a' s mò anns na h-àitean-s',  
An eual thu bàs mhaighstir Pelham ?  
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

\* “ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.”—Hor. Carmin. lib. i. Carmin. iv.

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,  
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oírn sgathadh !  
 Sinn mar choinneil an lanntair,  
 'S an dà cheann a' sìor chaithbeann ;  
 C' hit an robh anns an t-saoghal,  
 Neach a b' ils' na mae t' athar-s' ?  
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,  
 Ach an rìgh bh' air a chathair.  
 'S ciùn fada, gur fada, &c.

**Note.**—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Màrrbhrainn Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loeb Erribol, that he might be the more nigh to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrasted with this individual's state, set our author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered, though we acknowledge not poetically,—

" Among men's sons where could be found  
 One lowly, poor, like thee?  
 And where in all this earth's wide round,  
 But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's

head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's choleric. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, " *Solvitur acris hicnis*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, " *Pallidit mors aquo pulsat pede*," &c.\*—*Memoir*. 1829.

### R A N N.

[A rinn am bàrd, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shleibhte, air an turus bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thaing bàrd de mhuiuntir an Eilein do thàigh a' mhiniestar, agus iad ri 'n biadh-maidhe. Dh-iarr am ministear air rann a cheanabhan air :—" Sgiath chogaidh, im, muc, pliom-thombaca, agus Sagart " Rinn ann bàrd Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairet Rob Donn, " S bochd dh-fhag thu 'n Sagart," agus ann an tiota rinn e-féin a'n rann mu dheireadh.]

### THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiadh,  
 'S an sgiath mar bhòrd,  
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,  
 Sparrainn a' phlob 'n a thòin.

### THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—  
 Bheirion dha 'n t-im air a' mhuiic;  
 An targaid air a làimh chli,  
 A' plob-thombaca 'n a pbluie!

\* Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr Mackay (*Iain Mac Each-tuin*) happened to be on a visit to Mr Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Durness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—expressing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—" But I will tell you," said he, " what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them '*Màrrbhrainn Eoghainn*'—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

## DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bàn nan òran* was born at Druimliaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr Fletcher, of Glenorehay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "The Battle of Falkirk," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword (*Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir.*) He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known every where, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence, to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which reoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Braidalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinndòrain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyle, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Bcinn-*

*dòain*," and "*Coire-Cheathaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of Mòrag, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hung; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in

the army used to tell him about the Greek poets ; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb, the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description every thing assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate ; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions ; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *impromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the imitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No ;" replied Mr Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling the truth ? You must confess that you could say no less of me ; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author ; of that you are to convince me ; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then, I shall know, if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Màiri Bhàn òg." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness ! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard ; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

## ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.\*

AIR FONN—"Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,  
 Na bha dh-armait aig a chuirge,  
 Thachair iad oirnne na reubail,  
 'S bu neo-eibhinn leinn a chuideachd ;  
 'Nuair a chuir iad an t-reut oirnne,  
 'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,  
 'S mur deanamaid feum le'r casan,  
 Cha tug sinne srad le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,  
 Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,  
 Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis dheth,  
 'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh ;  
 'Nuair a bhual iad air a chéile,  
 'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,  
 'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,  
 'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan éideadh,  
 Los na reabalaich a philleadh,  
 Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,  
 Gur sinn féin a bhíte 'g iomain ;  
 Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirch,  
 'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,  
 'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh  
 Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thainig each 'sa dhearbh iad  
 Gu'm bu shearbh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd ;  
 Se'n trùp Ghallda g'an robh chìll sin,  
 Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cui'd diubh :  
 'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhnuill,  
 Chum iad còmhail air an uchdan,  
 Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an reubadh,  
 'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuilean.

Bha na h-eich gn crùitheadh, srianach,  
 Girteach, fallach, fiamhach, trùpach ;  
 'S bha na fir gu h-armach, foghiuint,  
 Air an sonnrachadh gu murtas.  
 'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sléibh',  
 Is móran feum againn air furtach,  
 Na bha beo bha cui'd dhiubh leoint',  
 'S bha sinn brònach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,  
 'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad ;  
 Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,  
 'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad :

Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'  
 A dh-iarraidh ar nàimhdean a sgathadh ;  
 Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghal,  
 'S euid againn gu'n fhaotain fhathasd.

Sin 'nuair thainig mise dhachaigh  
 Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspug o'n Chrannaich,  
 'S ann a bha e 'n sin che fhiata,  
 Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;  
 Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,  
 Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,  
 'S mòr an diùbhail na bha dhi air,  
 Claidheamh sunnsireachd a sheanar.

Mòran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,  
 Gu'm be sud aogas a claidheimh ;  
 'Se gu lùbach, leunnach, bearnach,  
 'S bha car eòm ann, ann san amhaich ;  
 Dh-fhàg e mo chruchaínse brùite  
 Bhi 'ga ghiùlan feadh an rathaid,  
 'S e cho tròm ri cabar fearna,  
 'S maирg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan  
 'N là sin air sliaabh na h-eaglais,  
 Bha ratrend air luchd na Beurla,  
 'S ann daibh féin a b' éigin teicheadh ;  
 Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin  
 Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair ;  
 Claidheamh bearnach a mibi-fhortain,  
 'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,  
 Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dileasach ;  
 'S beag an diùbhail leam r'a chunntadh,  
 Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,  
 An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgùradh,  
 'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh ;  
 'S beag a b'fhiù e 's e air lùbadh,  
 'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoisgeach, bh'aig na daoine,  
 Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug buillean,  
 Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,  
 'S maирg a shaoraich leis an cuimeasg ;  
 An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-áimhleas,  
 Gu'n chrios, gun chrambait, gun duille,  
 Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart,  
 'S maирg a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

\* This is the author's first song.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,  
 'S b'ole an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,  
 Bhi ga ghiúlan ar mo shliasaid,  
 'S maing mi riagh a thug o'n bhail' e ;  
 Cha toir e stobadh no sáthadh,  
 'S cha robb e làidir gu gearradh ;  
 Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airm e,  
 'S e air meirgeadh air an pharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghàeil,  
 Armailt làdir de *Mhalisi*,  
 'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh phrionns' Tearlach,  
 'S duil aca r'a chàmp a blristeadh ;  
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san àit ud  
 Nach robh sàbhait mar bha mise,  
 A'mheud sa dh-fhàg sinn ann san àraich,  
 Latha blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

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## ORAN D O' N M H U S G.

AIA FONN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S TOMADH car a dh-fheudas,  
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,  
 Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaol  
 Air an tè nach faigh iad ;  
 Thug mi fichead bliadhna  
 Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,  
 Is chuir i rithisd cùl rium,  
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann  
 A dh-iarraidh leannain,  
 Is thuirt an Caiptein Caimbeul,  
 'S e 'n geard a bhaile,  
 Gu'm b'athne dha bauntrach  
 Ann àite falaich,  
 'S gu'n deanadh e aird  
 Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist  
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,  
 Thug e dhomh air làimh i,  
 'S am paigheadh mar ri ;  
 Is ge b'e bli 's a feòraich  
 A h-aum no sloinneadh,  
 Their iad rithe Seònaid,  
 'S b'e Dérsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairee,  
 Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,  
 Is i cho àrd an uaisle  
 Ri mnaoi san shearann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,  
 O'n tha mar rium,  
 Is mòr an t-aobhar smuairein  
 Do'n shear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhòm Nic-còiseam  
 Ged' tha i maireann,  
 Is leig mi na daimh chròbach  
 An taobh bha 'n aire,  
 Is thaobh mi ris an tig mhnaoi,  
 'S ann leam nach aithreach  
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n stòras  
 O'n phòs mi 'n ainnir.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar  
 Gum beil i ro mbath,  
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riagh oirro  
 Cron am falach,  
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,  
 Direach, fallain,  
 Is i gu'n ghaòid gu'n, ghiomb,  
 Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiúlan,  
 'S gur math an airidh,  
 Ni mi fhéin a sgùradh  
 Gu math 's a glanadh ;  
 Chuirinn ri an t-ùilleadh  
 Ga cumail ceanalt,  
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i,  
 'S cha diùlt i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòras  
 Air daoine ganna,  
 Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheòrsa  
 Mo phòca falamh ;  
 Cumaidh i rium òl  
 Ann 's na taighean leanna,  
 'S pàidhidh i gach stòpan  
 A ni mi cheannach.

Ni i mar bu mhiann leam  
 A h-uile car dhomh,  
 Cha 'n innis i bréug dhomh,  
 No sgeula mearachd ;  
 Cumaidh i mo theaghlaich  
 Cho math 's bu mìath leam,  
 Ge nach dean mi soathair  
 No obair shalach.

Sgìthich mi ri gnòmhb,  
 Ged' nach d'riunn mi earras,  
 Thug mi bòid nach b' fhiach leam,  
 Bhi ann a'm sgalaig ;  
 Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,  
 O'n thug mi 'n aire,  
 Gur h-e'n duine diòmhain  
 Is faide mhàireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach  
 Nach dean mo mbealladh,  
 Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonnan  
 A dheanamh arain ;  
 Cha bhi faillinn aodaich  
 Orm no anart,  
 'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghal  
 A nis as m'aire !

Le chuid seòlaidhean ;  
 Gheibhte sud ri àm  
 P.druig anns a' ghleann,  
 Gillean's coin sheang,  
 'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;  
 Peileirean nan deann,  
 Teine g'an cuir ann,  
 Eilid nam beann ard,  
 Théid a leònadh leo.

## MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR RONN—"Piobaireachd."

*Urlar.*

Ax t-urram thar gach beinn  
 Aig Beinn-dòrain !  
 Na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghréin,  
 Si bu bhòiche leam ;  
 Monadh fada, réidh,  
 Cuile 'm faighe fèidh,  
 Soilleireachd an t-sléibhe  
 Bha mi sònrrachadh ;  
 Doireachan nan geug,  
 Coill' anns am bi feur,  
 'S foineasach an spréidh,  
 Bhios a chòmhnaidh ann ;  
 Greadhainn bu gheal céir,  
 Faughaidh air an déigh,  
 'S laghach leam an stend  
 A bha sròineiseach.

'S aigeannach fear eutrom,  
 Gun mhòrchuis,  
 Théid fasanda na éideadh,  
 Neo-spòrsail ;  
 Tha mhantaile uinne fèin,  
 Caidhthic nach tréig,  
 Bratach dhearg mar chéir  
 Bhios mar chòmhach air ;  
 'S culuidh g'a chuir éug,  
 Duin' a dheanadh téuchd,  
 Gunn a mhath gléus,  
 An glac òganaich :  
 Spòr anns am biodh bearn,  
 Tarran air a ceann,  
 Snap a bhuaileadh teann  
 Ris na h-ordaibh i ;  
 Ochd-shlisneach gun sheall,  
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,  
 Lotadh an damh seang,  
 A's a leònadh e.

'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,  
 Riù' sònrraichte,  
 Dh-fhòdhadh dhaibh gun taing,

*Siubhal.*

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,  
 Bu ghuiniche sraonadh,  
 Le cuinnein geur, biorach,  
 A sreachd na gaoithe,  
 Gasganach, speireach,  
 Feadh chreachainn na beinne,  
 Le eagal ro' theine,  
 Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;  
 Ge d' théid i na cabhaig,  
 Cha ghearin i maothan ;  
 Bha sinnsreachd fallain,  
 'Nuair a shineadh i h-anail,  
 'S toil-inntinn leam tanas,  
 Ga' lanngan a chluinntinn,  
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain  
 'N àm darraidh le caoines,  
 'S e damh a chinneallaidh  
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,  
 Gu caparach, ceannard,  
 A b' fharamach raoiceadh,  
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,  
 'S e eolach m'a fraoinibh.  
 'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,  
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innseadh  
 A liuthad damh ceannard,  
 Tha fanntuinn san fhrith ud ;  
 Eilid chaol, eanngach,  
 'S a laoighean 'ga leantuinn,  
 Le 'n gasgana geala,  
 Ri bealach a direadh,  
 Ri fraoidh Choire-chruiteir,  
 A chuideachda phìceach ;  
 'Nuair a shineas i h-iongan  
 'S a théid i na' deannaibh,  
 Cha saltradh air thalamh,  
 Ach barran nan inean,  
 Cò b'urrain g'a leantuinn,  
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioghachd ?  
 'S arraideach, farumach,  
 Carach air grine,  
 A chòisridh nach fhàadh  
 Gnè smal air an inntin,  
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,  
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,  
 An aois cha chuir truim' orra,

Mulad no mì-ghean ;  
 'Se sħlanaich an culaidh,  
 Feoil mhais, agus mhuiñeil,  
 Bhi tāmhacbd am bunait,  
 An cuile na frithie ;  
 Le hilleas a fuireach,  
 Air fasach 'nan grunna,  
 'Si 'n ḥsainn a mhuiime,  
 Tha cumail na eiche,  
 Ris na laoigh bhreaca, bhallach,  
 Nach meatbhlaich na sianntan,  
 Le 'n eridheacha meara,  
 Le bainne na cioba.  
 Griseanach, eangach,  
 Le 'n girteagan geala,  
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,  
 Le fallaineachd fior-uisg ;  
 Le farum gun ghearan,  
 Feadh ghleannan na milltich ;  
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda  
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreibh,  
 'S e lag a Choir-altrum  
 Bhios aca g'an didean :  
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,  
 A's ghlagagan diombair,  
 Le 'n leapaichean fagach  
 An taic Eas-an-t-sithan.

*Urlar.*

Tha 'n eilid anns au fhùrith  
 Mar bu chòir dh'ibh,  
 Far am faigh i millteach  
 Glan-fèòirneanach ;  
 Bruchorachd a's ciob,  
 Lusan am bi brigh,  
 Chuireadh sult a's igh  
 Air a lòineinibh.  
 Fuaran anns am bi  
 Biolaire gun dith,  
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion  
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;  
 Cuiseagan a's riast,  
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,  
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhiadh  
 Na na fòghlaichean.  
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tir  
 A bha s̄eighar lea',  
 Sobhrach a's eala-bhì  
 'S barra neòimeanach ;  
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhìn,  
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,  
 Lòinteas far an cinn  
 I'na mòthraichean ;  
 Sud am pòrsan bidh  
 Mheudaincheadh an clì  
 Bheireadh iad a nìos  
 Ri hm dò licheum ;  
 Chuireadh air an druim

Brata saille cruinn,  
 Air an carcais luim  
 Nach bn lòdal.  
 B' e sin an caidreamh grinn  
 Mu thrà-neòine,  
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,  
 Ann a' ghluimmuinn :  
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',  
 Dad cha tigeadh ribb,  
 Fasgadb bhun an tuim  
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;  
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,  
 Far an robb iad riamh,  
 An aonach farsuinn fial,  
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.  
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,  
 'Nuair bu daitht' am biau,  
 'S cha b'i 'n aire am miann,  
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

*Siubhal.*

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,  
 Mheallanach, liontach,  
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn  
 Air thalamh na Criodachd ;  
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,  
 Le bòichead a siosa,  
 Nach 'eil coir aic' an ciste  
 Air tiotal na rioghachd ;  
 'S i air dùbladh le gibhteau,  
 'S air lùisreadh le miosan,  
 Nach 'eil bichbiont' a' bristeadh  
 Air phriseanaibh tire ;  
 Làn trusgan gun deireas,  
 Le usgraichean coille,  
 Barr-gùc air gach doire,  
 Gun choir' ort r'a innseadh ;  
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,  
 Le shrutaichibh loinneil,  
 'S eoin bluinchalach bheag 'eil  
 Le'n ceileiribh liomhor.  
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,  
 Bu sgiobalt' air grime,  
 Gu'n sgiorradh, gu'n tubaist,  
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,  
 Crodhanadh, biorach  
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,  
 Feadh fraoch agus firich,  
 Air mhire 'ga dhireadh ;  
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich  
 Gu'm b' araideach inntinn,  
 Ann an iosal gach feadain,  
 'S air àirdé gach creagan  
 Gu mireanach, beiceasach,  
 Easgonach, sinteach ;  
 'Nuair a théid o 'na bhoile  
 Le clisge sa' choille,  
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,

Air dheireadh cha bhi e :  
 Leis an eangaig bu chaoile  
 'S e b' entruiime sìnteag,  
 Mu chnocanaibh donna  
 Le ruith dara-tomain,  
 'S e togairt an coinneamh  
 Bean-chomuium o's 'n iosal.  
 Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhranngá  
 Sa' gheleannan a chòmhnaidh,  
 'S i fiireach san fhireach  
 Le minneineamh òga :  
 Cluas bhiorach gu clàisteachd,  
 Sùil chorragh gu faicinn,  
 'S i earbsach 'na casan  
 Chur seachad na mòintich :  
 Ged' thig Caillte 's Cuchullainn,  
 'S gach duine de'n t-seòrs' ud,  
 Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,  
 Air fasta rìgh Deòrsa,  
 Nan tèarnadh i craiceannu  
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,  
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n thac i  
 Na ghlaicadh r'a beò i ;  
 'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,  
 Aigeannach, neònach,  
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,  
 Gealtach roï mhadadh,  
 Air chaisead na leachdaiann  
 Cha saltradh i còmhnaidh :  
 Si noigeanach, groigeasach  
 Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;  
 Bior-shuileach, sgrù-shuileach,  
 Frionasach, furachair,  
 A fiireach sa' mhunadh,  
 'Sna thuinich a seòrsa.

*Urlar.*

Bi sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,  
 Feadh òganan :  
 Biolaichean nam bruach  
 'S àite-còmhnuidh dh'i,  
 Duilleagan nan eraobh,  
 Bileagan an fhraoch  
 Criomagan a gaol,  
 Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.  
 A h-aigneadh eutrom suaire,  
 Aobhach ait gun ghrúaim,  
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuanaiche,  
 Ghòraiche ;  
 A' chré bu cheanalt' stuaim,  
 Chalaich i gu buan  
 An gleann a' bharraich naine  
 Bu nòsaire.  
 'S tric a ghabh i cluin  
 Sa' chreig mhòir,  
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan  
 A's a Dhòmhnaich ann :  
 Pris an dean i suain

Bichionta mu'u cnairt,  
 A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,  
 'S nach leig deò oirre,  
 Am fasgadh doire-chrò,  
 An taice ris an t-sròin,  
 Am measg nam faillean òga  
 'S nan cosagn.  
 Masgadh 'n fhuarain mhòir,  
 'S e pailte gu lebir,  
 'S blasda le' na'm beòr  
 Gu bhi pòit orra.  
 Deoch de'n t-sruthan usal  
 R'a òl aice,  
 Dh' fhágas fallain,  
 Fuasgailteach, òigeil i ;  
 Grad-charach ri uair,  
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,  
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,  
 'S a bhiodh tòir oirre.  
 'S mao-bhuidh daidh' a smuagh,  
 Dearn a dreach sa tuar,  
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh  
 Tha mar chòladh oirr' ;  
 Fulangach air fuachd,  
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;  
 Urram clàisteachd chluas  
 Na Rinn-còrpa dh'i.

*Sinbhal.*

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal  
 A' tarriunn an brugh,  
 A' direadh le farum  
 Ri carraig na Sròine ;  
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,  
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,  
 Bu bhiadhchar greidh cheannard  
 Nach ceannaich am pòrsan ;  
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich  
 Mu sgéith sin a' bhealaich,  
 Coire réidh Beinn-Achalaider,  
 A's thairis mu'n chon-n-lon :  
 Air lurgain na Laoighre  
 Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisri,  
 Mu Brach-na-Féinne  
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dhéigh sin,  
 Far an cruinnich na h-éildean  
 Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhìghlaich :  
 'S gu'n b'e 'n aighear a's an éibhlues  
 Bhi faicheachd air réidhlein,  
 'A comh-mhaicnus r'a chéile,  
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich ;  
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir  
 Le sodradh gu meamnach,  
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,  
 Ain-fheasach gòrach.  
 'S cha bhiodh iot air an teangaidh  
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,  
 Le fion-vuillt na h-Annaid,

Blas meala r'a òl air ;  
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,  
 'S e siòthladh tor 'n ghaineamh,  
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,  
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirn e :  
 Sud an ioc-shlàinnt mhaireann,  
 A thig a iochdar an talaimh,  
 Gheibhte lionmhoireachd math dh'i  
 Gu'n a cheannach le stòras ;  
 Air fàruinn na beinne  
 Is dhicheada sealladh,  
 A dh'fhàs auns a' cheithreamh  
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-eòrpa :  
 Le gloinead a h-nisge,  
 Gu mao-bhlast a brisg-gheal,  
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, miosail,  
 Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air :  
 Le fuarainibh grinne  
 Am bun gruamach no biolair,  
 Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,  
 A's iomadach seòrsa :  
 Bu għlan uachdar na linne  
 Gu neo-bħuaireasach milis,  
 Tigh'n 'na chuaireig o'n għrinnejed  
 Air slinnejn Beinn-dbrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn  
 Le mais' air a còmhdaich,  
 'S àm fridh-choirean creagach  
 'Na shesamh g'a chòir sin,  
 Gu stobanach, stacanach,  
 Slocanach, laganach,  
 Cnocanach, crapanach,  
 Caiteanach, ròmach ;  
 Pasganach, badanach,  
 Bachlagach, bòidheach  
 A h-aiseirine corrach,  
 'Nam fasraichsan mollach,  
 'Si b'asadh dhomh mholladh,  
 Bha souas gu leòir oirr' :  
 Cluigeanach, gucagach,  
 Uchdanach, còmhnard,  
 Le dìthean glan, ruiteach,  
 Breac, misleanach, sultħor :  
 Tha 'n fridh aif a busgadħ  
 San trusgan bu chòir dh'i.

*Urlar.*

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin  
 Glacach, srònagach ;  
 Lag a' Choire-thraioch  
 Cuid bu bhòiche dheth ;  
 Sin am fearainn caoin  
 Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,  
 Far am bi na laoigh  
 'S na daimh chròcach ;  
 A's e deisearach ri grèin,  
 Seasgaireachd g'a réir,  
 'S neo-bheag air an éildeig

Bhi chòmhlaidd ann.  
 'S glan fallain a cré,  
 Is banail i 'na beus ;  
 Cha robh h-anail breun,  
 Ge b'e phògadh i.  
 'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol  
 A h-uil ḡħanaich,  
 A chunna' riamb a thaobh,  
 'S a għabb eħolas air :  
 'S lionmhor feadan caol  
 Air an ēirich gaoth,  
 Far am bi na laoich  
 Cumail còdhala ;  
 Bruthaicean nan learg  
 Far am biodh greidh dhearg,  
 Ceann-uighe gach sealg  
 Fad am beð-shlainnt' ;  
 A's e lèu do'n h-uile maoin,  
 A thig amach le braon,  
 Fūl ħażi nan súth-chraobh,  
 A's nan ròsann an.

Gheibte tachdar ēisg  
 Air a còrsa,  
 A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus  
 Anns na mòr-shruthan ;  
 Mordha cumbann geur,  
 Le chrann giubhais fċin,  
 Aig fir shubħach, threibħach  
 'Nan dòrnaiħ :  
 Bu shħolasach a' leum'  
 Brie air buinne réidh,  
 A' ceapadh chuireag entrom  
 'Nan dòrlaibean ;  
 Cha 'n-eil muir no tir  
 Am beil tuille brigh,  
 'S tha feadh do chrich'  
 Air a h-ōrdachadh.

*An Crunħaith.*

Tha 'n eilid anns a għleannan so,  
 Cha 'n amadan gu'n ēolás  
 A leanadh i mar b' aithne dha  
 Tig'n farasda na cldħail,  
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,  
 Tig'n am faigse dh'i mu'n earaichi i,  
 Gu faċċileach, gle earraigex,  
 Mu'm fairich i ga coir e ;  
 Feadħ shloħd, a's għlax, a's chambaaon,  
 A's chlach a dħeanadħ falach air,  
 Bhi beachdail air an talamh,  
 'S air a' char a thig na neoil air ,  
 'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air  
 Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,  
 Gu'n glacadħ e ga h-aindeoin i  
 Le h-anabħarra seòltachd ;  
 Le tħuri, gun għainne baralach,  
 An t-sħiil a chuir gu danara,  
 A' stiuireadh' na du'bannaiche,







